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Shelburne Essays

By

Paul Elmer More

Sixth Series

[Studies of Religious Dualism]

"Manichæism may be disavowed in words. It cannot be exiled from the actual belief of mankind."—Sir Leslie Stephen.

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The first of these essays appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly;* the *Saint Augustine* in the *Hibbert Journal;* the *Sir Thomas Browne*, the *Bunyan*, and the *Rousseau* in the *Nation* and New York *Evening Post;* the *Socrates* and *The Apology*, together with the *Crito* and the closing scene of the *Phædo*, in a little volume of the Riverside Literature Series under the title of *The Judgment of Socrates*. The other three essays have not before been printed. As usual I have altered and added considerably in lifting the articles from magazine to book. I may add that I had the pleasure of reading three of these essays, together with two others not printed, in the course of lectures given this year at the University of Cincinnati to inaugurate a new chair of comparative literature.

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SHELBURNE ESSAYS

SIXTH SERIES

[STUDIES OF RELIGIOUS DUALISM]

THE FOREST PHILOSOPHY OF INDIA

A TRANSLATION of Deussen's *Philosophy of the Upanishads*[1] will be welcomed by all who have been familiar with this learned work in the original, and who hold it important that accurate notions of the Orient should be disseminated. As an analytic, and to a certain degree con-

[1] *The Philosophy of the Upanishads.* By Paul Deussen. Authorised English translation by Rev. A. S. Geden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906. This forms in the original the second volume of Professor Deussen's *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie.* Other works by him dealing with India are: *Das System des Vedânta*, *Die Sûtras des Vedânta*, and *Sechzig Upanishad's des Veda.*

structive, critic of Hindu philosophy, Professor Deussen is easily foremost among Western scholars. He has perceived more clearly than any one else the high position of that philosophy in the long struggle of the human spirit to come to its own; he has traced the development of ideas, from the early guesses of Vedic days down to the stupendous system of Çankara, in a masterly manner. It would be presumptuous in me to assume a knowledge of Indian thought, or of metaphysics generally, comparable to his; and it would be disingenuous to deny that what knowledge I possess is in part derived from the books I am about to criticise. Nevertheless it seems worth while to look at his vast collection of material in a somewhat different light, at least to shift the emphasis in summing up our final impression of that Forest Philosophy, which, from the age of Alexander to the present, has been the periodic wonder of the world. When he comes to deal with the elaborate superstructure which Bâdarâyana and later (*circa* 750 A.D.) Çankara, the *Doctor Angelicus* of India, raised on the foundation of the Veda, I, for one, can only stand and admire. But it is just a question whether the ability, or, better, the predilection, which fitted him to write the *System des Vedânta*, did not in a measure unfit him to interpret the more naïve and unsystematic stammerings of

the Upanishads. It may be a question whether the effect of his work on those earlier treatises is not—despite his own protests to the contrary —to convert into hard intellectualism what was at bottom a religious and thoroughly human experience.

The point is fundamental, and calls for insistence. There is a proposition in the *Ethics* of Spinoza (I. xi.) to this effect: "God, or substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence, necessarily exists." Which is as much as to say: The definition which I give of God includes existence, therefore it is absurd for me to deny that He exists. So, briefly, runs the famous ontological argument which in one form or another has wrought a kind of metaphysical insanity. A hundred times it has been exorcised, and a hundred times it has risen like an ill-laid ghost to trouble the brains of men. The great service of Kant professedly was to lay this phantom once for all, and to show that what exists in the reason does not necessarily exist in fact; but his heart failed him. As Heine says, no sooner did he destroy the old phantom of deism with his critique of pure reason, than with the practical reason as with a magic wand he brought the corpse to life again. One thing is sure: before we can understand, though but dimly, the language of

India's sacred books, we must utterly abandon the lying dragoman of modern intellectualism. Deussen himself is still bound in these shackles, and, with all his contortions, cannot escape that first fatal step: "I *think*, therefore I am." The very name, *forest philosophers*, shows how far they were from the lecture-room. There is in the earlier, and more genuine, Upanishads no articulated body of thought, but rather the almost childlike gropings of the practical mystic to express in language the meaning of his inner life. Much of the older theology, much of the grotesque symbolism remains, with not a little that is the mere hocus-pocus of magical words. And then, suddenly, out of this verbiage, there strikes up a phrase, a passage, that comes from the seldom-speaking recesses of the heart and carries the unmistakable accent of an ancient and profound national experience.

To grasp the force of these books we must go back to the time of the Vedas and store our memory with those earliest hymns of the Aryan race. There we shall find expressed the confused mythology of a people to whom the spectacle of nature was a divine wonder. More specially their hymns were shot through with the glories and terrors of the sky,—the splendour of the dawn spreading out her white garments over the darkness, the night dressing herself in beauty

and gazing upon the earth with innumerable eyes, the clouds rolling out of the cavern of the horizon and huddling away into some far-off retreat, the fearful tumult of the Oriental tempest with its thunderbolts crashing through the curtain of gloom, the wind riding its loud-creaking chariot, and over all the motionless, divine, immeasurable circle of the highest heaven,—

> There in his garment all of gold,
> With jewels decked, sits Varuna,
> And round about him sit his spies.

To the devout Hindu all this was a celestial drama of the gods. The dawn is a bride decked in her glistening marriage robes; wild horsemen ride through the sky; in the shadow of the storm Indra and the demon for ever renew their tremendous duel. In the midst of these powers man felt his own supreme littleness. I do not know what the universal origin of sacrifice may be, whether from a desire to propitiate the gods, or to strike a bargain with them, or from some other primeval instinct; but in India in these days it should seem in its purest form to have been an effort of the human being to escape the fragility and isolation of his lot and to connect his life with the overwhelming activities of nature. Only so, indeed, can the

symbolism of the ritual be understood. Every step in the sacrifice—the form of the altar, the kindling of the fire, the preparation of the victim, the hymns, the least attitude of the priest —was supposed to be the counterpart of the drama of nature and the gods. More particularly this is made evident by the double office of Agni (*ignis*, fire). It will have been observed that in all the phenomena of the sky the imagination of the Hindu was most impressed by the element of light and fire, whether in the alternations of night and day or in the flaming arrows of the tempest. Agni is the sun, the immortal energy of the gods, the giver of life and abundance, the terrible destroyer; he dwells aloft in the heavens, and he is also concealed in the vital sap of earthly plants. Here lay the hold of the priest. In the altar flame he not only reproduced the life of the gods by eliciting the sacred element from its sheath, but by the force of analogy controlled the celestial phenomena. "Agni is light, light is Agni"; and again, "The sun is light, light is the sun," chanted the priest at the evening and morning service of the fire; and one of the sacrificial books says more particularly: "When the priest in the morning before the rising of the sun makes his offering, he brings the sun to birth, and the sun, filling out his orb of light, rises in radiance. Of a truth he would not rise,

should the priest fail to make this offering in the sacrificial fire."[1]

We see in this strange symbolism of the sacrifice how gradually the worship and marvel of the world are subdued to the heart of man; it is a slow process of absorption, one might say, corresponding to the growth of introspection and self-knowledge. In this way only can we understand the hold of that prayer which for thousands of years has been in the mouth of every pious Hindu: "*Tat Savitur varenyam*—May we by meditation win that desired glory of the Sun, of the divine one who shall inspire our prayers!" At first, no doubt, this was nothing more than the customary plea for worldly honour and success, but with time its meaning, or *intention*, changed, and it came to express the hunger of the soul to feel within itself the fulness of the miracle of being. Agni, the material fire, becomes identified with *brahma*, the swelling and aspiration of the heart in prayer; and by a natural transition we pass to *tapas*, the *heat* and glow of devotion by asceticism.

[1] Thoreau, in the fields about Concord, said something very similar: "Day would not dawn if it were not for

THE INWARD MORNING.

Packed in my mind lie all the clothes
Which outward nature wears,
And in its fashion's hourly change
It all things else repairs."

We have thus the three periods of Hindu religion, represented by the early worship of wonder and fear, the symbolic assumption of divine powers in the ritual, and the relinquishing of the symbol for the self-sufficient life of the spirit. Our concern is with this latest development.

As the theory and practice of sacrifice became more complex, the tyranny of the Brahmans, or priests who alone could perform the rites, extended itself more and more over all the activities of man; and there sprang up about the ritual a peculiar priestly literature, the Brâhmanas. The world has seen nothing else quite comparable to the awful intricacies of that religion. It permeated life to the minutest recesses; it developed into a monstrous, inconceivable oppression, and yet it had also its beneficent side. It contained the basis of a masterful discipline; teaching men to regard their selfish desires and interests as trivial in comparison with those religious acts which pointed, however crudely and viciously, to divine laws. Out of that priestly despotism the race might have come with blunted moral sense, spiritually debased and engrossed in superstition; and such an influence many people would regard as at work in India to-day, forgetting that political and racial subversions hardly permit us to reckon on a continuity of religious forces.

Certainly, for a time, and on the more elastic spirits, this discipline induced a powerful reaction, which, as happens when the discipline is genuine, retained what was valuable in the older forms while enduing them with new significance.

There had already sprung up under Brahmanical rule the regular division of a man's life into three stages, as student, householder, anchorite. From his twelfth to his twenty-fourth year (or for a more indefinite period) the young Brahman was to dwell in the house of a teacher, serving him in menial offices and storing up in memory the vast body of sacred literature. After this his second duty was to marry and create a family of his own, and thus to carry on the inheritance of religion for himself and for others. But with the consciousness in the Hindu mind of a deep-seated discord between the demands of daily life and the growth in spiritual power, these duties of the householder and representative priest inevitably grew irksome in the end and called for a time of reparation. Hence, when a man's sons were grown and ready to assume the traditional routine, when he beheld his sons' sons about him, he was free to shake off the burden and retire for repose and inner recreation to the sacred places of the wilderness. Later, under the impulse of a doubtful asceticism, a fourth stage separated itself from this

period of retreat. When the consummation was foreseen, the hermit was to take up his staff and walk straight onward, begging his way, until death brought him release. This fourth regimen never obtained general acceptance and, indeed, it is not to be supposed that so rigid an apportionment of life as was implied by the three stages became ever a universal practice. It was an ideal always, but an ideal, as both history and literature attest, that was realised by innumerable men and women.

The heart of the matter for us lies in the third period of forest life, which was in part a fulfilment of the priestly discipline, and very early in part also a means of escape from the intolerable religious routine. Nor must we suppose that for most of these eremites, despite the horrid austerities of a few, existence was excessively harsh or even lonely. A hut thrown up on the banks of some stream or lake, often on the picturesque slope of hill or mountain, gave all the shelter that was needed in that warm climate, and food was abundant and free. Often they dwelt in companies, under the guidance of some authoritative saint; and if we were to look for a comparison in the Western world we should go, not, perhaps, to the stern anchorites of the Thebais, but to the group of holy men who gathered about Port-Royal des Champs in the time of its purest and most untroubled

enthusiasm. Only, there is a touch of Oriental richness in these Indian scenes not to be found in the neighbourhood of Paris and Versailles. The drama and epic of India are filled with really charming pictures of the life of commingled society and solitude, such as is shown in this speech of an aged sanctified woman to the wife of Râma:

> But now the sun has sunk from sight,
> And left the world to holy Night.
> Hark! how the leafy thickets sound
> With gathering birds that twitter round:
> They sought their food by day, and all
> Flock homeward when the shadows fall.
> See, hither comes the hermit band,
> Each with his pitcher in his hand:
> Fresh from the bath, their locks are wet,
> Their coats of bark are dripping yet.
> Here saints their fires of worship tend,
> And curling wreaths of smoke ascend:
> Borne on the flames they mount above,
> Dark as the brown wings of the dove.
> The distant trees, though well-nigh bare,
> Gloom thickened by the evening air,
> And in the faint uncertain light
> Shut the horizon from our sight.
> The beasts that prowl in darkness rove
> On every side about the grove,
> And the tame deer, at ease reclined,
> Their shelter near the altars find.
> The night o'er all the sky is spread,
> With lunar stars engarlanded,
> And risen in his robes of light

The moon is beautifully bright.
Now to thy lord I bid thee go:
Thy pleasant tale has charmed me so:
One thing alone I needs must pray,
Before me first thyself array:
Here in thy heavenly raiment shine,
And glad, dear love, these eyes of mine.[1]

It was in fact no unusual thing for a man to take his wife, or even his children, with him into the forest; and in general one gets the impression that life among these colonies was more wholesome than in our own monasteries of the Middle Ages. Learned women, whether as inquirers or as disputants, played a sufficient part in that great religious drama; and one of these is celebrated in what is, perhaps, the oldest of the Upanishads:

Yâjnavalkya had two wives, Maitreyî and Kâtyâyanî. Of these Maitreyî was interested in religious talk, but Kâtyâyanî possessed only woman's knowledge. Now Yâjnavalkya was preparing to enter another stage of life, in the forest.

"Maitreyî," said he, "I am going away from this my house. Come then, let me make a settlement between Kâtyâyanî and thee."

Then said Maitreyî, "My lord, were this whole

[1] This passage of the *Râmâyana* is from the excellent version by R. T. H. Griffith, which might well be rendered more accessible to English readers. In quoting from the Upanishads I have based my translation on Max Müller's, but with the original text and Deussen's *Sechzig Upanishad's* before my eye.

earth mine with all its wealth, tell me, should I, or should I not, be made immortal thereby?"—"Not so," replied Yâjnavalkya; "like the life of the rich would thy life be. There is no hope of immortality through wealth."

And Maitreyî said: "What should I do with that which cannot make me immortal? What my lord surely knoweth, that tell thou me."

And Yâjnavalkya replied: "Thou wast indeed dear to me, but now even dearer. Therefore, if it please thee, lady, I will explain this matter, and do thou mark well what I say."

And he said: "Verily, not for the love of husband is the husband dear; but for love of the Self the husband is dear. Verily, not for the love of wife is the wife dear; but for love of the Self the wife is dear. Verily, not for the love of sons are the sons dear; but for love of the Self sons are dear. Verily, not for the love of wealth is wealth dear; but for love of the Self wealth is dear. . . . Verily, not for the love of gods are the gods dear; but for love of the Self the gods are dear."

The doctrine is not easy, and it is not surprising that Maitreyî cries out, "Sir, thou hast utterly bewildered me, and I know not what to make of this Self." Yâjnavalkya, we are told, went away into the forest. He was the oracle of many restless souls who were then wandering about in search of the secret knowledge. Of Maitreyî no more is said, but one imagines her going into the woods with her husband and talking with him interminably on these high themes. And one gets here a glimpse of the kind of questions that had come to dis-

turb the religious peace of India. Especially when released from the heavy routine of observances, in the forest where the worshipper was permitted to substitute a mental devotion for all, or at least for the burdensome part, of the ceremonial, he began to consider more closely the meaning of the elaborate servitude he had undergone, to ask himself what correspondence could be found between the outer and the inner reality, and the value of what he had outgrown.

In this fermentation of thought it is natural that the Kshatriyas, or ruling caste, who had always been outside the secret of the ceremonial, should appear on the whole to have been the leaders of the friendly revolt, whereas the priestly caste of Brahmans, whose influence and very existence depended on the physical sacrifice, should have been the learners and followers. And the manner in which the new faith spread is sufficiently clear. Here and there to some lonely thinker the swathing bands of prescription fell away and exposed to his view the innermost core of his spiritual experience. He would give a name to this reality, a kind of catchword which passed from mouth to mouth, and inquirers, hearing the word and half understanding its meaning, would travel to the sage with their questions. It is evident that those who had attained enlightenment expounded their vision only under precautions.

If the questioner showed that something in his own life corresponded to the progress of the sage, if it appeared that the exposition of the secret word would be a reality to him,—neither a vain syllogism of the reason nor a pretext for contempt of duty,—then in some metaphor or some quaint dialectic the teacher would lead him to trace back the steps of his own experience until he reached the innermost source of truth. Thus the doctrine was a *rahasyam*, or *upanishad*, a secret (for this is the real meaning of the word), which gradually spread itself among these forest-dwellers. After a while it was written down in books, not without large admixture of outworn mythologies and popular superstitions, and in this form was at last taken up by the more orthodox Brahmans into their ritualistic writings. As a secret doctrine these treatises were called Upanishads; as a portion of the literature designed for the forest life they were Âranyakas (*aranya*, forest); as forming the conclusion of the sacred canon they were the Vedânta, the Veda-End (*Veda*, specifically the early collections of sacrificial hymns, generically the whole religious canon; *anta*, end).

In all this it cannot be too often repeated that a definite moral and spiritual experience is the true basis, that the rationalising theories come afterwards, that in a certain sense rationalism is a contradiction of what it undertakes

to expound, and flourishes only when the reality has begun to fade away. In our own civilisation we know that deism, or rationalism, was fundamentally a denial of the religion it sought to bolster up; and so in India the later syllogistic aphorisms of Bâdarâyana, through which Professor Deussen has approached the Upanishads, indicate the beginning of an inner petrifaction. Perhaps the surest way to avoid this fallacy of the reason would be to eschew the metaphysical path altogether. Instead of starting with a comparison of the transcendental unreality underlying the thought of Kant and Plato and the Vedânta, after the manner of our learned guide,[1] one might look first for the

[1] The attitude of Professor Deussen is fairly represented by a passage in the section treating of The Conception of the Upanishads in its Relation to Religion:

"The thought referred to, common to India, Plato, and Kant, that the entire universe is only appearance and not reality, forms not only the special and most important theme of all philosophy, but is also the presumption and *conditio sine qua non* of all religion. All great religious teachers therefore, whether in earlier or later times, nay even all those at the present day whose religion rests upon faith, are alike unconsciously followers of Kant. This we propose briefly to prove.

"The necessary premises of all religion are, as Kant frequently expounds:—(1) The existence of God, (2) the immortality of the soul, (3) the freedom of the will (without which no morality is possible). These

truth of the Upanishads in the vivid consciousness of a dualism felt in the daily habit of humanity; adding — with some temerity, no doubt—that the degree of clearness with which

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three essential conditions of man's salvation—God, immortality, and freedom—are conceivable only if the universe is mere appearance and not reality (mere *mâyâ* and not the *âtman*), and they break down irretrievably should this empirical reality, wherein we live, be found to constitute the true essence of things.

"(1) The existence of God will be precluded by that of space, which is infinite, and therefore admits of nothing external to itself, and nothing within save that which fills it, *i. e.* matter (the most satisfactory definition of which is "that which fills space").

"(2) Immortality will be precluded by the conditions of time, in consequence of which our existence has a beginning in time by conception and birth, and an end in time by death; and this end is absolute, in so far as that beginning was absolute.

"(3) Freedom, and with it the possibility of moral action, will be precluded by the universal validity of the law of causality, as shown by experience; for this requires that every effect, consequently every human action, should be the necessary result of causes which precede the action, and which therefore in the actual moment of action are no longer within our control."

It would not be easy to state in fewer words the common intellectual basis of the Vedânta, of Plato, and of Kant. Analytically there is nothing to censure. Yet from another point of view it is possible to say that, as a preparation for understanding the Upanishads, the critical qualities of such a passage start the reader in a wrong frame of mind.

this dualism has been perceived marks the depth of any religion or philosophy. Religion, one would say, was just the acceptance of this cleavage in our nature as a fact, despite the cavilling of the intellect, together with a belief that the gulf may be bridged over by some effort of the will, by self-surrender to a power in one sense or another not ourselves. Philosophy is an attempt to explain away this dualism rationally, and literature, in its higher vocation at least, often asserts the same prerogative by virtue of the imagination. But in one way or another, by the fervor of acceptance, by the very vehemence of denial, by the earnestness of the endeavour to escape it, this dualism lies at the bottom of our inner life, and the spiritual history of the human race might be defined as the long writhing and posturing of the soul (I mean something more than the mere intellect,—the whole essential man, indeed) to conceal, or deny, or ridicule, or overcome, this cleft in its nature.[1]

In pure religion this struggle arises most commonly from a conviction of sin. Man feels his own responsibility for the chasm in his nature,

[1] I am aware of the ambiguities attaching to the word *nature*, and if sometimes in these essays it is used to signify the whole of man's being and other times only his lower tendencies, I trust the context to make its meaning clear.

and this responsibility he symbolises in a thousand ways—in the fable of the Fall, in the doctrine of universal depravity, in the terror of fetichism, in propitiatory rites, in the whole structure of mythology we may say. The story of Gethsemane clothes it in its most beautiful and most tragic garb. It matters little whether we adopt the mythological explanation and say that Jesus actually bore through his divine humiliation the sins of the world, or whether, more rationalistically, we say that he was weighed down with sympathy for the universal curse of evil; those prayers beneath the olive trees in the silence and loneliness of night, that agony and bloody sweat, are witnesses to the consciousness in one great soul of the division in man and of the need to attain to atonement by sacrificing one half of our nature. That acceptance of pain was the *tapas*, or asceticism, of the Indian sages, the inner heat or fire, as the word signifies, which was to burn away the body of despair. It is not fashionable in these days to preach the gospel of suffering, we choose rather the anæsthesia of brotherly love; but still at the bottom of Christianity, rising to the surface with every serious stirring of the religious sense, is this consciousness of sin, and that resurgent cry of the Christ, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death"; with its echo in the mouth

of his greatest disciple, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The irresistible tendency of religion has been to project this dualism of consciousness into the supersensible realm and to create a mythology, the near example for us being the divine drama of the Incarnation or, more picturesquely, the conception of heaven and hell. To those whose inner consciousness has been dulled by the routine of the world some such appeal to the imagination is no doubt indispensable, and it would be well if theology could pause here and not proceed to apologetic theorising. Practically all the ruinous battles of the Church have been fought over the attempt, inevitably futile in the end, to interpret this mythology in terms of the reason and yet to preserve it intact. Thus the contest with Arianism was over the seeming—rather, the real—unreason of the dual nature of Christ; Augustine's attack on Pelagianism was for the sake of maintaining the sharp division between Grace and man's fallen will; Luther's justification by faith argued a complete breach between the natural and the redeemed man; the war of Jansenism and Jesuitism was but a repetition of the dispute between Augustine and Pelagius. Unfortunately, the reason, when once awakened to its powers, finds itself in jeopardy from its own theological apology, and, like

another Cronos, devours its offspring. Heaven and hell are swept away; the religious sense, which has become atrophied through dependence on this myth, seems to fail altogether, and we have the state which, with various eddies of revolt, has prevailed since the deistic movement of the eighteenth century,—a blustering denial of man's uneasiness and an organised effort to drown that feeling in social sympathy.

Of the endeavour of metaphysics to reconcile this dualism little need be said, because in its purest form it contains an element palpably self-destructive. Whereas religion veils the reality of human experience in an eternal allegory, metaphysics would argue this experience away. Religion would escape the dilemma of dualism by sacrificing one of its terms; metaphysics denies the existence of one or the other term. Hence the endless logomachy of the two schools of philosophy, Protean in their change of form, but always radically opposed to each other as reason champions this side or that. For whether the resultant theory is that of Parmenides or of Heraclitus, whether it be realism or nominalism, the pantheism of Spinoza or the deism of Locke, some bubble of neo-Hegelianism or babble of pragmatism,—the process is always the same: it is the reason denying one term of our dual nature and magnifying the other into an hypothesis

of universal being.[1] And the answer is always and to either school the same: the very existence of this irreconcilable hostility is a proof that facts of experience do not coincide with the demand of reason for unity.

When we turn from religion and philosophy to literature this dualism becomes in the nature of the case more obscure; yet to one who looks closely it will still be found to underlie just those passages of the poets which appeal most insistently to the deeper strata of our sensibilities. It may even be used—though with extreme caution—as a test to discriminate the higher from the lower realm of artistic intuition. Certainly, if one will examine the celestial machinery of two such epics as *Paradise Lost* and the *Æneid*, this difference will fairly strike the eyes. Read Milton's dialogue in heaven which follows the magnificent apostrophe to light:

[1] An excellent example of this kind of argument may be found in Prof. William James's *Pluralism and Religion* in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1908: "The line of least resistance, then, as it seems to me, both in theology and in philosophy, is to accept, along with the superhuman consciousness, the notion that it is not all-embracing—the notion, in other words, that there *is* a God, but that he is finite, either in power or knowledge, or in both at once." That *line of least resistance* is, really, just a trifle naïve, when you stop to think of it.

To whom the great Creator thus replied:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed. . . .

Is it not sufficiently evident throughout these passages that the poet's rationalism has prevented him from distinguishing between the mystery of divinity and the mere planning and providing faculties of man? His deity is thus neither completely anthropomorphic nor infinitely supernatural, and there is something repellent and illogical in the whole substratum of the poem. Turn then to the lines in the beginning of the *Æneid* from which Milton borrowed his scene:

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum
Voltu, quo cælum tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit natæ, dehinc talia fatur:
Parce metu, Cytherea, *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi: cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cæli
Magnanimum Ænean; neque me sententia vertit.
Hic tibi—fabor enim, quando hæc te cura remordet,
Longius et *volvens fatorum arcana movebo. . . .*

(The father of men and gods, smiling upon his daughter with that countenance beneath which sky and weather grow serene, kissed her lightly and thus spoke: Fear not, Cytherea; unmoved remain the fates of those thou lovest. . . . For, since I behold thy anxiety, I will speak at length and unroll before thee the secret things of the fates.)

At first it might appear that Virgil, as he is here even more frankly anthropomorphic than Milton, so moves on a lower plane. But look closer, and the inference is turned quite the other way about. Because Virgil recognises the great cleft between the divine and the human—or, if you will, the divine and the natural in the human—he sees the futility of trying to personify God by segregating from man's being one such faculty as the reason; he knows that the movers of the world, the *rerum causæ*, cannot be defined, but only interpreted to the imagination through symbols completely human and finite, and his gods are but men with all their passions on a larger scale. Far beyond the gods and their meddling lie, dimly adumbrated, the *inmota fata*, the secret things of destiny. And this deeper intuition affects not only the celestial machinery of the *Æneid*, but its whole texture and language. With all the exaltation of Milton's style it must be admitted that his work contains nothing corresponding to the Latin poet's sudden glimpses into the abyss in such lines as the *Venit summa dies*, or the repeated *Requies ea certa laborum.* With all the luminous beauty spread over Milton's Paradise, there is nothing which quite takes the place of Virgil's *Tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ*, wherein the stillness of that desired rest, the stillness of the unmoved fates,

seems almost to be made visible in the nocturnal heavens.

Nor need we turn to these great creations of the imagination and reason to observe the law of dualism. We all of us have felt the painful paradox of mutability; all of us, looking upon the world at large and upon human activities, have wavered between the conception of endless ungoverned motion as the only reality and the thought of some invisible power sitting motionless at the centre; and then, turning within ourselves, have perceived that this antinomy is caused by, or corresponds to, a like division there. So we are for ever driven on by restlessness; yet which of us, now and then, amid this daily storming of desires that run after ephemeral things, has not said in thought, as Michael Angelo said in fact, "*Beata l'alma, ove non corre tempo*—happy the soul where time no longer courses"? And, piercing still further into consciousness, we resolve that contrast into a warfare between an impetuous personal self-will and that *will to refrain* which is the submission to a deeper Self.

Here is no room for pantheism, and no word is apt to give a falser impression of the early Indian philosophy than the term "monism" which is so glibly applied to it. For what in the end is pantheism, or religious monism? It is either a vague and lax state of reverie, or, if

pronounced as a consistent theory of existence, an attempt to fuse together the metaphysical denial of one phase of consciousness with the mythological projection of man's aspiring spirit into the void. It is thus a barren hybrid between religion and philosophy with no correspondence in our emotional or rational needs. To say flatly that God is all, and that there is nothing but God, is simply a negation of what we know and feel; it is the *prôton pseudos* of metaphysical religion. Now, it cannot be said too often that the Upanishads are essentially the groping of many minds after the truth, and not a systematised philosophy. Consequently, as each aspect of the truth appears, it is magnified without reference to what has preceded or what may follow, and each text must be interpreted by the drift and consensus of the whole. From the nature of this search and from the goal in view, many passages might seem to express the crudest pantheism; but always, if we look more attentively, the way leads, not into that blind abyss, but quite otherwhere. Because the end to be reached is so high and great, it is said to contain within itself all lesser things: "He who has seen, heard, comprehended, and known the Self, by him is this whole world known." And a stanza in the same Upanishad begins:

> This shall a man know in his mind,
> That nothing here is manifold.

Pantheism and monism could not apparently be stated more explicitly; and yet in fact nothing is further from the writer's thought than a theory which would deny the dualism of human experience. The conclusion of the stanza points to the correct interpretation:

> From death to death he ever goes,
> Who sees the world as manifold.

The intention is not to deny the independence of phenomenal existence, but to withdraw the mind from dwelling therein; to contrast in the strongest terms the worldly and the spiritual life, the lower and the higher path: "Out of the unreal lead me to the real; Out of darkness lead me to light; Out of death lead me to deathlessness."

But if the lesson of the Upanishads is incompatible with that false hybrid between religion and philosophy, it is still further removed from a mechanical balancing of soul and body, spirit and matter, such as was later taught by the Sânkhyan philosophy, or by the Manichæism, which, in somewhat attenuated form, was infiltered into Christianity through Saint Augustine. Rather this effort to pass from the unreal to the real takes the form of a progressive contemplation of the world and of man himself from an ever higher point of view. The rumor was spread abroad that certain of these

eremites of the forest had discovered the secret of the world and of man, and the names of Brahma and Âtman ran from mouth to mouth. What is the meaning of these mystic formulæ? Who has heard and can impart the truth? The answer comes almost always in a dialogue which carries the mind of the inquirer upward step by step, ending often, like the dialectic of Plato, in a parable:

> Gârgya, the son of Balâkâ, was a Brahman, proud of his learning. Said he to Ajâtaçatru, the King of Kâcî, "Shall I tell you about Brahma?"—"For such a lesson," replied Ajâtaçatru, "I would pay a thousand cows." . . .
>
> Gârgya said, "The person in the sun, him I adore as Brahma." Ajâtaçatru said, "Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the supreme, the head of all beings, the king."—Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes supreme, the head of all beings, the king.
>
> Gârgya said, "The person in the moon, him I adore as Brahma." Ajâtaçatru said, "Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the great one clad in white raiment, as King Soma" [the sacrificial juice, sacred to the moon].—Verily, whoever adores him thus, Soma is poured out and poured forth for him day by day, and his food does not fail.
>
> Gârgya said, "The person in the lightning, him I adore as Brahma." Ajâtaçatru said, "Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the luminous."—Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes luminous, and his children after him become luminous.

So the argument progresses, haltingly indeed,

through the conception of Brahma (the spirit of the outer world) as ether, space, the reflection in a mirror, life, even death; until in the end all the arrows of the boastful Gârgya are shot and he is reduced to silence. "Then said Ajâtaçatru, 'Thus far only?'—'Thus far only,' he replied.—'This does not suffice to know it,' said Ajâtaçatru.—'Nay, let me come to thee as learner,' said Gârgya—And Ajâtaçatru answered, 'It is unnatural that a Brahman should come to a Kshatriyan to learn about Brahma; yet will I teach thee.' So saying he took him by the hand and arose. And the two came to a man who was asleep."

The process when applied to the inner nature of man is much the same, and the result not different. Yâjnavalkya we have seen preparing to go out into the woods, and discussing with his wife the incomparable value of self-knowledge above all worldly possessions. He is indeed one of the fabulous possessors of the secret, to whom many travelled for enlightenment, and from whom some departed as wise as they came. One too inquisitive woman, who pressed him with question after question, until only the final revelation remained, he silenced abruptly: "Do not ask too much, or your head will burst!" Another inquirer, Janaka, King of the Videhas, he would have put off, had he not been bound by a former

promise. And so Janaka questions him about the secret:

"Yâjnavalkya," he said, "what is the light of man?"—"The sun, O King," he replied; "for by the light of the sun he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But when the sun has set, O Yâjnavalkya, what is then the light of man?"—"The moon is then his light; for by the light of the moon he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, what is the light of man?"—"Fire is then his light; for by the light of fire he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, what is then the light of man?"—"Speech is then his light; for by the light of speech he sits and moves about, does his work and returns. Therefore, O King, when one cannot see one's own hand, yet when a voice is heard, one goes toward it."—"So it is, O Yâjnavalkya."

"But, O Yâjnavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, and no speech is heard, what is then the light of man?"—"The Self [Âtman] is then his light; for by the light of the Self he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."

"What is this Self?"

One feels almost as if an apology were demanded for offering such naïve dialogues as examples of a world-famed philosophy; and

indeed, only after long reading of these sacred books, when the grotesque and infantile imagery has lost its strangeness to us, do we begin to feel the uplift in this endless seeking after the truth, the sense of expansion and freedom as the mind is carried again and again toward that goal of the infinite Brahma and the infinite Self. The excitement is never quite lost in this pursuit, the surprise never quite dulled when suddenly, in the end, comes the revelation that the infinite we grope after in the world without and within is one and the same, that Brahma and Âtman are identical. "In the highest golden sheath there is the Brahma, without passions and without parts. That is pure, that is the light of lights, that is it which they know who know the Self (Âtman). The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, nor yet this earthly fire." It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of this discovery, made so many years ago in the forest of India, that the eternal and infinite expectation of the soul is not to be sought in submission to an incomprehensible and inhuman force impelling the world, nor yet in obedience to a personal God, but is already within us awaiting revelation, is in fact our very Self of Self. The thought, as it comes down to us from those ancient sages, may sound strange to our ears, yet at bottom it is

only what in a small way we each of us feel and know as the refuge from the vexations of daily life. Nay, it increases with the magnitude of our actions, teaching us that there is that within which has no part in our individual hopes and fears and is unconcerned in the meaningless medley of fortune. It is the calm of the victorious general as he directs the storm of battle:

'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of changing hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd.

It guides the patriot to self-surrender, and above all it is the rapture of the martyr who in death finds his higher life. The gist of the matter is in the words of Christ, or of that author of Christian mysticism, who said, "I and my father are one." "And," as Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his grandiloquent manner, "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exsolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

But, whereas in Christianity this present

and entire identification of the human soul with God is sporadic and never quite free of theological colouring, in India it is constant and absolute. *Tat tvam asi*, that art thou, is the formula in which it is summed up and reiterated without end.—"That subtle spirit at the heart of all this world, that is the reality, that is the Self, *that art thou.*" And the imagination of these early philosophers exhausts itself in the effort to figure this mystic Brahma, or Âtman, in the terms of finite language. We have seen how Ajâtaçatru, to explain the nature of Brahma, at last leads his interlocutor to a man who was asleep; and in the same way Yâjnavalkya, when pressed by Janaka to define the Self, can only point to the state of deep sleep in which the spirit of man transcends this world and all the forms of death. In another Upanishad the great Indra comes again and again to Prajâpati as a pupil to learn the nature of this Self which even to the gods is a mystery. At last the teacher says:

"When a man is in deep sleep and at perfect rest, so that he dreams not, that is the Self, the deathless, the fearless, that is Brahma."—Then Indra went away satisfied in his heart. But before he had got back to the gods, this difficulty occurred to him: "Alas, a man in that state has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein."

So with fuel in his hand [the regular fee to a teacher] he came once more as a pupil. And Prajâpati said to him, "O Indra, you went away satisfied in your heart; why now do you come back?"—"Sir," he replied, "in that state a man has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein."

"So it is, Indra," said Prajâpati; "now, I will explain the Self to you further, but only through this same state. Live with me other five years."

What puzzled Indra may well give a Western reader pause, and, in sooth, Prajâpati does not help matters in his further elucidation. We know the stages by which the mind is brought to the brink of this truth, but at the last there remains the great inevitable leap from reason to unreason. Spinoza, the typical philosopher, sought to bridge that chasm by conceiving from any finite effect an infinite series of finite causes back to the infinite cause. But that is merely to throw dust in the eyes; prolong the series as you will, at the last comes the unavoidable break. And the Hindus recognised fully this impossibility of defining the infinite in logical terms. "He, the Self," cries Yâjnavalkya at the close of one of his discussions with Janaka, "He, the Self, can only be expressed by *no, no!* He is incomprehensible, for he cannot be comprehended; undecaying, for he cannot decay; unattached, for he does

not attach himself; he is unfettered, untroubled, unhurt." And then, passing from the insufficiency of metaphysical theory to the reality of religious experience, the teacher adds, "And thou, O Janaka, hast attained unto peace!" We are constantly in danger of being misled by the later use of the term *jnâna* (*gnôsis*, knowledge) to express this attainment of spiritual emancipation. "Knowledge" may be a propædeutic thereto, but "knowledge" in any ordinary sense of the word the last stage certainly is not; for how, as the books themselves say, can the infinite Knower himself be known? The first step toward a proper understanding of the Hindu forest philosophy must be a tearing down of the whole scaffolding of German intellectualism. Hume, though for an end of his own, struck at the heart of the matter when he wrote, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?"

And none the less must we be on guard against the *Gefühlsphilosophie*, the feeling-philosophy, which forms the Romantic complement to German metaphysics. Nothing could be farther from the virile faith of the ancient Hindus than that vague emotionalism, freed from all reason and morality, of Schleiermacher's religion, which "as a holy music should accompany

all the actions of a man." How that *heilige Musik* sang in Schleiermacher's own life may be gathered from his complaisance over the imbecile indecencies of his friend Friedrich Schlegel's *Lucinde*. What it meant to Goethe may be read in that scene where Faust makes his confession of pantheism to Gretchen: "Fill thy heart with this mystery, however great it be; and when thou art wholly blessed in the feeling, call it then what thou wilt, name it Fortune, Heart, Love, God! I have no name therefor! Feeling is all (*Gefühl ist Alles*)." And that feeling? But turn the page and Faust is discovered employing it for the seduction of a simple, trusting girl.[1]

[1] It may seem that unnecessary weight is laid on this contrast between the Upanishads and metaphysical Romanticism. But two things must be remembered. In the first place our own "higher" religion to-day, whether we call it Ritschlianism or what not, comes to us in direct descent from Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and the other Romanticists of Germany who dissolved the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau into a cloud of mystifying words. And in the second place our conception of ancient India, as an element of universal culture, comes to us from the same source. When we read in Novalis the oft-quoted sentence: "Nach Innen geht der geheimnissvolle Weg; in uns oder nirgends ist die Ewigkeit mit ihren Welten, die Vergangenheit und Zukunft"; when we read his mystical couplet:

"Einem gelang es,—er hob den Schleier der Göttin von Sais,

No, the faith of the Vedânta is neither intellectualism nor emotionalism; it springs neither from the *libido sciendi* nor from the *libido sentiendi*. The temptation that came to the forest hermits, strange as it may sound, was rather the lust of power. It was a fixed belief among them that through severe and long-

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Aber was sah er?—er sah—Wunder des Wunders! sich selbst;"—

it might seem as if the wisdom of Yâjnavalkya were to be caught from the lips of a modern poet. Alas, nothing is more deceptive than the human heart, nothing more elusive than these high words of mysticism! One needs but a little acquaintance with the lives and writings of the Schlegels, *et id genus omne*, to know how far apart India and modern Europe lie. The transcendental *Ich* of Fichte and the Fichtians turns out in practice to be not the Âtman at all, but a mere mummery of what we know as egotism, an unwholesome exaggeration of the desiring and suffering personality—

"Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?"

In a word the whole aim of Romanticism was to magnify the sense of individuality to a state of morbid excess, wherein the finite and infinite should be dissolved together in formless reverie; "Erkennen und Begehren soll nicht zwei in mir sein, sondern Eins," said Schleiermacher, and this union was to be found in emotional self-contemplation. The Vedânta sought through the discipline of knowledge and self-restraint to put away these purely individual desires and emotions altogether, and so to distinguish between the two

continued asceticism a man by aquiring mastery over himself might attain to supernatural ascendency over the world and the gods; and the stories of these wilful saints form the dark side to Indian legendary life. Even Râvana, the personification of evil in the Epic *Râmâyana*, had raised himself to his terrible pre-eminence by austerities. But, normally, the forest life was only the last stage of a discipline that was begun with the Brahman's birth; and the practice of asceticism, if indulged in at all, was for the confirming within him of that *will to refrain* by which, and by which alone, a man may acquire dominion over himself, subduing the lower to the higher nature. Again and again it is said that only he who is tranquil, self-restrained, self-denying, patient, and collected, can enter into the possession of Brahma; and all this is the discipline of *tapas*, by which the obstructions on the path are burned away. We know that path, and the guides of knowledge

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selves. The disentangling of the genuine Vedânta from its Romantic associations is thus as imperative as it is difficult. Deussen, a professed disciple of Schopenhauer, has not lightened the task. And it must be confessed that the publications of modern Hindus in the Vedânta Society and elsewhere only increase the confusion. We hear the old words, but they have acquired a new emotional colouring. India, also, in more recent years has passed through its period of Romanticism.

and self-control that conduct us on our way, but who shall name to us the last step?—

> The Self is not found out by study, nor by the understanding, nor by much learning. To whomsoever it listeth, the Self becometh manifest, and to him it belongeth.

To whomsoever it listeth. If we wish to find any parallel in the Western world for this last mystery of faith, we must go back to Saint Augustine's theory of Free Grace or to the attempt of Jansenius to restore that hard doctrine. The discipline and preparation for the divine gift were pretty much the same for Brahman and for Christian: to both salvation came in the end as an ineffable transition or transformation in which his natural human faculties took no part. Only there was this profound difference: in the Christian this change was effected by the beneficence of an enthroned Person, who rapt him as it were out of himself; whereas the Hindu, strictly speaking, knew no God, and needed no mythology; emancipation came to him when the illusion of his lower self fell away and left him to his true Self, alone with that alone. Brahma and Âtman were one.

Thus the dualism of the Vedânta was in the man himself; discipline and preparation there might be, but in the end it perceived an irrecon-

cilable gulf fixed between the infinite Self and the finite personality. And as the mind dwelt on one of these terms, the other lost in comparison its present reality; the world fell apart into the real and the unreal, the true and the false, the blissful and the sorrowful, the known and the unknown. Hence arose that doctrine of Mâyâ, illusion, as applied to the whole realm of phenomenal existence, which has led many to read in the Upanishads a philosophy of monistic pantheism. The true interpretation involves the subtlest and least understood process of Oriental thought. There was not for the Hindu (as there has never been for human intelligence) any means by which the reason could pass from the finite to the infinite and explain one in terms of the other. Our attitude toward the rational connection of these two must always be one of confessed ignorance. We know that both claim a place in our experience, while at the same time our understanding denies the possibility of their coexistence. Therefore, if one of these states of consciousness is accepted as a reality by the understanding, is, so to speak, known, the other must at that time be an unreality, must be unknown. As we face in one direction, we must turn our back on the other. Thus the very endeavour of the forest philosopher to realise the higher Self within him meant that his

lower self and its home in the phenomenal world became an unreality to the understanding. He transferred our ignorance of the relation between the infinite and the finite to the finite itself. For him the world existed thus only through ignorance, and by a metaphor of language ignorance was the cause of the world's existence. As he attained knowledge by putting away ignorance the world ceased for him to exist. Such is the nature of the doctrine of *vidyâ* (knowledge) and *avidyâ* (non-knowledge) which formed the basis of Hindu philosophy. It differs from Western metaphysics in its frank acceptance of the dualism of human experience and of man's inability to reconcile that dualism through the reason.

In after times the sense of this dualism weighed on the Hindu mind like the oppression of a frightful nightmare, and we not seldom find him sinking into a state of pessimism similar to that which Schopenhauer portrayed to Europe as the essence of the Upanishads. He could not throw off the weariness of ceaseless change and of unresting desires; he was haunted with a vision of the soul passing through innumerable existences, forever whirled about with the wheel of mutation, forever seeking and never finding peace; and from that weltering sea he reached out toward salvation with a kind of pathetic despair:

O World ! I faint in this thy multitude
Of little things and their relentless feud;
No meaning have I found through all my days
In their fantastic maze.

O World! still through the hours of blissful night
The widowed moon her benison of light
Outpoureth, where the sacred river seems
From heaven to bear sweet dreams.

How soon, O World, beside the Gangâ shore,
Through the long silent night shall I implore
The mystic name? how soon in Gangâ's wave
My sin-stained body lave? [1]

But in the books of the older philosophers there is little of this morbid yearning, no touch of fierce pessimism; and their fault is rather an inhuman disregard for the disabilities of our mortal state. Indeed, the illusion and mutability of life are seldom mentioned, however they may lie as a background to the brighter picture. The substance of those books is the great and indomitable zest of a strong people groping for the light; and through the seeking and the questioning there breaks now and then the supreme joy of one who has found and knows what he has found. "Brahma is joy and knowledge," said the teacher whose name we have met most frequently in this excursion into the forests of India.

[1] Here, and in one or two other places further on, I quote the translation of Bhartrihari from my *Century of Indian Epigrams*.

THE BHAGAVAD GÎTÂ

In the course of time every religion is brought face to face with a problem which it must solve or cease to grow, which—and this is the tragic recurrence of history—it can solve only by surrendering its purest portion of truth. The religious instinct, as we have seen, is based on the two contrary tendencies in the soul of man, by one of which he is dragged down to the desires and painful satisfactions of this world, while by the other he is lifted out of changing impressions into the serene contemplative possession of himself. Faith is the faculty whereby the world becomes unreal beneath the light of the greater inner reality. In the days of fair beginning, when the few elect minds are making their way up the delightful stairs of truth and the end is felt as a wonderful possibility, the difficulty of the final paradox is only a goad to progress. But when all is defined and settled and there is no longer the liberty of an imagined hope, then too often comes the benumbing disappointment. Religion, we are told, should carry us into a sphere where the

claims of this world have no meaning to the soul, yet withal we are men among men, with imperious needs and duties; and we see not who shall reconcile the aspirations of faith with the demands of daily existence. And so it is the history of Christianity, as of every new gospel, that as it expands and defines itself, it must alter from a free and noble inspiration of faith to a Church organised for the guidance and regulating of society.

Nor is this antinomy of hope and fact confined to the larger historic movement; in a smaller way it is repeated in the growth of each individual who knows clearly what he is and what he aspires to be. If indeed religion is a denial of the earthly state, there should seem to be no satisfaction of its claims save in that stern renunciation of the Brahman in his last stage, who, leaving all things behind him, walked steadfastly on until death brought its release and consummation. Rather, who shall say that the death of the body is the final answer, and that the trial is not to be renewed and the agony of division repeated here or elsewhere?—

> And we shall be unsatisfied as now;
> And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
> The ineffable longing for the life of life
> Baffled for ever; and still thought and mind
> Will hurry us with them on their homeless march,
> Over the unallied unopening earth,
> Over the unrecognising sea; while air

Will blow us fiercely back to sea and earth,
And fire repel us from its living waves.
And then we shall unwillingly return
Back to this meadow of calamity,
This uncongenial place, this human life;
And in our individual human state
Go through the sad probation all again,
To see if we will poise our life at last,
To see if we will now at last be true
To our own only true, deep-buried selves,
Being one with which we are one with the whole world;
Or whether we will once more fall away
Into some bondage of the flesh or mind,
Some slough of sense, or some fantastic maze
Forged by the imperious lonely thinking-power.

The lines are inspired by the story and the poetical fragments of the Greek Empedocles, but in them Matthew Arnold has unconsciously come very close to expressing the ancient problem of religion as it was seen by the Hindus.

To most men the question comes in a lower key, and the very harshness of so absolute an antinomy between religion and practice might to them indicate some error in the absolute premises of faith. We commonly pass from worship to the world as sabbath dawns into week-day, and think we have paid the demands of both God and Mammon. Yet to all of us, even with our gleams of faith obscured and our natural instincts subdued by sullen routine, there must occur moments of sad doubting. It is not merely that we repine at disregarding

the inner voice when at intervals it makes itself heard, but that, vaguely it may be, we feel the honest difficulty of reconciling its humblest demands with the plain dictates of society. No man who carries in his heart a spark of religion can pass through the world without knowing the stress of this problem, and as faith strengthens so his perplexity increases. Over and over again this has resulted in a perillous indifference to morality, and many a sect of the so-called Higher Life has ended in the sanction of general license. To the Hindus of a later day the question occurred with a peculiar pertinacity. Philosophically they might find an answer in their theory of knowledge and ignorance. As they saw no rational connection between the infinite and the finite, between the sphere of faith and the sphere of action, so this connection ceased for them to exist with a full realisation of their ignorance (*avidyâ*). Knowledge (*vidyâ*) was the spiritual freedom resulting from this severed connection. Yet withal some formula must be discovered which should, if only by a compromise, reconcile these two spheres for daily conduct, and that reconciliation is the main theme of the Bhagavad Gîtâ, the Teaching of the Exalted One, which to this day is the real Bible of the Brahmans.

The Gîtâ has been translated many times into English and other European tongues, and

has been the subject of innumerable commentaries; yet a word as to its place may not be superfluous. It forms in the original a canto of the Mahâ Bhârata, an enormous, unwieldy epic in which poems of many characters and ages have been strung together on the thread of a simple historic event. Briefly, the plot of the epic is the contest of two sets of cousins for the kingdom of Hastinâpura. On the one side are the Kauravas or Dhritarâshtrans, of whom Duryodhana is the chief and who claim the throne as the older branch of the family; on the other are the Pândavas (Yudishthira, Bhîma, Arjuna, Nakula, and Sahadeva, with their common wife Draupadî), to whose father the succession had been made over by his older brother on account of blindness, and who are regarded throughout as the rightful heirs. After many adventures the armies of the two factions meet on the sacred plain of the Kurus to decide the issue in battle. At this point the Bhagavad Gîtâ is interpolated. Arjuna, the hero of the episode, beholds the hosts drawn up in battle array, and is smitten with compunction at the thought of all those who shall perish on the field. He commands his charioteer, who is no other than an incarnation of the god Krishna, to stay his car on the "bridge of war," and there gives vent to his doubts:[1]

[1] The Bhagavad Gîtâ is divided into eighteen books

I. 13.

Thereupon conchs and kettledrums, cymbals, tabors, and trumpets
Of a sudden were sounded forth; and the noise rose tumultuous.

19.

The sound thereof shivered with fear the hearts of the Dhritarâshtrans,
Tumultuously reverberating from heaven to earth.

20.

Then Arjuna, beholding the Dhritarâshtrans arrayed in order,
And the flight of weapons already begun, raised his bow,

21.

And spake this word to the god Krishna, driver of his chariot:
"Draw up my chariot midway between the two armies, O deathless one,

22.

"While I survey those who stand here eager for battle,
While I discern with whom I must contend in the toils of war."

---

and is itself a conglomeration of different and in part contradictory aspects of Hindu philosophy. In particular it sinks in one section into that bog of pantheism which lies always beside the strait pathway of faith. The lines here quoted are marked by the number of the book and of the couplet. I have made my translation as close to the original as I could effect consistently with English idiom.

24.

Now when the god was thus addressed by Arjuna,
He drew up the lordly chariot midway between the two armies.

26.

And Arjuna beheld standing there sires and grandsires,
Preceptors, uncles, and brothers, sons and grandsons, and comrades.

28.

Great pity came upon him, and in sorrow he spake:
"I see this kindred people, O Krishna, standing athirst for battle,

29.

"And my limbs fail me, and my mouth is parched;
Trembling seizes my body, and the hair of my flesh stands up.

31.

"Omens of evil I discern, O Krishna;
Neither do I see any profit, if a man slay his kindred in battle.

32.

"I yearn not after victory, neither after dominion nor pleasures;
What good have we in dominion, my Lord? in joys, or in life itself?

35.

"I will not slay these, though they kill me, dread Master;
No, not for dominion over the three worlds—how then for this earth?"

II. 9.

And when Arjuna had thus spoken to the god,
Saying to the Lord "I will not fight," he was silent.

10.

And to him desponding thus between the two hosts,
The god, smiling a little, spake this word:

11.

"Thou art grieved for those that need no grief, yet
speakest thou words of wisdom;
They that know grieve not for the dead or the living.

12.

"Never forsooth was I not, nor thou, nor these com-
manders;
Nor yet hereafter shall any one among us cease to be.

18.

"These are called the corruptible bodies of that which
dwelleth within,
Eternal, imperishable, immeasurable: therefore do
battle, O Prince.

19.

"He who reckoneth it the slayer,
And he who deemeth it the slain,
They both distinguish ill;
This slayeth not, and it is not slain.

22.

"As a man putteth off his outworn garments,
And taketh other new ones,
So the Indweller putteth off these outworn bodies,
And entereth into other new ones.

30.

"He that dwelleth in each man's body is forever indestructible,
Therefore for all these creatures thou oughtest not to grieve.

31.

"Moreover regarding thy native right thou oughtest not to waver,
Since for one born a warrior there is no better thing than a righteous battle.

33.

"But if thou undertake not this righteous contest,
Then by putting aside right and honour thou shalt incur guilt.

38.

"Accounting equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat,
Gird up thyself for the battle. So thou shalt not incur guilt.

47.

"Thy service is in the work only, but in the fruits thereof never;
Be not impelled by the reward of works, neither be attached to do no work.

48.

"Standing firm in devotion and putting away attachment, so ever work on, O Prince:
Also in success or failure be tranquil; tranquillity too is called devotion.

51.

"Wise men, devout in understanding, reject the fruit that is born of works;
They are loosed from the bondage of rebirth and depart unto a place of well-being.

52.

"When thy understanding hath crossed over the maze of delusion,
Then shalt thou become indifferent to what shall be revealed and what hath been revealed.

53.

"When thy understanding, now bewildered by revelation, shall stand firm,
Immovable in its contemplation, then shalt thou attain unto true devotion.

62.

"If a man ponder things of the senses, attachment ariseth unto these;
And from attachment is born desire, and from desire springeth contention.

64.

"But if a man move among things of the senses with senses freed from longing and aversion,
And swayed by the inner Self, he being self-restrained cometh unto serenity.

71.

"Whosoever abandoneth all desires, and goeth his way without craving,
Who saith not *This is mine! This is I!* he cometh unto peace.

III. 6.

"Whosoever restraineth outwardly his members,
Yet continueth within his heart to meditate
The things of the senses as one self-deluded,
He is called hypocrite.

7.

"But whosoever in heart restraineth his senses,
Yet outwardly with his members, O Arjuna, taketh up
The devotion of works as one without attachment,
He is the true man.

8.

"Do thou thy appointed work; better is work than no work:
Even the usage of thy body goeth not on without work.

19.

"Therefore without attachment ever lay hand to thy peculiar work,
For he that doeth his work without attachment, he attaineth the Supreme.

22.

"O son of Prithâ, in all the three worlds is no work that I must do;
There is nothing unattained that I must attain; yet am I at work.

23.

"For if at any time I ceased from work through weariness,
All men would follow in my path, O son of Prithâ;

24.

"These worlds too would disappear if I performed not my work;
I should become a maker of confusion and bring the people to nought.

25.

"As the ignorant work because of attachment to work, O Prince,
So without attachment let him that knoweth work for the constraining of mankind.

26.

"Let him not beget distraction of mind in the ignorant who are attached to works;
But let him rather lay hold and create joy in all works, as a wise and devout man.

27.

"Furthermore, all works in all places are wrought by the blind forces of nature;
Only he that is deluded by egotism thinketh to himself *I am the doer!*

IV. 19.

"If all the doings of a man are devoid of the persuasion of desire,
If all his works are passed through the fires of knowledge, then will they of understanding call him wise.

22.

"He is equal in success and failure,
And though he perform works, yet is he not bound thereby;
He is content with what cometh of itself,
He is above fortune and envieth not.

37.

"As a fire when kindled consumeth its fuel unto ashes,
O Arjuna,
So the fire of knowledge consumeth all works unto
ashes.

39.

"He that hath faith and is assiduous,
He that hath restrained his senses, obtaineth know-
ledge;
And when he hath got knowledge,
Quickly he entereth into the supreme peace."

Arjuna's is the qualm of a great heart, an Oriental Hamlet, thrust by fate into the necessity of stern action, and made suddenly aware of the pity of life. Who is he with rash hand to slay and preserve, to tear this tangle of individual wills and like a blind Providence distribute penalty and reward? Even a righteous act may circle out into waves of endless pain and injustice, and there is no assurance to the conscience save in perfect quiescence. The wise god makes little attempt to counteract the despondency of Arjuna with the passions of ambition and indignation, or to balance right and wrong in the scales of the reason. He will state the paradox boldly, and appeal for his answer to the sense of dualism within the soul itself.

There needs not many words to set forth this uncompromising adjustment of faith and

duty. The world, as the god expounds it, is not single but double. Above all, or within all, is the one invisible, eternal, incorruptible, imperishable:

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Besides this are the touchings of matter, the many forms and individuals that arise and perish, that swim in the flux of time, and the feeling that we too, or some part of us, are illusions in the great illusion. No man, however deep in wisdom, has ever seen the bond of this one and these many, nor has any man laid his finger on the tie between the knowledge of faith that frees the soul from these contacts and the desires and sorrows and joys of the soul that hold it down as a seeming part of the world. We may deny our kinship to the many; yet not for a moment can we live and do nothing, for the triple modes of nature (goodness, passion, and darkness) hold us now in their sway and move us this way and that. As we see no relation between these two realms, we have accordingly no concern with ultimate consequences. We are in a world of action, we must act, we cannot utterly renounce and live; there is but one course for us, to do the duty that lies clear before us, to obey the station of life in which

we are set, and leave the rest to fate. Ours is not the fruit of the work, but the work itself. Equally by aversion as by desire we become more integrally part of that which we do or refrain from doing; we must work, but without attachment. In this way we partake of the true renunciation, and thus through morality, or a conformance to duty, and not without morality, we attain the great liberation.

There is at first, no doubt, something like the bleakness of the schools in this doctrine of works and inattachment, yet, if we reflect, we shall find that it has its source in the primitive knowledge of ourselves and of the world. We look out upon the welter of circumstances and it seems to us that the claims of animate and inanimate nature cross each other and recross without purpose or plan. In the pain and pleasure of sentient creatures we can often detect only the ruling of a blind fortune. Here the wicked and careless are happy; there the good man by some venial fault or by some accident beyond his control is thrown into pitiable suffering. Nature herself, in distributing her rewards and penalties to the animal world, is red-handed and cruel and unconcerned. It is not that there is no happiness or no correspondence of cause and effect, but that even a single foul discord destroys our confidence in natural justice. To say that the whole profits

from the loss of the part, that the race benefits from the ruin of the individual, is a mere mockery of the sufferer. There is absolute law in the mechanism of matter, but sentience appears as an alien to this law; so that the coming together of sentience and material energy results in a world of hideous, unfathomable contingency. Life may be likened to a feeble creature stealing its food from amid the wheels of a grinding engine; sooner or later comes the fatal slip, and it is maimed, or crushed into dust.

And then, turning from this outward glance, we look into ourselves. At first it will seem that we too in our measure of happiness and pain are the sport of the same blind Fortune; but if we hold our gaze persistently upon ourselves, we begin to discern darkly that in some unaccountable way our sorrow and joy, our profit and loss, are parallel with our own prudence and morality, and that cause and effect rule here as they do in the mechanical world. It is even true that the difference between the enlightened man and the fool lies in this, that the one is aware of some deep-hidden responsibility for his own fate, whereas the other complains of Fortune. And as our vision is purged by introspection, and as we dwell more confidently in our higher intuitions, we have always a stronger intimation of some law of moral recompense extending from the present

into an indefinitely remote past; our state is no longer an isolated momentary accident, but the inevitable consequence of our own will for ever forging the chains in which it is bound. This is the doctrine of *karma*, of works, which teaches that as a man sows he shall reap, and projects itself into some myth of an original Fall or of transmigration:

If the Creator moulding goodly man
A pearl designed him to adorn the earth,
And then so fragile made that at the birth
It breaketh,—whose the folly of the plan?

Rather, this World for ever as a wheel
Itself revolveth; sure, no guilty hand
Propelled it, nor shall any bid it stand,
Nor any wit a primal cause reveal.

And thou, my Soul, the same unlaurelled race
Art dragging on through weary change of form;
Nay, if to-day thou murmur in the storm,
Blame yesterday and choose to-morrow's place.

So it is that self-knowledge, or the turning from our lower to our higher self, and the sense of responsibility develop together, are indeed the same thing, and that through them we are made aware of our real separation from the welter of chance as this appears to us in the lives of others where we see only the physical events. Morality is the acceptance of this sense of responsibility, springing from intuition and denying outer vision; and thus by duty alone

we are carried onward to the dawning of the joyous liberation, to the escape from illusory connection with the world, and to the consummation of peace. We are moral in so far as we know ourselves unconcerned in the sphere where morality acts; we know ourselves unconcerned in so far as we act morally in that sphere. Such is the paradox of *works* and *inattachment* as propounded by the sages of India. It is not a rationalised solution of the antinomy of faith and practice, for inattachment is simply another name for our ignorance of the relation between the two spheres; it is a sufficient, and to him who falters it may be a terrible, rule of conduct.

Works and inattachment and liberation, *karma* and *asanga* and *moksha*, are hard words in our modern ears; yet they might sound less strange if we stopped to consider their many correspondences with familiar moods. We should discover, I think, that the idea they express runs like a binding cord through all the manifold religious confessions of our own civilisation. Plato develops it at length in his account of the philosophers who must for a time abandon the delights of pure contemplation for the harsh duties of statecraft, looking not for emoluments and honours, which are no concern of the liberal mind, but obeying the compulsion of justice and righteousness. In the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius the

pathos of this severance of faith and duty speaks in every line. There is nothing sadder than the spectacle of that tremulous soul torn from the philosophic cloister to preside over the affairs of an empire as incongruous in its elements as the world itself. Like the Hindu prince he winced at the tragic necessity of laying hand upon this tangle of events with no clue to its labyrinth of pain and pleasure:— "Toys and fooleries at home; wars abroad: sometimes terror, sometimes torpor, or stupid sloth: this is my daily slavery." And like that prince he discerned no exit to religion save through fulfilling the obligations of his place as he saw them, leaving the issue to destiny and withdrawing his heart from hope and fear. "In the morning when thou findest thyself unwilling to rise," he says, "consider with thyself presently, it is to go about a man's work that I am stirred up. Am I then yet unwilling to go about that for which I myself was born and brought forth into this world? . . . Fit and accommodate thyself to that estate and to those occurrences, which by the destinies have been annexed unto thee. . . . We all work to one effect, some willingly, and with rational apprehension of what we do: others without any such knowledge. . . . These, the events of purposes, are not things required in a man. The nature of man doth not profess

any such things. The final ends and consummations of actions are nothing at all to a man's nature. . . . So live as indifferent to the world and all worldly objects, as one who liveth by himself alone upon some desert hill." It is thus, while preserving himself unattached, that he lived life well, even in a palace.

The same moral may be traced through the religion of the Middle Ages, with the changed accent of Christianity. It is the meaning of the common proverb *Laborare est orare.* It can be extracted even from that most cloistered of books, *The Imitation: "Sine caritate opus externum nihil prodest*—without charity the external work is of no profit"; for this charity is the love of God in which all love of self with all thought of others as ephemeral creatures is swallowed up, and in which the temporal aspects of work lose their significance. "Oh, if a man had but a spark of true love, surely he would feel that all earthly things are full of vanity!"

And again in modern literature—if not of to-day, at least of yesterday—a similar note is heard. Carlyle caught it up from Goethe and uttered it with savage emphasis: "The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. . . . The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent

admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work. . . . Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward? . . . My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. . . . Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it."

These and many other examples can be drawn from the teachers of the West. Their accent is diverse, they may even seem at first to be speaking in different tongues, but if their intention is regarded more narrowly, they will be found still repeating from their own experience the ancient, inevitable lesson of the Bhagavad Gîtâ:

III. 30.

"Committing all works unto me, with heart fixed on the Eternal Self,
Without expectation, saying not *This is mine*, without grief, so gird thyself for the battle.

31.

"Verily those men that follow ever this saying,
That have faith, and murmur not, they are set free from their works."

There indeed, if anywhere, lies the truth; yet it is possible that the same verity can be found in other teachers, pre-eminently in Plato it may appear, not so purely and unflinchingly

expressed, but, just because of its lesser austerity and its larger recognition of intermediate compromises, a safer light for the path of stumbling men and more competent to bring them, all save the few who desire to enter the Kingdom by violence, to the far-off yet ever-present goal.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

It seems to be a pretty common experience, among those who have passed through more than one phase of belief, that at the critical moment of hesitation some chance volume, falling in with the time and the mood, should furnish a guiding impulse to the mind in its new course; that in a lesser way we should all of us have our *Tolle, lege.* Naturally we cherish the memory of such a book with a peculiar fondness, though we may never open it again; we even hold it an act of piety one day to make confession of our obligations. And so I may be pardoned for a word of personal reminiscence here in naming the work which inducted me into the reading of Saint Augustine and into the comparative study of religions. Having dropped away from allegiance to the creed of Calvin, I had for a number of years sought a substitute for faith in the increase of knowledge; like many another I thought to conceal from myself the want of intellectual purpose in miscellaneous curiosity. And then, just as the vanity of this pursuit began to grow too insistent, came the unexpected index pointing

to the new way,—no slender oracle, but the ponderous and right German utterance of Baur's *Manichäisches Religionssystem*. It would be impossible to convey to others, I cannot quite recall to myself, the excitement amounting almost to a physical perturbation caused by this first glimpse into the mysteries of independent faith. It was not, I need scarcely say, that I failed even then to see the extravagance and materialistic tendencies of the Manichæan superstition; but its highly elaborate form, not without elements of real sublimity, acted as a powerful stimulus to the imagination. Here, symbolised by the cosmic conflict of light and darkness, was found as in a great epic poem the eternal problem of good and evil, of the thirst for happiness and the reality of suffering, which I knew to lie at the bottom of religious thought and emotion. How shall monotheism account for this discord of the world? On the one hand you may accept the notion of an all-determining Governor, and forthwith you must shudder to behold the guilt of mankind laid at his feet. On the other hand you may assume that man has been created free to choose, and you have the incredible fact (the *monstrum*, as Augustine called it) that he has deliberately elected his own damnation. There is no escape from the dilemma, however artfully the two terms may be juggled

together; and system after system of theology has been shattered against this perplexity. The most dishonest solution is that ascription of supreme jesuitry to God, whereby he is supposed to create evil that good may come, the *velut officiosa mendacia* of the Church; the most stultifying that which complacently shuts its eyes to the existence of evil.

Now Manichæism not only concealed the troublesome problem of the human conscience by transferring the dilemma to a vast spectacular division of nature, but, through its influence on Saint Augustine, serves as a bridge between the Orient and the Occident. It offers a middle term between the dualism of India and that of Europe, and in this way is the key to much that is otherwise obscure in our own religious history. Certainly the first step towards any right understanding of Augustine himself must come from a study of this heresy—as he would call it, though it was in reality an independent religion—from which, as his enemies taunted him, he never entirely shook himself free.

And there is no difficulty in understanding how he became entangled in those fantastic sophistries. It was the purpose of his *Confessions*, and history has commonly followed him in this, to emphasise the difference between his Christian and ante-Christian career; but a deeper, or less partial, reading of his life shows rather

the unchanging temperament of the man through all his variations of creed. His mission was to convict the world of sin; his preaching might be summed up in the exclamation: "You have not yet considered how great is the burden of sin—*Nondum considerasti quanti ponderis sit peccatum!*" And this cry for regeneration was the voice of faith speaking within him. "Nothing have I but will," he says in the *Soliloquies;* "I know nothing but this, that things fleeting and transitory should be spurned, that things certain and eternal should be sought." Than this, I venture to assert, no better definition of elementary, universal faith has ever been enounced: *Nihil aliud habeo quam voluntatem; nihil aliud scio nisi fluxa et caduca spernenda esse, certa et æterna requirenda.* Or, as he develops the idea in one of the earliest of his letters:

> We are, I suppose, both agreed in maintaining that all things with which our bodily senses acquaint us are incapable of abiding unchanged for a single moment but, on the contrary, are moving and in perpetual transition, and have no present reality, that is, to use the language of Latin philosophy, do not exist—*ut latine loquar, non esse.* Accordingly, the true and divine philosophy admonishes us to check and subdue the love of these things as most dangerous and disastrous, in order that the mind, even while using this body, may be wholly occupied and warmly interested in those things which are ever the same, and which owe their attractive power to no transient charm.

The expression of the idea is here coloured by his newly acquired Platonism, but the dualism that underlies it passes unbroken through his life, making one the Pagan child and the Christian man. He was not reading his present into the past, but only explaining by clearer knowledge the blind uncertainties and searchings of his youth, when, looking back on those days, he wrote: "For this was my sin, that not in God himself, but in his creatures, in myself and others, I sought my pleasures, my exaltations, and my truths, and so fell into sorrows and confusions and errors." This constant preoccupation with the dualism of human experience was the master trait of his mind; but with it must be reckoned another trait almost, if not quite, equally predominant. He was intensely, even morbidly, self-conscious; all the relations of life assumed a vivid personal colour, and from this somewhat unstable union of abstract faith with a hungering personality sprang the poignancy of his emotions. Such a discord in harmony can be seen at work in his passionately cherished friendships; and some of his younger letters may almost bring tears to the reader's eyes for their mingling and conflict of human and divine love. So, writing to Nebridius in his early Christian days, he expresses their mutual longing to be together in the flesh, and then adds this consolation:

"Commune with your own soul, and raise it up, as far as you are able, unto God. For in Him you hold us also by a firmer bond, not by means of bodily images." In the same way, reflecting on the great sorrow of his Pagan youth, when through the death of his friend he walked about in astonishment that any life remained on earth, this was his thought: "Blessed is he who loves Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy because of Thee; for he alone loses no one dear, to whom all are dear in Him who is not lost." He knew that the peculiar bitterness of his grief arose from consciousness of having looked for the beatific life in the region of death—*beatam vitam in regione mortis.*

Such was the temperament of the young man who in his eighteenth year came to Carthage as a student of rhetoric, as it was then called, of the liberal arts, as we should say now. He had been born in the year 354 at Thagaste, a small town of Numidian Africa, some fifty miles inland from the Hippo which he was afterwards to make the centre of the religious world. Africa had been thoroughly Romanised, although the Punic language was still spoken by the lower orders; and indeed Augustine in one of his letters asks about the pronunciation of some of the commonest Latin words, and when in Milan suffered as a teacher of rhetoric from

his provincial accent. But Carthage at least, since its rebuilding, was like a lesser Rome, splendid with temples and palaces and baths, thronged with people whose occupation was to follow the Pagan ceremonies of worship, to watch the spectacle of the streets and theatres, to hear the rhetoricians, and to indulge in the unrestrained vices of the capital. And now at last the prophecy of Dido was to come true; her city was to see the avenger arise who should make good the failure of Hannibal and give laws to Rome.

The ambition of the young Augustine was stirred by the life of Carthage, but it does not appear that its vices offered any strong allurement to him. Rather it was at this time that the eager desire for the truth began to stir within him. He attributes this first conversion to the study of Cicero's lost book, *Hortensius*, but one is inclined to look for the cause in the impression upon his sensitive nature of a flaunting and gorgeous materialism. To one of his temper, coming from the country to the tumult of the city, this would be the natural result. For a brief moment the blood would be heated by the seductions of the senses, and then inevitably the feeling of contrast and conflict would be intensified between his spirit and the world. In his immature state he was a ready victim for a religious sect which should expand

this combat within his mind into a mythological scheme of the universe. Carthage was one of the centres of the Manichæan propaganda, and Augustine was soon a convert. For nine years he called himself a disciple of the Babylonian; he never to the day of his death outlived the effects of this first surrender of his soul to a definite creed.

Several important studies of Manichæism have been published since Baur's work, chief of them being Gustav Flügel's *Mani, seine Lehre und seine Schriften*, which gives the text and translation, with notes, of a portion of the *Fihrist* of Muhammed ben Ishak, an encyclopædia of the sciences written, probably at Bagdad, in the tenth century. A later study is Kessler's *Mani*, which undertakes, with imperfect success, to discover the origin of the myth not in Persian Zoroastrianism but in the ancient nature-worship of Babylonia. Both of these works add to our detailed knowledge of the sect and serve to supplement the views derived by Baur from Western sources; but both tend also to obscure its essential position in history. For it was the Manichæism of the Latin West, as modified by closer contact with Christianity and as presented in the treatises of Saint Augustine, that for a while strove with Neo-Platonism and Catholicism for the mastery of our world, and that left its deep imprint on the civilisation

of Europe. But it is to be noted that neither Baur, who presents the Manichæism of the West, nor the two later writers, who go to the Eastern sources, offer any clear view of the possible relation of this religion to the still further East of India. Now it would be rash to assert positively that Mani borrowed in any substantial way from Buddhism; a very little experience in the comparative study of religions ought to make one cautious in these seductive theories of derivation; but it is at least true that in many of its details the worship instituted by Mani forms a curious parallel to that of Buddha; and it is also true that in its essential doctrine Manichæism offers at once an interesting resemblance and contrast to the common faith of India. In a general study of religious dualism it thus in every way affords an invaluable bridge between the Orient and the Occident.

This strange religion, which was promulgated by Mani, a Persian, in the third century of our era, and which spread rapidly from Babylon as far east as China and westward with the Roman Empire, is an admirable example of the syncretic method of thought of the age. It should appear to be the deliberate attempt of a reformer to fuse into a homogeneous system Zoroastrianism and Christianity, the two religions then struggling for supremacy on the borderland of the Persian Empire. It may be

that the Zoroastrianism which forms the basis of the mixture is tinged with the old Semitic superstitions still prevalent in Assyria; doubtless, the Christian elements adopted are Gnostic rather than orthodox. The influence of India, if present at all, is more obscure; yet even here historic probability is not wanting. It is known from Chinese annals that the Buddhist propaganda was active in Bactria and Parthia in the early Christian centuries. It is further recorded in the *Fihrist* that Mani travelled for forty years, visiting the Hindus, the Chinese, and the inhabitants of Chorasan. Some tradition also of Buddhistic sources seems to have lingered in the memory of the early chroniclers; and, as so often happens, these abstract ideas became personified, and figure with fabulous names among the followers of the prophet.

When we pass from historical to internal evidence, the parallel becomes, if not more convincing, at least more instructive. It has been remarked that Hindu thought moves in cycles. Certainly, during the centuries just before and after our era, we see such a wave of thought sweep over India, changing the whole religious and intellectual life of the people. The Sânkhyan philosophy, Buddhism, Jainism, and the Krishna cult apparently arose and developed side by side, being the various aspects of one great revolution. Their points of contact are numer-

ous and essential; and doubtless, if the complete literature of the time were at our command, their origin and growth would show still more striking phases of resemblance. Now details of belief and worship may be detected in Manichæism which appear to be borrowed from one and another of these cults; but beyond this a yet deeper influence suggests itself, such as might be expected in the mind of a searcher after the truth who was brought into the circle of that tremendous moral and intellectual ferment.

His religion starts with the Zoroastrian myth of two co-eternal and hostile powers, of good and of evil, of light and of darkness. The contest between them comes about in this way: The *regnum lucis* is threatened with invasion by the *principes tenebrarum*, who from the dark abyss behold the upper light and become enamoured of its glory. Thereupon an emanation of God, called the *Primus Homo*, descends into the depths to combat them. The five gross elements of matter belong to the *regnum tenebrarum*, and to prepare himself to meet them he first arms himself with a panoply of the five finer elements representing their psychical counterpart. (Cf. the Hindu *tanmâtras* and *mahâbhûtas*.) For the time he is overwhelmed by Eblis, or Saclas, as the leader of the demons is sometimes called; part of his panoply is rent away from him, and out of the union of these

finer elements, or soul, with the gross matter of the *regnum tenebrarum* arises the existing order of things, the soul being held by restraint in the bonds of matter, and giving to matter its form and life.

The process of redemption is the point of contact with Christianity, and from here on the heresy will be found Christian rather than Persian, although the modifying influence of the Persian Mithra cult shows itself strongly. In other words, speaking broadly, Mani's system may be divided into two great periods,—one of involution, or mingling of spirit and matter, adopted from Zoroastrian sources; and the second of evolution, or the separating of spirit and matter, borrowed chiefly from the Christian faith. But the Christianity followed has the colour rather of the Gnostic sect than of the orthodox confession. The common terminology and ritual are maintained, but the mission of the Christos is extended and, in a way, deepened. The labour of salvation is no longer confined to the action of a man, or god-man, living his life in Palestine, but becomes the cosmic struggle of the world-spirit striving upward toward deliverance. St. Paul hinted at the same idea in his mystical words: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together"; but he showed how far Christian orthodoxy stood from its rival when

he added: "until now . . . waiting for the adoption, *to wit* the redemption of our body."

To be more precise, Mani distinguishes between a Christos and Jesus. The general name of the emanation from the kingdom of light is the *Primus Homo;* but this is regarded in two ways, as a passive principle (δύναμις παθητική) suffering the bondage of the world, and as an active principle (δύναμις δημιουργική) effecting its own deliverance. Now the former is called the *Jesus patibilis*, while the latter is the Christos. When the world was created out of the union of the spiritual *Primus Homo* and the material *regnum tenebrarum*, the purest portion of the mixture, that containing the most light, was placed in the sky as the sun and moon. Their light, together with the atmosphere (which is the Holy Ghost), acting on the earth, produces life; life is the struggle of the imprisoned soul upward toward reabsorption into the kingdom of light. In this process the sun and moon (called also the *Primus Homo*, the Son of God, as containing the purest body of the life-giving light) are the Christos; whereas the spirit dormant in the earth and awakened by their touch is the *Jesus patibilis.* Every tree that expands its leaves in the warm breath of heaven, every flower that paints its blossoms with the colours of the sky, is only an expression of the upward striving of the weary spirit. So

the agony of the crucifixion became symbolical of the universal passion, and Jesus was said to be *omni suspensus ex ligno*. The feeling which inspired this conception of the suffering Jesus is beautifully told in a stanza of Omar Khayyám:

> Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
> The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
> Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
> Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

When the demons of evil see that the light in their possession is thus gradually withdrawn from them, they are thrown into dismay. They conspire among themselves, and, by a curious process of procreating and then devouring their offspring, produce man, who contains the quintessence of all the spiritual light remaining to them. Adam is begotten by Saclas and Nebrod, their leaders, in the likeness of the *Primus Homo*. To him is given the glory of the world; he is made the microcosm or counterpart of the universe, in order that by the excellence of his nature, as by a bait, the soul may be allured to remain in the body. He is created by the lust of the demons; his own fall, designed by his creators, consists in succumbing to the seductions of the flesh; and through the process of generation the spirit is still held a bond-slave in the world, passing from father to son. But man, though he may be subject for a time to the evil influence

of the flesh, yet must rise in the end by the eternal aspiration of the spirit. As the Christos acting in the sun awakens the inanimate earth, so too he appears as a man among men, as Jesus of Nazareth, teaching the way of salvation. Release comes only with the cessation of desire, and this again is brought about only through the true knowledge, or *gnôsis*, imparted by the Saviour.

In all this we see strong traces of the Zoroastrian sun-worship, as might be expected. The Christos represented as *distentus per solem lunamque* points at once to Mithra, the sun-god and mediator. But the significant modification recalls rather the spirit of India. The whole conception of Christ's mission is changed; and the labour of his life is to proclaim the way of release to the spirit already groping upward, rather than to act as mediator between man and God. His incarnation is only one brief event in the long struggle of the imprisoned Jesus for release. In accordance with this idea, either directly from India or through the earlier Gnostic sects, the doctrine of Docetism was adopted, corresponding to the Mâyâ which plays so large a rôle in later Buddhism and in the Krishna cult. For instance we read in the *Bhâgavata Purâna* of Krishna: "It is through his Mâyâ, by means of Mâyâ, that the Exalted One has taken on himself a body"; and again

of Buddha in *The Lotus of the True Law:* "The Tathâgata, who so long ago was perfectly enlightened, is unlimited in the duration of his life; he is everlasting. Without being extinct, the Tathâgata makes a show of extinction, on behalf of those who have to be educated." Precisely the same words might be used to express the Gnostic and Manichæan doctrine of the Christ.

So too the conception of sin as consisting in desire instead of disobedience, and the resulting system of ethics, point to India. The chief duty of man is to abstain from satisfaction of physical desires of whatever sort, that he may not plunge the soul still deeper in the slough of creation. Marriage was abhorred as evil above all things, in contradiction to Persian and orthodox Christian views. And after chastity the highest virtue was a respect for life in all its forms, carried almost to the absurd extremities of the Jainist rule of *ahinsâ* (from *a* privative and *hins*, to harm, kill).

The followers of Mani were divided into two bodies, the *electi* and the *auditores*, corresponding to the classes of Christians, and the use of the Christian sacraments shows that the Church was organised after Western models; yet here again the duties of the auditors remind us rather of the Buddhist *upâsakas* than of Christian catechumens. Like the *upâsakas* they

were allowed to marry and mingle with the world, and their connection with the elect consisted mainly in providing the latter with food, in order that these vessels of salvation might be spared the awful sin of destroying even vegetable life. At death the souls of the elect were transported up to the kingdom of light, into a state of being not unlike the Nirvâna of the Jainas, and possibly of the Buddhists. The auditors passed through a long series of transmigrations, while the wicked were cast into hell.

It is easy to understand how an immature youth of Augustine's temperament was drawn from the worldly pageantry of Carthage by this religion of Mani. Here was an easy solution of the mystery that weighed upon his mind, the *quanti ponderis sit peccatum;* here was an elaborate interpretation of that conflict between the *fluxa et caduca* and the *certa et æterna* which it was the labour of his life to explain. Nor is it difficult, on the other hand, to understand why the system failed to afford him permanent comfort. With growing intelligence he became more and more repelled by the childish elements in Mani's mythology, and at the same time the mechanical dualism of the creed deceived for a while but could not long satisfy his real spiritual needs. The Hindu attributed the condition of good and evil to the upward or

downward inclination of the whole character of a man, and in that faith if anywhere it might be said: Thou art thyself thy proper heaven and hell. The conflict may have been symbolised by the claims of spirit and matter, but essentially it pertained to the man's own will and intelligence, and upon himself alone lay the duty and responsibility of turning from his own lower desires to his higher liberty. Mani, indeed, had gone half way toward this conception of evil. In the Persian mythology from which he started, Ahriman opposed the god of light at every point, to be sure; yet creation was primarily good, and the evil works of Ahriman are a later corruption. According to the *Bundahish* the original man and woman first believed that the world was created by Ormazd, and afterwards came to believe Ahriman was the creator. From this falsehood Ahriman received his first joy, and for this falsehood their souls shall remain in hell even unto the resurrection. The material world is essentially righteous; and it is the first duty of man to support *asha*, the existing order of things, against the assaults of the demons. Now the struggle between Mani's god of light and Eblis, whether from Hindu influences or not, becomes more intimate and far-reaching than this. The contest is no longer carried on in a neutral region as between two armies in

battle array, but is waged in every particle of creation between the two natures contained within it. But Mani never quite reached the higher meaning of this combat as seen by the Hindus; with him the symbol of spirit and flesh was the reality, and evil thus lost its intrinsic seriousness. Theoretically, and to a certain degree actually, his dualism, like that of the Hindu, was within man, but it took the form of a mechanical mixture of elements rather than of a conflict of tendencies involving the whole being. In effect the man himself was the spiritual element, and his end was merely to free himself, by more or less physical means, from the envelope of the body. It was this slurring over of the true nature of evil, by transferring it from the conscience to the imagination, that in the end repelled Augustine. "For up to this time," he says, speaking of his Manichæan days, "it seemed to me that not we ourselves committed sin, but I know not what alien nature within us; and it gratified my pride to be without blame."

In this state of mind, doubting the veracity of Manichæism, but without any settled belief to take its place, he sailed in his thirtieth year to Italy, for the purpose of bettering himself in his profession. He had with him his friend Alypius and the concubine with whom, almost to his conversion, he lived in good faith, and

who was the mother of his son Adeodatus. He was followed also by his devoted mother. For a while he lived at Rome, and then went as a teacher of rhetoric[1] to Milan, the seat of the great Bishop Ambrose.

Here the first enlightenment came to him from the Neo-Platonic philosophy as it was interpreted in the works of Victorinus and other Latin writers. There is much in the *Enneads* of Plotinus to make the transition from Manichæism easy. In that mystic philosophy the soul of the world is portrayed as bound in the chains of the flesh and aspiring to escape; "our fatherland is there whence we have come, and our

[1] In his profession Augustine seems to have been only moderately successful. As a writer his work is marred by his habit of dictation to a *notarius*, or shorthand secretary, and by the impatience of his nature. His language flows too broadly and is further disfigured by an inveterate taste for verbal quibbles. As a stylist he ranks below his contemporary Jerome, yet at his best he has command of the telling phrase and of a vivid personal eloquence. He knew the allurement of words, *verba quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa;* and such a passage as the opening of chapter ii., book ii., of the *Confessions* is notable in the history of eloquence:

"Et quid erat, quod me delectabat, nisi amare et amari? Sed non tenebatur modus ab animo usque ad animum, quatenus est *luminosus limes amicitiæ;* sed exhalabantur nebulæ de limosa concupiscentia carnis, et scatebra pubertatis, et obnubilabant atque obfus-

father is there," said Plotinus; and virtue is a flight from the death of the world, from the σῶμα-σῆμα. But in place of the crude antinomy of two equal independent powers, the deity now becomes the supreme being and evil is mere distance from him, an ever-lessening participation in his infinite essence. It is Plato's theory of the one and the many, of *noumena* and *phenomena*, brought halfway, but only halfway, to a religious myth. And in what may be called his philosophy of religion Augustine never departed from these views; they may be found developed at length in his *De Civitate Dei*, written when his doctrine had

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cabant cor meum, ut non discerneretur serenitas dilectionis a caligine libidinis. Utrumque in confuso æstuabat, et rapiebat imbecillam ætatem per *abrupta cupiditatum*, atque mersabat gurgite flagitiorum. Invaluerat super me ira tua, et nesciebam. Obsurdueram stridore catenæ mortalitatis meæ, pœna superbiæ animæ meæ: et ibam longius a te, et sinebas: et iactabar, et effundebar, et diffluebam, et ebulliebam per fornicationes meas, et tacebas. O tardum gaudium meum! Tacebas tunc, et ego ibam porro longe a te, in plura et plura *sterilia semina dolorum*, superba deiectione et inquieta lassitudine."

In this emotional psychology, at once subtle and intense, Augustine is the father of modern literature, and he has never been surpassed. Nor is it difficult to foresee in the sudden penetrating quality of such phrases as I have marked by underscoring the course of romantic rhetoric.

stiffened into its final form. Since God, he there says, is essential being and immutable, to those things which he created *ex nihilo* he gave being, but not the highest being equal to his own. The dualism of nature is thus reduced to being and not-being, *esse* and *nihil*, and the world is, so to speak, a mixture of these two. Evil is a self-withdrawing from the supreme being toward not-being; the *summum bonum* is eternal life, the *summum malum* eternal death. Almost at times Augustine represents the punishment of the wicked as a gradual annihilation.

But with Augustine intellectual enlightenment was still something far removed from religious conviction. Now, as always throughout his life, substantially, if not temporally, *fides præcedit intellectum;* and faith, having once abandoned him, was slow to return. This, apparently, was his period of greatest mental anguish, while his spirit lay, as it were, groaning for the new birth. And the change came at last, as these changes are wont to come, instantly and miraculously. The story of his conversion is the most famous in christendom after St. Paul's, but his telling of it in the *Confessions* is for ever fresh. He had taken to reading the Scripture earnestly, but still hung back trembling from the abyss of self-surrender: "All my arguments were undone; there remained but a

speechless terror, for my soul dreaded as death itself to be taken from its customary stream which was bearing it to death." In this mood he went one day, with his faithful friend Alypius, out into the garden, determined now or never to silence the cry in his heart [1]:

Thus was I sick at heart and in torment, accusing myself more bitterly than ever, tossing and turning in the frail bond that still held me, until it should break asunder; frail it was, yet it held me still. . . . But when profound reflection had drawn my whole misery from its secret depths, and heaped it up in the sight of my heart, there came a great storm with mighty shower of tears. And, that I might pour it all forth with fitting words, I rose to depart from Alypius. It seemed to me that solitude was more fitting for my tears. And I went further apart, so that even his presence would no longer be a burden to me. . . . I flung myself beneath a certain fig-tree, and gave the rein to my tears; and the floods burst forth from my eyes, an acceptable sacrifice to Thee. And many things I said to Thee in this sense, though not in these words: "And Thou, Lord, how long wilt Thou delay? Wilt Thou be angry for ever, Lord? Be not mindful of my earlier iniquity." For I felt I was hampered by it. I poured out words of misery: "How long? How long? To-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now? Why not end my baseness this very hour?"

And, speaking thus, I wept with a most bitter contrition in my heart. And suddenly I heard from

[1] The translation that follows is from Joseph McCabe's brilliant but, psychologically, unsatisfactory *St. Augustine and His Age*.

a neighbouring house the voice, as it were, of a boy or girl singing many times: "Take up and read, take up and read." (*Tolle, lege; tolle, lege.*) I was roused immediately, and began to think intently whether children were wont to sing this in any game of theirs; but I could not recollect ever to have heard it. And, checking the flood of my tears, I arose, thinking no other than that it was a Divine command to me to open the sacred volume and read the first chapter I lighted on. . . . Thus admonished, I returned to the spot where Alypius sat; for I had placed the volume of the Apostle there when I had left. I grasped and opened it, and read in silence the chapter which first met my eyes: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." I neither wished nor needed to read more. For with the close of this sentence the darkness of my doubt melted away, as though a strong light had shone upon my heart. Then, inserting my finger or some other mark, I closed the book, and with a tranquil mind handed it to Alypius.

The first thought on reading this celebrated scene is likely to be a feeling of irrelevancy between the particular message found by Augustine and his moral condition. He was at that time as far removed from rioting and drunkenness as ever in his later days of saintliness; his whole strength was absorbed in spiritual conflict. Yet in a more general way the text did come home to his inmost need. It summoned him from the intellectual consider-

ation of evil as a negation of good to the conviction of sin as something for which he was morally and terribly responsible; while, at the same time, it presented the metaphysical theorem of being and not-being in the form of a concrete dualism, God and his own soul. Thus faith allied itself to the insatiable craving of his heart for a personal relation. God was still the supreme *being*, but being became identified emotionally, if not logically, with personal volition; evil was the deliberate setting apart of the human will from the divine will, the voluntary separation of the soul from the source of life. About this time he wrote his *Soliloquies*, wherein his new conception of the inevitable dualism of life is summed up in the question and answer: "Deum et animam scire cupio.—Nihilne plus?—Nihil omnino." In this chasm between the human and the divine personalities his one hope of reconciliation sprang from the realisation of Christ as the mediator, for as in Christ we see God become man without losing his divinity, so there was hope that man might be lifted up with him to God, yet without losing his humanity. The idea is developed in a notable passage of the *De Civitate:*

> But because the mind itself, which naturally possesses reason and intelligence [for comprehending God], has been by certain dark and inveterate vices made incapable of dwelling joyously in the incommutable

light or even of enduring that light, until by daily renewal and healing it becomes equal to so great felicity, therefore it was first to be imbued and purged with faith. And that in this faith it might more confidently journey toward the truth, the truth itself, God, the son of God, becoming man yet not ceasing to be God, constituted and founded this faith, that there might be a way for man to God through the man-God. For such is the mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. For in this he is the mediator, in that he is man; and in this he is the way. Now if between the one who tends and that to which he tends there be a mediating way (*via media*), there is hope of arriving at the end; but if the way be lacking, or if we are ignorant how to go, what profits it to know whither we are to go? One only way is there entirely guarded against all errors, that the same person be God and man: whither we go, God; how we go, man.

Thus, by another fiction of mythology, the dualism which had been transferred from the soul of man to an external opposition of the soul and God was restored to the union of two natures within the single person of the God-man. By the mystery of the atonement man was to be made one with the mediator and so brought back to union with God. All this Augustine heard implicitly in the oracle that spoke to him through the words of St. Paul in the garden at Milan: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." His philosophy was again made religion.

The period immediately following his con-

version was, in appearance at least, the happiest of his life. He had found that peace of God after which his soul panted, and as yet his faith was a pure uplifting of the heart, untroubled by the fierce disputes with heresy that occupied his later years. For a while he retired with his mother and Alypius to the villa of a friend at Cassiciacum, where they passed the days in reading and writing and in discussing endlessly the new-found truth. But already he was aflame "to rehearse the glory of the Psalms throughout the whole world, against the pride of the human race." Home and duty called to Africa, and thither he returned in the year 388. Three years later he was forcibly made a presbyter, and in 395 he became Bishop of Hippo. The remaining thirty-five years of his life fall into three overlapping periods, as he was engaged successively with the three arch-enemies of orthodoxy. His first ambition was to smite the Manichæans, against whom he bore the grudge of a renegade. In the long treatises and letters and debates that he poured out against that religion one perceives how great was the danger escaped, and how the Christian world shook off the foe only by assimilating a good deal of its spirit. Then came the controversy with the Donatists, a dull-seeming question to-day, but important in Augustine's development as forcing him to crystallise his

views in regard to the sacramentarian office of the Church. He learned more clearly the value of that act of faith by which the communicant in the bread and wine of the eucharist was supposed to receive the body and blood of Christ and so to be lifted into a real participation in the eternal life of the God-man. Thus, through the sacraments, there was permitted to enter that saving grace of the imagination, whereby the believer (it was not wholly discarded even by Calvin, cf. *Institutio Christianæ Religionis*, IV. xvii. 5–19) might escape the hard element of rationalism that tends to petrify the definitions of dogma, and might live the pure life of the spirit within the fold of the Church. We must never forget, in dealing with Christianity, the potential nullifying power of this faculty, and it is fair always to remember that the strong distaste of the English mind for logical conclusions enabled, and still enables, the Church of that country at its best to open a door through the walls of superstition and rationalism into the garden of liberty planted and watered by the spiritual imagination. Out of that controversy arose also St. Augustine's magnificent vision of the two contrasted cities of the world and of God. Not many scholars to-day have the time and patience to explore the immense book in which he unfolded that vision; it is, in fact, largely unrewarding to the

reader. Yet its very conception shows how radical the sense of dualism was in Augustine's mind and how the Manichæan conception of two eternally hostile powers was carried over into the contrasted kingdoms of heaven and of earth. The book contains, also, strange hints of modern literature and philosophy, as in the famous anticipation (xi. 26) of the Cartesian *cogito ergo sum;* and here and there it rises to a peculiar eloquence, as in book xix., chapter 17, where the earthly peace and the celestial peace are defined, and where it is shown how the celestial city during its peregrination in this world makes use of the earthly peace (*utitur ergo etiam cœlestis civitas in hac sua peregrinatione pace terrena*).

The last contest with heresy is far the most important, for it was the creed of Augustine as defined and hardened by his debate with the Pelagians that formulated Christianity for the Middle Ages and, despite our protests, for us of to-day if we would preserve its force. That debate may seem academic, but in reality it touched the very quick of Augustine's faith. He had reached his present position by a series of steps which led him at last to a belief in harmony with the deepest instincts of his soul. Starting with an intense consciousness of the division of life against itself, he had first fallen under the sway of Mani's imaginative mythology.

Mani had altered the Persian dualism of two external powers into a combat within man himself of two temporarily united but radically distinct natures. Seeing the mechanical insufficiency of this system, Augustine had passed to the Neo-Platonic idea of evil as a partial participation in, or negation of, the supreme infinite good. But still the craving of his heart was not satisfied. Abstract ideas meant little to him; personal relationship was all in all. This was the point on which his conversion turned: God's will became the supreme being; man's will, in so far as it differentiated itself from God's, the voluntary inclination to not-being. He now had a dualism of two personalities, God and man; the tincture of Manichæism that remained with him, or, more exactly, the imperative conviction of sin that had made him a disciple of Manichæism, now came to array these two personalities against each other as completely hostile forces—God infinitely good, man totally depraved by the very definition of his finiteness, nay, rather infinitely evil as tending to absolute death. To be sure his conception of God as all-responsible creator compelled him to believe that man was originally created a free will perfectly good in the image of God, and that the evil of his nature was to be explained by that *monstrum*, his voluntary secession from God. But this was, so to speak, the background of

his creed, a matter of revelation and not of present consciousness. As he saw the actual world, it existed apart from God and lost in depravity; the very assumption of free will meant a division from this infinite will, and consequently sin. The evil of man depends therefore not on particular deeds, but is the essence of his personality; he is totally depraved is so far as his personality is a total indivisible entity. To look upon a man's acts as partly good and partly evil is to disregard Augustine's fundamental conception of a dualism of personalities. Salvation cannot result from a mere predominance of good or from a gradual growth in virtue; but must spring from a total change of a man's nature into conformity to the divine nature. It is a self-surrender which cannot be volitional, because volition is the essence of self and of sin. It must proceed from a miraculous power outside of man, by the outstretched arm of God. Conversion is the result of God's free Grace working miraculously upon the soul, and comes to us with no choice or foresight of our own.

Now just here entered the dispute with Pelagius. That Irish forefather of Jesuitism sought to comfort mankind by slurring over the gulf between the human and the divine. Evil does not pertain to the whole character of man, but to his separate acts, and salvation

lies within the reach of all who choose to practise righteousness. Conversion is chiefly the work of man and not of God, and loses its significance as a total change of character. For nature, he taught, is essentially good as it came from the hand of the Creator, and still so remains. Adam's error affected himself alone and was not transmitted to posterity; the child is therefore born uncorrupted, with natural and ineradicable impulses for good, which can be perverted only by an act of the will deliberately contrary to reason. Amid the temptations of the flesh and the seductions of the world, God's grace and the example of Christ come to fortify the nature of man and assist him in his tenure of inborn righteousness. Pelagianism thus pretends to save for man his freedom, but essentially is a denial of free will, in so far as free will implies a radical separation from a transcendent God. The position of Pelagius is, it must be acknowledged, intrinsically illogical. If the infinite, as with the Hindus, lies within man's own nature, then conversion may be a voluntary, however mysterious, act of the man himself by which his own true being frees itself from finite illusion. But if the division is between an infinite divine will and a finite human will, in what way shall the lower term raise itself to the higher? Augustine perceived that here was a denial of sin as something of vast moment

("hominem posse esse sine peccato et mandata Dei facile custodire, si velit"), a denial, in effect, of that very consciousness of an absolute dualism of infinite and finite upon which the reality of religion rests. In the end it could mean only this, that humanity in its finite nature was to be made all-sufficient and the idea of God was to be lost from the world. Augustine saw this, and he saw the truth.

Such is the religion that St. Augustine, like an avenger of the African queen, forced upon the unwilling Roman world, for Rome of herself inclined always to the Aristotelian and Pelagian compromise which shirked logic for virtuous expediency. In the creation of dogma, indeed, he accomplished but little; this work was pretty well finished before his day. But the intensity of his emotional nature endued with living force what the Greek theologians had left as a somewhat scholastic theory. His dominant personality imposed itself readily on a religion that was so purely personal in its character. Out of that sublime contrast of the soul of man set over against an infinite God arose what has been called the anguish of the Middle Ages, and also their rapture of joy. Neither is there for us, so far as we are Christians, any candid escape from the rigour of his orthodoxy. Grant this dualism of the human and the divine persons, call it, if you will, by the euphemistic title of

the fatherhood of God,—and what else but this is Christianity?—and you identify true religion with the fervid uncompromising faith of the Bishop of Hippo. The last great crisis of Christianity was that revival of Augustine's battle with Pelagius in the contest between the Jansenists and the Jesuits. When the Pelagianism of the Jesuits won the day, it was in reality a fatal blow to the old faith; and the fall of Port-Royal was the fall of the Church as the custodian of the true faith—*actum est.* We are all Pelagians to-day, and our end, unless some incalculable force changes the current, may be foreseen in the present tendency to substitute a so-called Christian sociology for theology. And sociology has no need of the hypothesis of a God; it has no care to go beyond the second commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. We are all Pelagians? Let us rather say, with the late Marquis of Salisbury, we are all Socialists.

Yet a word in conclusion. Though there is a logical correctness in Augustine's main syllogism one cannot read much in his works without discovering whole tracts of thought and exhortation that refuse to take their place in his dogmatic system; one finds that in his practical doctrine he builds upon what may be called the logic of emotions rather than upon pure reason, and constantly calls upon sinners to

repent, as if salvation were in their own hands. And it is in a line with his personal theology that the appeal to man should be to choose, not between the absence and the presence of desire, but between good and evil desire. "There is will," he says, "in all men: or rather, all men are nothing other than wills. For what is desire and joy, but a will of consent toward the things we wish? and what is fear and sadness but a will of dissent from the things we do not wish?" And as desire is thus the basis of our will and of our nature, so it is the cause of that division into the cities of good and of evil: "*Fecerunt itaque civitates duas amores duo*—thus are the two cities made by two loves; the earthly city by the love of self even to the contempt of God, the celestial by the love of God even to contempt of self." The whole matter is summed up in that most beautiful of his aphorisms: "Unde mihi videtur, quod definitio brevis et vera virtutis, *Ordo est amoris*."

If there is thus in the paradox of absolute Grace and free will a Kantian failure to harmonise rational and practical theology, we must remember that the insoluble difficulty came to St. Augustine from the very sources of Christianity. The fallacy must lie in his premises, and one seems to put finger upon it in that primary assumption of a God at once personal and infinite, which was accepted

unreservedly by St. Augustine and nominally by Pelagius. For, after all, is there not an irreconcilable contradiction in the very terms of the definition? Is not personality, as the expression of individual desire and choice, a negation of the infinite, whether in God or man? India had acknowledged this difficulty and had made the conversion of man to consist in the renunciation of personality as the last illusion of the mind. Greece, too, had caught glimpses of this truth, and had announced it in her own suaver and more flexible speech; and the Christian Platonists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance,[1] feeling the difficulty, veiled their mysticism in many words.

[1] In the first of Henry More's *Divine Dialogues* Hylobares will be found arguing against the existence of God because of the incomprehensibility of the attributes of eternity, immutability, omnisciency, spirituality, and omnipresency. In the answers of Philotheus all that Christian Platonism can say to reconcile personality with these qualities is developed at length.

PASCAL

No one to-day can sit down to write on Pascal without feeling that the third book of Sainte-Beuve's *Port-Royal* contains about everything there is profitable to say on the subject.[1] Were it not that his is one of the cardinal names in the history of religious dualism, certainly I at least would not intrude in that field. And to begin with, no better approach to Pascal, the victorious saint, can be conceived than by means of that dialogue in which the new convert, under the probing questions of his spiritual director, lays bare his philosophical relations to Epictetus and Montaigne. That confession may lack the artistic perfection of Socrates' talks with the young men of Athens, but it has one, and that not the least, grace of the Platonic dialogues —the lucidity that brings down the most far-reaching thoughts to the level of our daily

[1] Attention should be called to F. Strowski's *Pascal et son temps*, the third and concluding volume of which has just been issued. He discusses the religious ideas of the age with admirable fulness and perspicuity. But the human interest is with Sainte-Beuve.

conversation. It was a grace that never failed Pascal, proving that ideas were to him, as to all the family of Plato, living things and not the bodiless words of the schools, and demonstrating anew that philosophy expresses the pure love of truth only so long as it remains untechnical.

Blaise Pascal, though at this time he could scarcely have passed his thirty-third year, already enjoyed a considerable reputation for scientific achievement and possessed the experience of a man of the world. He was born 19 June, 1623, at Clermont-Ferrand, of an ancient family of Auvergne belonging to the *noblesse de robe*. An older sister married a M. Périer, but retained always her close relations with the Pascals, father and son. A younger sister, Jacqueline, after various trials took the veil at Port-Royal and was active in bringing her brother into a closer association with the remarkable body of priests and scholars who formed the outlying guard, so to speak, of the convent. But the education of Blaise was at first little concerned with religion. His father, himself immersed in the scientific renaissance which was remoulding the very basis of civilisation, planned for the lad a systematic training whose rigour and originality can be likened only to the discipline of John Stuart Mill. To this end he, in 1631, sold his government charge at Clermont, and removed his family to Paris,

where he joined the *Conférences of* Père Mersenne out of which was to grow the Académie des Sciences. That busy priest of the Order of the Minims fulfilled an office with which there is nothing comparable in modern times. Not only did the advanced lights of Paris meet regularly at his chambers, in a convent near the Palais Royal, to discuss the mathematical and physical problems of the day, but through the visits of travelling scholars and through his enormous correspondence he maintained what may be called a scientific clearing-house for Europe. Into this circle Blaise was introduced when little more than a child, and here he came into touch with the work of Galileo, Descartes, Gassendi, and other leaders of thought, not to mention such Englishmen as Hobbes, Kenelm Digby, Charles Cavendish, and Robert Boyle. The story of his own early discoveries is one of the parables of science. According to his father's scheme mathematics were not to be taken up until the age of fifteen or sixteen, after Latin and Greek had been mastered; but at the age of twelve he was found demonstrating for himself the proposition of Euclid which proves that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. There was no repressing his intellectual passion after that. At sixteen he is at work upon an essay on conic sections. In 1642 and '43 he is busy with

experiments to disprove the scholastic notion of nature's horror of a vacuum and to show that the rise of mercury in a tube is due to the pressure of the air—experiments which roused the always irritable jealousy of Descartes. Other theories and inventions followed, including the calculating machine which was perfected in 1652, and which was the occasion of Pascal's letter to Queen Christine of Sweden on the two empires of civil authority and of science.

But our concern is not with these discoveries. As a man of science Pascal would be remembered as one among many contemporary investigators of the second rank; as a spokesman of religious experience he is without a peer among the philosophers of the Renaissance, standing in sharp contrast to the trend of the times and writing words that can never lose their meaning or their freshness. His first conversion took place in 1646. In January of that year his father, living then at Rouen, dislocated his hip and was attended by two gentlemen who set him upon reading the devotional works of Jansenius and of his disciples, Arnauld and Saint-Cyran. As a result the family was converted to the revived doctrine of St. Augustine which was then beginning to stir the Catholic world under the name of Jansenism. It cannot be said that the change was without serious effect on Blaise, then a studious

young man of twenty-three. How deeply his conscience was stirred may be seen in the beautiful and pathetic *Prayer*, written about this time, *To Demand of God the Right Usage of Illness*, and throughout his correspondence with his sisters, particularly in the long letter (17 October, 1651) On the Death of his Father, wherein the spirit of religious resignation and the dividing mind of geometry seem to have joined hands. All this is indisputable, but it is equally true that his conversion was still at bottom more a matter of the intellect than of the heart and will. As an intellectual impulse it was important in determining the character of the real regeneration when this came; meanwhile it left him in a state differing only in degree from that of Bacon and Descartes and those others who shut religion off in an innocuous sphere by itself, separate from philosophy and the conduct of life. During all this time he was intermittently engaged in scientific pursuits, and, more particularly, from the death of his father to his rebirth he passed through what has been called his worldly period—*vie mondaine*. There is no suspicion of immorality in his case, but it is evident that during these years he gave himself up to the guidance of his friend the Duc de Roannez, and of two professed sceptics and *honnêtes gens*, MM. Méré and Miton, who laughed him

out of his bourgeois pedantries and confirmed him in the refinements of courtly society.[1] It is a plausible guess that his subtle, but rather scholastic, *Discours sur les passions de l'amour*, was written as a wager among these friends; certainly one of them, M. Miton, remained in his memory as a type of the disillusioned and detached worldling to whom the prizes of life were a vanity scarcely worth the picking up, and who had thus a lasting significance for him as a negative counterpart of the Christian.

It was, in fact, through feelings akin to those of M. Miton that Pascal was led to the supreme change. There is evidence that the emptiness of his pleasures, or, more exactly, the discord between his religious instinct and this vanity of his pursuits, troubled him more and more as time passed. In this state he was driven

[1] In a well-known letter Méré thus wrote of *honnêteté, la quintessence de toutes les vertus:* "Vous ne songez pas qu'il est bien rare de trouver un honnête homme. J'ai un ami qui ferait ce voyage des Indes pour en voir un seulement. Peut-être qu'il est trop difficile, mais il m'assure toujours que ce n'est qu'une pure idée, et qu'on n'en voit que l'ombre et l'apparence. Quoi qu'il en soit, plus on approche de cette idée, plus on a de mérite, et les meilleurs esprits des siècles passés demeurent d'accord que c'est en cela principalement que la félicité consiste, et je crois qu'ils jugent bien. Car il est impossible d' avoir cette honnêteté sans la connaître, ni de la connaître sans l'aimer éperdûment, et c'est ce qui fait qu'on est heureux de la posséder."

for sympathy, perhaps also for enlightenment, to his sister Jacqueline who had become a nun at Port-Royal, and in September of 1654 we find her writing to Mme. Périer of the pity his confession caused her. A little later, probably 21 November, while on a visit to the convent, he was powerfully moved by a sermon of M. Singlin on the beginnings of the Christian life, which seemed to him to be directed specially to his case. Two days afterwards, 23 November, in his thirty-second year, he felt the blow of heaven. From about half past ten in the evening until half an hour after midnight, according to his own precise account, he was rapt into a state of ecstasy, from which he awoke as a new man. After his death there was found, sewed in the lining of his doublet, a bit of folded parchment on which he had written a memorial of this experience, and within the parchment an exact copy of the same on paper. The parchment has disappeared, but the paper is still preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, exposing to curious eyes by a kind of sacrilege the series of almost incoherent ejaculations in which he memorised the agony of a soul astray and the peace (*Certitude. Certitude. Sentiment. Joie. Paix.*) of a soul that has found God. It is dangerous for the profane critic to meddle with these conversions of the saints, yet they challenge investigation. And the

phenomenon in its baser forms is common enough. Apparently it comes with some crisis of the nervous system, often caused by prolonged emotional tension, wherein occurs a complete dissolution of that *hexis*, or congeries of habits, which makes what we call character. It seems to a man, and it may really be, that at a certain moment of time there is an escape from the close limits of personality. Too often the result is a relaxation which leaves the so-called convert a prey to the inrushing animal passions of the body. But because the immorality of religious revivals is so well known, it is not necessary to deny the validity of the true and rarer rebirth which is attended by the same, or at least a like-seeming, physical crisis. When the house is empty and garnished either the spirit of God enters in or seven devils take possession. None better than the spiritual guides of Port-Royal knew the ambiguity of this time when the unsettling of habitual constraint left the man open to the highest and the lowest influences; it was their custom to treat would-be converts with extreme caution and thoroughly to test their sincerity. To Pascal conversion, it is evident, meant that religion, which had been chiefly a matter of the intellect, suddenly and overwhelmingly seized upon his heart and will; and that, from being an interest apart from life, it became henceforth

the whole of life. Consent had miraculously blossomed into faith. His affiliations were with the school of Jansenism, and in January of 1655 he took refuge from the world in a cell outside the walls of Port-Royal-des-Champs, with the little band of *solitaires* who had been first brought together by the genius of the Abbé de Saint-Cyran. One can imagine the serene exaltation of these first days under the shadow of the convent in that secluded valley of Chevreuse.

One of the sentences of his Memorial was a vow of *Soumission totale à Jésus-Christ et à mon directeur*, and it was fitting that he should make confession of his intellectual wanderings to M. de Saci under whose guidance he had been placed. That confession we have in the record of the *Dialogue on Epictetus and Montaigne.* These had been the favourite reading of Pascal, and between them he saw the wisdom of the natural man divided into two tendencies seemingly opposed, yet, in their final relation to the truth, one; they were the twin pillars of human philosophy between which, as through a lofty gate, he passed into the secret garden of faith. On the one side stands Epictetus, the apostle of reason and unity, whose "diabolic pride" teaches that man by following the light of reason can acquire perfect virtue and happiness, can lift himself to knowledge of the divine,

even to companionship with God. It is the moral attitude of the Stoic that chiefly concerns Pascal, and he passes over the material pantheism out of which this sin of presumption springs. For, grant the notion of a god who is but a subtler element penetrating the world and of a soul which is but a particle of this divine fire, grant this cosmoplastic atheism, as Cudworth was to call it, and it follows that virtue and reason and nature are one, and that happiness is the return to the unity of natural law. But the temptation of Pascal, as of the earnestly religious temperament in general, lay in the other direction, and the strength of his argument is turned against the all-dissolving logic of Epicurean scepticism. More particularly he dwells on that extraordinary *Apologie de Raimond de Sebond*, in which Montaigne, while pretending to confute the rationalism of the atheist but in reality sweeping away at once the authority of reason and of faith, leaves mankind the prey of universal doubt. In this concourse of infinite particles driven about by fortuitous and inexplicable impulse, which we call the world, and among which the souls of men float for a little while in the same meaningless abandon, what room is there for rational design or the harsh rule of virtue? Morality to the philosopher of this school is no more than the prevailing custom; reason he lowers "to the level of the

beasts, without even permitting it to rise from this order so as it may be informed by its Creator of its true and unperceived rank." For if ostensibly, after the manner of the Christian, reason is rebuked for its self-assumed superiority to faith, in reality Montaigne dissolves faith also in the same menstruum of doubt. "In all that he says," adds M. de Saci in one of his shrewd rejoinders, quoting St. Augustine, "in all that he says he sets faith apart; accordingly we, who have faith, ought in like fashion to set apart all that he says."

Of both Epictetus and Montaigne the condemnation in the end is the same, that they reject what transcends the logic of the senses; and together they embrace all those who from the beginning have been content to base their philosophy on the seeming order or the seeming lawlessness of nature. On the side of Epictetus are ranged the deists of the eighteenth century and the scientific deists of the present; with Montaigne stand those who call themselves men of the world, whether they use their individualism as an excuse for license or hide their lack of principle under a conformity to the codes of society. They are children of nature, both Stoic and Epicurean.

And, to one thinking of their diverse philosophies and of the common source from which these philosophies spring, it is as if he reflected

on the seductive panorama of a summer's day—of such a day, he may fondly imagine, as that on which Pascal conversed with his director, walking on the hillsides by the Port-Royal, or of such a scene, to pass from higher things to low, as even here and now lies before me when I raise my eyes from the page on which that dialogue is recorded. Along the basin of its wide-spread valley, Seneca Lake (the very name is idly significant) rests its waters like a broad and quiet river. The land from the opposite bank climbs in an unbroken slope toward the purple distance, lifting into view its chequered squares of corn and vineyard and forest; while over all, over the grey expanse of water, the green fields, and the yellow harvest, falls the great white light of August, as it were the visible beatitude of universal life—*et large diffuso lumine ridet.* Who, looking upon such a spectacle, can regard the earth otherwise than as a fecund mother, stern but beneficent to her children? All these varying colours and forms are gathered up into one harmonious whole, and almost the observer can feel beating within it the heart, responding to his own heart, of some controlling, sentient, unifying power of which it is the glorious body. But if unity is the immediate impression of such a scene, it is not the last. Gradually, as the warmth of the imagination cools, the mind is caught by the

innumerable details that were ignored in the first general view; we begin to tear to pieces this artificial fabric of the fancy, and, if the analytic faculty is left free, we grow almost painfully aware of the individual objects, themselves each but a collection of parts, that jostle with more and more irregularity of caprice as our inspection becomes more minute. This verdant field, for example, has no organised existence in itself, but, rather, here are countless blades of grass and weeds, each an independent life, all tangled and struggling together in inextricable confusion. In place of uniformity we are made aware of incomprehensible diversity; from unity we pass to endless multiplicity, from law and design to chance and caprice. Nay more, what had awed the imagination by its aspect of ageless stability sinks to the fleeting image of a moment, and the mind gropes helplessly among the uncounted changes and combinations of the past, and among the endless rearrangements of the future, between which these ephemeral growths, together with the solid bed of the hills, rest for an instant, or to us so seem to rest who are ourselves but passing phenomena caught from the eternal flux.[1]

[1] There is nothing fantastic in connecting the philosophies of Stoic and Epicurean with such reflections on the aspects of natural scenery. Shaftesbury, who

No doubt there is something sublime in the Stoic's illusion of a soul animating and unifying nature, something noble, if pathetic, in his religion of law and order and self-subordination; no doubt there is a legitimate interest, it may even be sanctified by a kind of religious sympathy, in the Epicurean's occupation with the inexhaustible diversity of passing phenomena; these indeed make up what we call our imaginative and intellectual life. But it still remains to be said that neither the sublimity of the one nor the curiosity of the other has any but a remote kinship with religion as Pascal and the saints understood that sacred word. True religion begins when the inner eye is opened to the terrible cleft between this realm of nature and a power not of nature. As the mind resolves the seeming harmony of the world into a huddled congeries of details, we become aware that each of these details is an individual force striving for its own existence at the expense of its neighbours. The soil represents the decay of earlier strata; every blade of grass means the ruthless triumph over some weaker plant; the life of every animal is sustained by the

made Epictetus his bible, in more than one page of his *Characteristics* deduces his creed from a generalised prospect of some smiling landscape; whereas to Mandeville, who wrote as an Epicurean in professed hostility to Shaftesbury, the physical world is "a frightful chaos of evil."

continual death of other organisations; and the very footprints of man upon the earth are marks of destruction. Nor does this conflict cease with the lower orders of nature. In his *Discours sur les passions de l'amour* Pascal divided the ruling motives of mankind into love and ambition, and what are these but the supreme expressions of the same devouring egotism—love the desire to draw another individual to ourselves from the common good, ambition the will to raise ourselves above our fellows? "To a good man," says Bacon, speaking for the Stoic and scientific deist, "cruelty seems a mere tragical fiction." Tragical, indeed; but fiction? Is not cruelty rather the very basis and reality of life as it presents itself everywhere to us, smiling amid its hateful triumphs? Can anything be conceived more cruel than the so-called law of progress?[1] True,

[1] Huxley with his usual force and concision has expressed this truth for the modern believer in evolution: "From the point of view of the moralist, the animal world is on about the same level as a gladiator's show. The creatures are fairly well treated, and set to fight—whereby the strongest, the swiftest, and the cunningest live to fight another day. The spectator has no need to turn his thumbs down, as no quarter is given. He must admit that the skill and training displayed are wonderful. But he must shut his eyes if he would not see that more or less enduring suffering is the meed of both vanquished and victor. And since the great

there spreads out at the summit this society of ours, founded on mutual concessions and, some would have us believe, on an instinct of mutual sympathy. But is not the social order, as Plato taught in his parable of the autochthons and as Hobbes from the opposite point of view saw with equal clearness, dependent on a carefully fostered illusion? What has history to say of the social order when a people arrives at consciousness? Alas, such self-knowledge is just the dissipation of this cherished deceit and means the resolution of social sympathy into its component elements of egotism. A thousand examples show, how plainly! that self-consciousness means the reversal of evolution and the descent of man into self-centred license—either this or the rise to that higher law which spoke to the Hindu ascetic in his self-communings, to Socrates in the oracle, and to Pascal from the Church. The awakening to the painful egotism of nature and especially of the natural

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game is going on in every corner of the world, thousands of times a minute; since, were our ears sharp enough, we need not descend to the gates of hell to hear—

sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai.

. . . . . .

Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle

—it seems to follow that, if this world is governed by benevolence, it must be a different sort of benevolence from that of John Howard."

man within himself is for the Christian the conviction of sin; religion is the submissive hearkening to the voice which pronounces judgment on that state and proclaims to man that he belongs to another sphere. It was from the point of view of this religious dualism that Pascal in his *Dialogue* condemned his old teachers:

> It seems to me that the source of the errors of these two sects is due to their ignorance of the difference between the state of man at present and the state of man as created. Hence one of them, observing some traces of his first grandeur and ignoring his corruption, has treated nature as sane and without need of a restorer, which leads him to the height of pride; whereas the other, feeling the present misery and ignoring his first dignity, treats nature as necessarily infirm and incapable of restoration, which casts him into a despair of arriving at true happiness and so into an extreme cowardice. . . . From these half-lights it happens thus that the one, knowing the duties of man and being ignorant of his weakness, is lost in presumption, and that the other, knowing his weakness and not his duty, falls into base cowardice. Whence it seems, since the one is truth where the other is error, that by combining them we might form a perfect morality. But, instead of this peace, there would only result from their association war and general destruction. . . . *And the reason is that these sages of the world place their contraries in the same subject; for one attributed grandeur to nature and the other weakness to this same nature, which cannot subsist together. But it is otherwise with faith which teaches us to give these qualities to different subjects, all that is infirm*

belonging to nature, all that is puissant belonging to Grace. Here, indeed, is the new and astonishing union which God alone could teach and which he alone could make, and which is nothing other than an image and an effect of the ineffable union of two natures in the single person of the God-man.

The distinction between worldly wisdom and faith, between the spurious dualism of the philosophies and the true dualism of religion, could not be expressed more clearly and emphatically. Something of the double aspect of nature may remain with the Christian. The world may still, to the enlightened eye, show some vestiges of the glory it first received from the hand of its Creator, and may thus have its sacramental lesson. "All things cover some mystery," wrote Pascal in a letter to Mlle. de Roannez; "all things are veils that cover God, and Christians should recognise Him in all." But even here there is danger, as he had seen from the beginning. "For, whatever resemblance created nature may have to its Creator, and however the least things and the smallest and most despicable parts of the world may represent at least by their unity the perfect unity which is found only in God, we cannot lawfully bring to them our sovereign respect, since there is nothing so abominable in the eyes of God and of men as idolatry." (*Letter to Mme. Périer.*) After all, of what concern are

these things to the soul? "Thence it comes that she begins to consider as a nothing all that which must return into nothing—the heavens, the earth, her mind, her body, her kindred, her friends, her enemies; wealth, poverty; disgrace, prosperity; honour, ignominy; esteem, contempt; authority, indigence; health, sickness, and life itself. In a word all that shall endure less than a man's soul is incapable of satisfying the desire of this soul, that searches with earnestness to establish herself in a felicity as enduring as herself." (*Sur la conversion du pécheur.*) And that felicity is found only in God. The true dualism lies in the contrast between nature and Grace, in the opposition and reconciliation between the man and his Creator.

By such paths, under the guidance of the directors of Port-Royal, Pascal had reached a position almost identical with that of St. Augustine. In the attempt to explain the inexplicable he had, like his master, accepted the theory of the Fall, thus making the cleft between the perfect and the imperfect to grow out of a particular incident in time; his conviction of sin was the consciousness of an absolute hostility between two entities, the Creator and the created soul; his hope of salvation lay only in the magical and total transformation of the man's personality into conformity with God's personality; rebirth into harmony with the infinite will could be

effected by no act or repeated acts and by no coöperation of the finite will, as is implied by the very terms infinite and finite, but was the work of divine unaccountable Grace; the beginning of the reconciliation within the human being of the eternal and the ephemeral narrowed itself to the appearance in history of the mythical God-man;—in a word, Pascal was purely and intensely a Christian. Let us admit, if compelled, that his theology included an element intrinsically illogical and ultimately self-destructive; but let us humbly acknowledge also that this worship of an infinite personal God was no dead abstraction but a living reality, abounding in the fervour of holiness and supremely and terribly beautiful; that the religion of an Augustine and a Pascal is a manifestation of faith beyond the comprehension of worldly philosophy and far above the reach of worldly men.

It is inevitable, for reasons historical and essential, that the names of Pascal and St. Augustine should be joined together, yet one cannot study the lives of these two men without perceiving a difference in their spirit. In reading Augustine one is almost in the exultant joy of a great acquisition; in Pascal, through all the ecstasy of vivid intuition and despite his evident pleasure in the triumphs of satire, too often one feels the underlying pain of a great

renunciation. There is a half-truth in the romantic conception of Pascal as a tragic victim of the struggle between intellect and heart, between doubt and faith, and in Jules Lemaître's image of the cross raised upon the tomb in which the saint had buried reason and glory and genius:

Mais sous l'entassement des ruines vivantes
L'abîme se rouvrait, et, pleine d' épouvantes,
La croix du Rédempteur tremblait comme un roseau.

But this change of tone from Augustine to Pascal is not so much due to a difference of creed or to any lesser grasp of faith in the later man, as to the larger movement of history. It is simply that Augustine lived when Christianity was at the summit of its first wave of victory, whereas Pascal saw all about him the waning of the waters; and that the inner life of the Christian needs the support of the world to overcome the inherent paradox of its theology. When Augustine fought and for the time vanquished Pelagianism, the question was still to a certain extent one of abstract truth; when in the seventeenth century the same debate arose between Jansenist and Jesuit it had become a conflict for the life of the Church, and the day belonged to the Jesuit.

The Church of Rome had always, and almost necessarily, inclined at heart toward Pelagianism, and its history during the Middle Ages and

later might be summed up in the statement of a gradual lapse from its more austere creed, retarded at intervals by the dominance of some fervid Augustinian or half-Augustinian. Much of the power of St. Anselm may thus be attributed to his skill in reviving Augustine's opposition between the divine and human personalities; although in his argument *Cur deus homo*, which was meant to be a bulwark of the pure faith, there is discoverable an insidious way of approach for Pelagianism. Augustine had left in a state of uncertainty the connection between the act of saving Grace and the sacrifice on the Cross. Anselm undertook to supply this deficiency by his doctrine of Satisfaction. The honour of God was touched by man's rebellion and demanded satisfaction; this was afforded by the voluntary death of Christ, who as infinite God could satisfy an offence to infinite honour, and as man could stand for the human race. So far Augustine might have gone with him, however strange to him might have seemed this reduction of religion to the terms of mediæval chivalry. But he would have revolted from the consequent statement that man was thereby rendered free to make his way back to God's favour by acts of merit. Of like sort was the reformation of the twelfth century under St. Bernard, the *Augustinus redivivus* as he is called. Yet here again, in the new

element introduced by Bernard of passionate meditation on Christ as the suffering bridegroom of the soul, there is a concession, in emotion if not in logic, to the humanising tendency of Pelagianism. Later, the immense labor of Thomas Aquinas was to develop the doctrine of St. Augustine into an impenetrable web of Aristotelian metaphysic, but withal he could not exclude an admixture of Aristotle's notion of virtue as a habit and thus as something outside of the operation of Grace. And still again "Back to Augustinianism" was the watchword of the Reformation, however we may think that the leaders of that movement missed the heart of the master's teaching. But this is no place to follow in detail the fluctuating fortunes of Augustinianism and Pelagianism. The essential matter is that the main trend of thought was toward the latter—*Totus etenim pœne mundus post Pelagium abiit in errorem*—as shown by the dissolution of scholastic philosophy in the Pelagian Nominalism of Occam; by the artful ambiguities of the Tridentine Council, which, being forced by the contentions of the Protestants to confirm the doctrine of St. Augustine, contrived to do so in formulæ that might without violence be interpreted as a support to the contrary practice; by the memorable Constitution *Unigenitus*, which repudiated the Augustinian revival of the early

eighteenth century; by the acceptance of Alphonso Liguori, with his theory of Æqui-Probabilism, as the "Teacher of the Church"; finally, by the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope, consummating the priestly organisation into a power to mould and control religion as a militant institution.

Through his association with Port-Royal and through the uncompromising force of his religious convictions Pascal was caught into the turmoil of one of the bitterest of these disputes —into a dispute of innumerable ramifications all leading back to the irreconcilable difference on the question of Grace. There were three parties to the contest: on one side the Jansenists, on the other the Jesuits and, for the nonce, their half-willing allies, the Dominicans or Neo-Thomists. Briefly, the case stood thus: In 1588 the position of the Jesuits had been formulated by the subtle work of Luis Molina, (*Liberi arbitrii cum gratiæ donis, divina præscientia, providentia, prædestinatione, et reprobatione concordia,*) in which, under the pretext of harmonising free will and Grace, the former was made the real agent in man's salvation while to the latter was left only an auxiliary rôle. To counteract this poison of Pelagianism, as he deemed it, Cornelius Jansen (or Jansenius), Bishop of Ypres, set himself the enormous task of reducing the scattered and not always

consistent theological dicta of St. Augustine to a coherent system, and his book, properly called *Augustinus*, was published in 1640, after the author's death.

Meanwhile Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de Saint-Cyran, the friend and fellow-labourer of Jansenius, had become director of the abbaye de Port-Royal, and had made that convent of Cistercian nuns the centre of the breaking storm. About its homes in Paris and in the sombre valley of Chevreuse not far from Versailles he had gathered a little band of learned and pious men who were to be the nucleus of a far-reaching reform in the Church. Saint-Cyran himself, a genius of religion if ever there were one, died in 1643, with his larger designs unaccomplished, but he was ably, if less ambitiously, succeeded by M. Singlin and by M. de Saci. Naturally the Jesuits, who had the civil authority on their side, were on the lookout for an opportunity of attack, and they did not have to wait long. In 1653 they obtained from the Pope a Bull censuring five propositions so selected and stated as to set the doctrine of Jansenius in the most extreme light. Immediately there arose a double wrangle as to whether, in the first place, the condemned propositions were really to be found in the book *Augustinus*, and, secondly, whether they were unorthodox. In a *Lettre à un duc et pair*

(M. de Luynes) Antoine Arnauld, a doctor of the Sorbonne and the most learned of the Port-Royalists, while professing submission to the Papal Bull, expressed a doubt as to the former question. But his caution did not save him from the wily adversary. The Jesuits retorted that his *Lettre* (1) justified the book of Jansenius, and (2) itself repeated one of the condemned errors by saying that the Gospel and the Fathers showed us, in the person of St. Peter denying Christ, a just man deprived for the time of necessary Grace. On the first of December, 1655, they laid a report before the Faculty of Theology, accusing Arnauld on these two points, of *fact* and of *right*. The deliberation at the Sorbonne lasted for a year, but the meetings were packed, free discussion was hampered, and a Public Censure finally pronounced. On the other side, the partisans of Port-Royal, despairing of victory and foreseeing the peril of their position, took counsel of war. One day when Pascal was with certain of his friends, the ignorance of the people on the real point at issue and the skill of the Jesuits in throwing dust came up in the conversation and some one proposed that a clear and brief statement of the case should be published. All approved of the plan, but no one volunteered to carry it out. Pascal then said that he conceived how such a statement should be framed, and

agreed to draw up a sketch if some one else, more trained as a writer, would give it polish and shape. His sketch turned out so admirable in execution that, by the advice of his friends, it was printed forthwith and without revision. So it happened that, on the 23d January, 1656, there appeared, anonymously, the first of the eighteen *Lettres à un Provincial*, or, as they came to be called more familiarly, *Lettres provinciales*, which form together perhaps the most notable single piece of prose in the French language.

The plan of the *Lettres* is calculated to support their tone of sustained irony broken by occasional passages of deadly invective. They are supposed to be written to a friend in the provinces, giving news of the dispute that is agitating Paris. After a humorous account of the actual point in debate, they pass to the real issue concealed beneath this chicanery. In the guise of an innocent inquirer the writer gets from a Jesuit acquaintance and from a Dominican a statement of their theories, which sets in the most ridiculous light their attempt to preserve the old accepted doctrine of Grace while changing it substantially to a Pelagian practice. With the Dominicans, who are logically with Jansenism but politically with the Jesuits, he makes short shrift by displaying their inconsistency. "'But tell me, my Father,

this Grace given to all men is *sufficient?*'—'Yes', said he.—'And nevertheless it has no effect *without efficacious Grace?*'—'That is true,' said he.—'And all men have Grace *sufficient*,' I continued,'and all do not have it *efficacious?*'—'It is true,' said he.—'That is to say,' I said to him, 'that all have enough of Grace, and all do not have enough of it; that is to say, this Grace suffices, although it does not suffice; that is to say, it is sufficient in name, and insufficient in effect. In good faith, my Father, this doctrine is mighty subtle. Have you forgotten, on leaving the world, what the word *sufficient* signifies there?' '' No wonder that Pascal exclaims: *Le monde se paie de paroles!* But with the Jesuits the fault strikes deeper:

> I learned then, in a word, that their quarrel in regard to sufficient Grace lies herein. The Jesuits claim that there is a Grace given generally to all men, submitted in such a way to man's free will that man renders it efficacious or inefficacious at his choice, without any new assistance from God, and without any failure on its part to act effectively; wherefore they call it *sufficient*, because it alone suffices for action. Whereas the Jansenists, on the contrary, hold that there is no such thing as Grace actually sufficient which is not also efficacious; that is to say, all Grace which does not determine the will to act effectively is insufficient for action; for they say that a man never acts without *efficacious Grace*. Such is their quarrel.

One thing comes clearly to view through this splitting up of Grace into different kinds

and through this shuffling of words—the pure Pelagianism of the Jesuits. The real act of salvation is made to proceed not from God but from the human will; and Pascal saw, as St. Augustine in his day saw, that such a belief meant the smoothing away of the break between the divine and the natural, the lowering of the infinite to the compass of the finite, and the obscuring of the veritable sting of evil. *Ecce qui tollit peccata mundi*, he says mockingly of one of these Doctors too complaisant to the infirmity of fallen nature; and, beginning with the fourth Letter, he devotes most of his energy to scourging the absurdities and indecencies of the system of casuistry based on this lax theology. The connection is exposed with his usual vigour and directness:

> As their [the Jesuitical casuists'] morality is altogether pagan, nature suffices to follow it. When we sustain the necessity of efficacious Grace, we give it other virtues for an object. It is not simply to cure vices by other vices; it is not only to make men practice the outer duties of religion; it is for a virtue higher than that of the Pharisees and of the wisest pagans. The law and reason are forms of grace sufficient for those effects. But, to disengage the soul from the love of the world, to withdraw it from what it holds most dear, to make it die unto itself, to lift it and attach it solely and unchangingly to God,—this is not the work save of an omnipotent hand.

To cure vices by other vices—such a method

is below the morality of the Pharisees and the pagans, and Pascal spares no pains to prove that it really underlies the casuistry of Escobar (Qui est Escobar, lui dis-je, mon père?—Quoi! vous ne savez pas qui est Escobar de notre Société, qui a compilé cette Théologie morale de vingt-quatre de nos pères?) and of other accepted authorities of the Jesuit school. The two militant arms of the method are Probabilism and the doctrine of Intentions.

Probabilism: The affirmative and the negative of most opinions have each some probability, in the judgment of our Doctors, and sufficient to be followed with assurance of conscience. It is not that the pro and the contra are both true in the same sense; that is impossible; but merely that they are both probable, and consequently sure. . . . A man may do that which he thinks permitted according to a probable opinion, although the contrary is surer. Now the opinion of a single grave Doctor is sufficient for this.

Intention: Whoever is obstinate in having no other end in his evil act than the evil itself, with such an one we break; that is diabolic: there is here no exception of age, sex, or quality. But when a man is not in this unfortunate disposition, then we try to put in practice our method of *directing the intention*, which consists in proposing a permitted object for the end of his actions.

To illustrate this system of Probabilism and Intention Pascal gives a series of examples, drawn with scrupulous care from the authoritative books of casuistry which are, to say

the least, unedifying. Thus, it is commanded in the Gospel to bestow alms out of one's superfluity; but here is ready at hand the opinion of a grave Doctor, which nullifies the command by a slight twist of definition: "That which men of the world keep in order to raise their state and that of their family," he opines, "is not called superfluous; and for this reason you will scarcely ever find any superfluity among people of the world, or even among kings." So men of the world have the habit of fighting duels and thus breaking the sixth commandment. The practice is no doubt reprehensible, but if you can persuade the duellist that his intention in fighting is not to injure his opponent but to preserve his own honour, why, the act is relieved of evil. Again, the Church prescribes certain times of fasting, but offers relief in necessary cases. Suppose then that "a man has fatigued himself in some way, as *ad insequendam amicam*, is he obliged to fast? By no means. But if he has fatigued himself purposely in order to be dispensed from fasting, shall he be held to it? Even if he had this express design, he shall not be obliged to fast." And still again, the Popes have excommunicated priests who lay aside their robe. Now, "on what occasions may a priest lay aside his robe without incurring this excommunication? . . . If he lays it aside for a shameful act, such as

for thieving, or for going *incognito* into places of debauch, because in such cases his intention may be to divert scandal from the Church."

Worse examples can be found in the books, worse are quoted by Pascal; but these are sufficient to show the animus of his satire. It remains to ask whether the attack was just, and to this question there is a double answer. No right-minded man, it should seem, can escape a feeling of indignation or disgust at much of the theory and practice of the Jesuits. There is something repulsive in the thought of these celibate priests gloating with such fond minuteness upon all the filthy possibilities of human vice; their responses show too frequently a complaisance in their subtlety of dialect rather than a wholesome sense of right and wrong; their casuistry in part suggests the often-repudiated maxim: Do evil that good may come. Viewed in many of its particulars, their morality deserves the anathema of Pascal: *Væ duplici corde, et ingredienti duabus viis!* And Pascal was right in laying his finger on the cause of this laxity. "Know then," he says, "that their object is not to corrupt morals: that is not their design. But neither have they the reformation of morals for their unique aim: that would be a bad policy. Their thought is this: They have a sufficiently good opinion of themselves to believe that it is useful and

even necessary to the welfare of religion that their credit should be extended everywhere and that they should govern all consciences. And as the severe maxims of the Gospel are proper for governing some kinds of people, they make use of these on suitable occasions. But as these same maxims are not in accord with the views of the majority, they abandon them in regard to such people, in order to have what may satisfy all the world." The simple fact is that the Church by this time had come to an *impasse* from which the Jesuits were doing all in their power to deliver her. From the beginning the dilemma of a double ideal had confronted her; she was forced to choose or to make what compromise she could between the renunciation of the world and the conquest of the world. Strictly speaking, religion meant renunciation, and renunciation only, and for the few who possessed the divine gift of faith this ideal could not be presented too purely. But the Church had a mission for the many as well as for the few, and, as her organisation developed, as she was compelled to take into account the increasing complexities of civilisation, the other ideal of world-dominion became correspondingly insistent. While not openly repudiating the faith of Augustine she was obliged, in controlling men of the world, to make the Pelagian appeal to the human will more and more her principle of action.

And her system of morality suffered the same change. She erred grossly in so far as she undertook to cure vices with other vices—and to this extent there was no answer to Pascal's invective—but, unless she was ready to surrender her claim to govern all consciences, she could not escape the necessity of adopting a pagan morality under the colour of a Christian dialectic; and this in reality was the work of the Jesuit casuists. It is easy to show that these guides of the public conscience fell into sins of ignoble concession, but neither can it be denied that at bottom they brought to this task a high and religious devotion. We must never forget, while condemning their casuistic accommodation of morals, that during these very years of their unscrupulous warfare upon Port-Royal other Jesuits, Jean de Brébeuf and his followers, were, for the same glory of God, laying down their lives among the savages of the Western World. Parkman's account of the *Jesuits in North America* is a fair answer to many of the charges in the *Lettres provinciales*. The cruelty of their case lay in the fact that they dared not proclaim, that probably they did not altogether understand, the true character of their operations. It was not only a sense of guilt that made them writhe under the terrible sarcasm of Pascal; many of them, we may believe, felt that his logic was exposing to the

world, and so undermining, the compromise by which the difficult dominion of the Church and of religion was upheld. And their fears were justified. The temporary victory was to the Jesuits, but in the end no single book has done more to disorganise Christianity as a social power than these *Lettres provinciales*. They have made the name of Jesuit for ever a by-word and a synonym of dishonour; they have hastened also the dissolution of the Church.

Having finished his work of unmasking the enemies, as he conceived them, within the fold, Pascal proposed to himself to set aside ten years of his life to a labour of construction—an elaborate *Apologie* of the faith designed primarily (though not exclusively) for the conviction of the sceptics without. In one grand argument he was to convince both classes of men of the world as he had seen them represented in Miton and Méré, and was to confute the two schools of philosophy as these were represented to him by the Epicurean Gassendi and the Stoic Descartes. In his own less pedantic and more human way he would assert the truth of religion against the two modes of infidelity which Cudworth was to belabour so resoundingly as atomical and hylozoical or cosmoplastic atheism. "Everything is *Atheism*," says Blake, "which assumes the reality of the natural and unspiritual world"; and under some such category as this Pascal

would embrace and overwhelm together the ranks of scientific rationalism that from opposite sides, but with the same goal in view, were assaulting the stronghold of faith. As his *Pensées* stand actually committed to paper, Descartes was the enemy whom he kept almost constantly in mind, for the reason that the immediate danger lay from that quarter. Not only was Descartes the leader of the dominant movement which was to end in the victorious rationalism of the coming years, but his doctrine was so insidiously framed as to seem to offer a religious refuge for those escaping from epicurean doubt. There were elements of his philosophy that appealed strongly to the Jansenists, and Pascal himself was not only in his earlier scientific years a disciple of Descartes but in certain points remained always faithful to his theories. He feared and repudiated the subtlety of that *method* as the Trojans hated the treachery of the Greeks admitted within their walls.

Now the Cartesian system assumes three principles: God or infinite will, thought or reason, and extension or matter. Between the two last, *i. e.* thought which is the essential nature of man and extension which is the material world, Descartes saw no certain bond of union; our ideas and the movements of space are two parallel series which never properly meet.

So harshly was this division carried out that animals, as not partaking in rational ideas, were held to be soulless and unfeeling automatons. Yet, from a religious point of view Descartes' error was not the sharpness of this division but its denial of the true dualism; for what, after all, was his conception of the material world but a projection outside of himself of one mode of intellection? His physics was reduced to pure mathematics; but number, as he admitted, could not exist apart from human thought. And human thought reduced to its essential form is only mathematics. "I am consoled," he says, "that they connect my metaphysic with pure mathematics, which above all I desire it to resemble." His two spheres of thought and extension spring thus from the same *cogito ergo sum*, although he was never able to discover the logical bond between reason working upon itself and reason projecting itself outward as a world of representation. By making of the material universe a mechanism, to be explained entirely by the mathematical laws of movement in space, he was the true father of modern science,— "Give me," he exclaimed hardily, "space and movement, and I will construct the world." The question is whether his rationalism did not reduce human nature to the same sort of mechanism.

It might be answered that, although these parallel series of ideas and movements are no true dualism but the two sides of the same nature conceived mathematically, yet there remains the contrast of this nature with the infinite will, which is God, the secret source of all things. Alas, it needed no Pascal to detect the emptiness of this profession which was to supplant the old faith. God, says Descartes, must exist because my idea of him is perfectly clear and inevitable; his existence is a corollary of the *cogito ergo sum* just as absolutely as is that of ideas or of extension, and he is just as absolutely a product of the same faculty of quantitative reason. The three realms of God, thought, and extension are thus merely different phases of natural reason and have the same basis of reality. The same basis, yet not the same degree. For, examined more narrowly, how stands it with this Deity who is nothing more than the faculty of reason considered in itself and absolutely? He is infinite because he is without content. He is unfathomable, incomprehensible, unimaginable, says Descartes: so he was, indeed, to the Hindu; so he was to St. Augustine; and so, on the other hand, to Herbert Spencer he shall be the great Unknowable. The infinite, in a word, may surpass understanding either because it is the supreme Yes or the supreme No, and to Descartes, when

we strip away his metaphysical subterfuge, it was the everlasting denial. Kant was not in error when he said of this aspect of Cartesianism: "With simple ideas we are no more made rich in knowledge than a merchant would be in money, if, with the intention of increasing his fortune, he should add several zeros to his cash account." In practice God to Descartes was a zero. He excluded Deity from the physical world by denying final causes; he left no place for Deity in his system of ethics; he made a complete separation of theology and practical philosophy, treating the former with the verbal respect of indifference and to the latter devoting his whole life; he reduced the idea of the infinite to an empty phrase by using it to rebuke the *présomption impertinente par laquelle on veut être du conseil de Dieu et prendre avec lui la charge de conduire le monde.* The real influence of this philosophy, as M. Brunetière has shown so convincingly, came with the deism of the eighteenth century. As St. Augustine was seduced by the apparent dualism of Mani but left it for a faith rooted more deeply in the heart of human experience, so Pascal turned from Descartes to that *impertinent presumption* which should make him one with the eternal God.

Pascal's great literary design was, we know, never completed. Instead of a formal *Apologie* we have only a collection of incoherent *Pensées*,

sometimes jotted down roughly or dictated, at other times elaborated with minute care, during his last four years of broken health—*pendent opera interrupta*, as his friends wrote for an epigraph when they gave the pathetic remains to the world.[1] The interruption of that work by death is often regarded as one of the supreme losses of philosophy, yet we may comfort ourselves by believing that the *Pensées* have a living value of their own which might have been smothered in the finished *Apologie*. There is reason to fear that no amount of literary skill could have saved from the general fate Pascal's argument for Christianity through prophecy and miracles, which he evidently meant to draw out at considerable length. He could have written only from the insufficient knowledge of his day, and at best his appeal to the religious instinct would have been dulled by association with so much deciduous matter. And there is a further weakness still more essential to his plan. Granted that Grace

[1] I have followed Brunschvicg's *Pensées et opuscules* (third edition, 1904), which reproduces the actual text, but groups the *Pensées* under heads. Brunschvicg's volume is a model piece of editing. By printing the minor works and *Pensées* in chronological sequence, provided with Introductions and imbedded, so to speak, in a biographical narrative, he has displayed the development of Pascal's inner life in a manner which can excite only admiration.

comes from above, descending upon whomsoever it will and leaving others to destruction, granted that salvation is the act of God and not of man, to what end is all this human argumentation? It is evident from a number of the thoughts that Pascal himself was aware of this fundamental paradox and strove by all the subtlety of his intellect to circumvent it. The result is a number of admirable reflections on rhetoric and the art of persuasion, but it cannot be honestly said that the philosophic difficulty is removed or even quite frankly stated. These weaknesses, we may fear, would have been integral to the *Apologie* and would have done much to lessen its permanent human interest. But with the *Pensées* as they stand the case is different. Here there is no connected tissue of argument, nothing to hinder us in separating the purely religious design from all that intellectual scaffolding of the age, and in setting forth the nobility of its unencumbered outlines.

The introduction to his theme, as we know from the tradition of Port-Royal, was to have been a portrait of naked humanity, even to the laying bare of the most secret movements of the heart. And from the fragments preserved it is not difficult to discover what would have been the manner and the object of his analysis. Against the self-satisfied science of the day, with its theory of reason and matter, he would

have thrown into light the futility of attempting to explain by any such facile dualism the facts of man's experience. He would have repeated, as indeed he has partly repeated, the arguments of the *Dialogue with M. de Saci*, which show how both these terms are still within nature and how in the end rationalism and indifference are confounded together in the same engulfing uncertainties of doubt: "There is nothing so conformable to reason as this disavowal of reason. . . . The truth is in Pyrrhonism." So far he would have stood with Montaigne and his worldly friend M. Miton, against the pride of deism and of atheistic science. But in our very perception of this abasement he would have discovered evidence of the veritable chasm between the natural and the divine, thus carrying the Socratic paradox to its highest point. He would have heaped scorn upon those who, at once seeing and waiving the higher dualism, placed God and religion in the empty sphere of the unknowable so far sundered from this world as to have no meaning for us: "I cannot forgive Descartes; he might very well have undertaken in all his philosophy to dispense with God; but he could not abstain from having Him give the world a fillip to set it in motion; after which he has no more concern with God." On the contrary the office of religion, he would have asserted, is just to make

of this higher dualism the one serious concern of life and so to lift the soul out of its baleful web: "For Christian faith scarcely looks beyond the establishing of these two things: the corruption of nature, and the redemption of Jesus Christ." And if he then purposed to prove that the religious instinct has no sure support outside of the circle of Catholic dogma, we might, perhaps, at this point have parted from him in sadness and in humility; or we might have stayed with him, in the assurance that at least we should find satisfaction for the imagination in his unfolding of that sublime symbolism which for so many centuries was able, and still is able for so many believers, to speak comfort to the deepest needs of the heart.

It is impossible within the limits of an essay to follow with quotations the ample course of his argument as this suggests itself to an attentive study of the book; it will be sufficient, as indeed it is safer, to bring together a few of the reflections that display him at the heights of his theme:

From this point should begin the chapter on the powers of deceit. Man is but a subject full of error that is natural and ineffaceable without Grace. Nothing shows him the truth. Everything abuses him; those two principles of truth, reason and the senses, are not only each in itself lacking in sincerity but abuse each other reciprocally. The senses abuse the reason by false appearances; and this same trickery which

they bring to reason they receive from her in turn: she has her revenge.

Thereupon follow the particular sources of error, such as the passions, the complexion of the body, sickness, and the like; including the worldly imagination:

This arrogant power, enemy of reason, which takes pleasure in controlling and dominating reason in order to display her puissance in all things, has established in man a second nature. Through her men are happy or unhappy, well or sick, rich or poor; she makes us believe, doubt, deny reason; she suspends the senses, she makes them feel; she has her madmen and her sages. . . . Who dispenses reputation? who gives respect and veneration to persons, works, laws, to the great, if not this faculty of the imagination? How insufficient are all the riches of the earth without her consent!

All is one, all is diverse. How many natures in the nature of man! how many vocations!

Condition of man: inconstancy, ennui, restlessness.

Our nature is in movement; perfect repose is death.

Nothing is so insupportable to man as to be in full repose, without passions, without business, without diversion, without application. He feels then his nothingness, his destitution, his insufficiency, his dependence, his feebleness, his emptiness. Immediately there arise from the depths of his soul ennui, gloom, sadness, peevishness, vexation, despair.

When at times I set myself to consider the various things that agitate men, and the perils and pains to

which men expose themselves at court, in war, whence arise so many quarrels, passions, rash and often wicked enterprises, etc., I perceive that all the unhappiness of men comes from a single source, that they do not know how to stay in repose, in a room. . . . So it happens that men love noise and bustle; that imprisonment is so terrible a torture; that the pleasure of solitude is a thing incomprehensible. And this, in a word, is the greatest source of felicity in the estate of kings, that men are always trying to divert them and procure for them all kinds of pleasures. The king is surrounded by people who think only of diverting him and preventing him from thinking of himself. For he is unhappy, king though he be, if he thinks of himself. . . . Here then is all that men have been able to contrive to render themselves happy. And those who play the philosopher on this head, and who believe that people are unreasonable to pass the whole day running after a hare which they would n't have at a bargain, know little of our nature. This hare would not guarantee us against the sight of death and misery, but the chase—which turns us aside—does guarantee us against them. . . . [Men] have a secret instinct which leads them to seek diversion and occupation outside of themselves, springing from the sense of their continual miseries; and they have another secret instinct, remaining from the greatness of our original nature, by which they know that in reality happiness is only in repose and not in the tumult; and from these two contrary instincts there is formed within them a confused purpose, hidden from sight in the depths of their soul, which leads them to tend toward repose by agitation, and to fancy that the satisfaction they miss will come to them if, by surmounting certain difficulties they have in view, they can thereby open to themselves the door to repose.

In such words as these lies the reply to the boast of Voltaire, speaking for his age and for ours: "I dare to take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope; I dare to assert that we are neither so evil nor so wretched as he says." From the point of view of common sense, from the feelings of the man absorbed in the tumult of diversion and business, Voltaire is right, and Pascal himself admits as much. But there is another point of view, and when once the inner eye has been opened to this aspect of life, though it catch but a glimpse of that vision and close again to its own night, the words of Voltaire seem but the language of one born blind. When once the sting of eternity has entered the heart, and the desire to behold things *sub specie æternitatis*, when once the thirst of stability and repose has been felt, for that soul there is no longer content in the diversions of life, and, try as he will to conceal to himself the truth, with every pleasure and amid every distraction he tastes the clinging drop of bitterness. Henceforth, in the midst of enjoyment, he knows, with Pascal, how "horrible a thing it is to feel slip away all that one possesses"; and he cannot forget that "the last act is bloody, however fair all the rest of the comedy; in the end we throw a little earth on the head, and it is over for ever." It is not exaggeration to say that the consciousness or

unconsciousness of this dualism is the most fundamental mark of division among men. Herein lies the distinction between civilisations, between faith and reason, between religion and rationalism, between piety and morality, between genius and talent. The stoic deism of the eighteenth century was singularly blind to this dualism, and the science of the nineteenth belongs in this respect to the same school. The step from Epicurean scepticism to insight is easier than from these, for the Epicurean at least is not lapped in the illusion of the stability of nature. So we are not surprised to see Pascal carrying the philosophy of his friend Miton with him into the cloister, or to discover Montaigne's constant preoccupation with the thought of death; and we can understand how Lucretius may be read as one of the prophets inspired against his will.

But to return to Pascal:

I know not who has placed me in the world [he says, speaking for the infidel], or what the world is, or I myself am; I am in a terrible ignorance of all things; I know not what my body is, or my senses, or my soul and this very part of me which thinks what I am saying, which reflects on everything and on itself, and knows itself no more than the rest. I see these fearful spaces of the universe which encompass me, and I find myself attached to a corner of this vast expanse, without knowing why I am set in this place rather than in another, or why this little time that

is given me to live has been assigned to me at this point rather than at any other out of all the eternity that has preceded me and all that shall follow me. Everywhere I see only infinities which encompass me as an atom and as a shade that endures but an instant without return. All that I know is that I must soon die, but most of all I am ignorant of this very death which I cannot escape.

He who shall thus reflect upon his estate will be terrified at himself, and, considering how he is supported in the mass which nature has given him, between these two abysms of infinity and nothingness, he will tremble at the view of these marvels; I believe that, his curiosity changing into wonder, he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence than to examine into them with presumption. For, after all, what is man in nature? A nothing in regard to the infinite, an all in regard to nothingness, a mean between nothing and all. Infinitely removed from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their source are for him insuperably hidden in an impenetrable secret; he is equally incapable of seeing the nothing from which he is drawn, and the infinite in which he is swallowed up. . . . Such is our true estate; it is this which makes us incapable of knowing certainly and of ignoring absolutely. We sail upon a vast medium, always uncertain and floating, pushed from one side to the other. To whatever end we thought to attach ourselves and find rest, it starts, and leaves us; and if we follow it, it slips from our grasp, glides from us and flees in an eternal flight. Nothing pauses for us. It is the estate natural to us, and yet the most contrary to our inclination; we burn with the desire to find a firm support, and a last unshaken base on which to build a tower that shall rise to the infinite, but all our foundation cracks, and the earth opens even to the abysm.

The eternal silence of these infinite spaces fills me with fear.

We arrive at the cardinal point. From the uncertainty of the reason and of the senses Pascal turns to another faculty which he calls "the heart," although he means by this not the emotional faculty alone, but reason and emotion together, the spirit of intention which is faith:

The heart has its reasons, which the reason does not know.

The greatness of man is great in this, that he knows himself miserable.

Despite the view of all our miseries, which touch us, which hold us by the throat, we have an instinct which we cannot repress, which lifts us up.

The greatness of man is so visible that it springs up even from his misery. For that which is nature in animals we call misery in men; whence we perceive that our nature, being to-day like that of animals, has fallen from a better nature which belonged to us at another time.

All these contrarieties, which seem to remove me furthest from the knowledge of religion, are really what has led me most quickly to the true religion.

The greatness and the misery of man being so visible, the true religion must necessarily teach us that there is some great principle of greatness in man, and that there is a great principle of misery. It must therefore give us a reason for these astonishing contrarieties.

What astonishing thing, nevertheless, that the mystery furthest removed from our understanding, to wit, the transmission of sin, is a thing without which we can have no understanding of ourselves! For undoubtedly there is nothing which more shocks our reason than to say that the sin of the first man has rendered guilty those who, being so remote from this source, seem incapable of participating in it. This transmission not only appears impossible to us, it seems also very unjust; for what is there more contrary to the rules of our miserable justice than to damn eternally an infant incapable of will, for a sin in which he appears to have so little share that it was committed six thousand years before he existed? Certainly nothing disconcerts us more rudely than this doctrine; and yet, without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves.

In thus frankly stating the unreasonableness of the doctrine of original sin, while maintaining so stalwartly the mystery of our nature on which that doctrine is based, Pascal comes surprisingly near the philosophy of the Hindus. It needs but a slight shifting of view to change the Christian dogma, thus presented, into the theory of illusion, *i. e.*, to say that our ignorance (*avidyâ*) of the relation between the evil in our nature and our higher, judging Self is, so far as we are concerned, the cause of the existence of that evil. In such of the *Pensées* as this, and as those that follow, we get sight of the foundation of absolute human experience on which the Christian imagination has raised its

splendid and awful, but insubstantial, structure:

The *I* is hateful.

It is right to love only God and to hate only oneself.

The true and only virtue then is to hate oneself, (for one is hateful by reason of concupiscence), and to seek a being veritably lovable for one's love. But, as we cannot love that which is outside of us, it is necessary to love a being who is within us, and who is not we, and this holds true of every man. Now, there is none but the universal Being who is such an one. The kingdom of God is within us: the universal good is within us, is ourselves, and is not we.

Is it necessary to point out how this mystery of the eternal Being, which is at once we and not we, set over against the hateful *I*, trembles, so to speak, on the verge of passing into the Hindu doctrine of the two selves?

But let them conclude what they will against deism, they shall not conclude anything against the Christian religion, which consists properly in the mystery of the Redeemer, who, uniting in himself the two natures, human and divine, has drawn men out of the corruption of sin in order to reconcile them to God in his divine person. It teaches men therefore at once these two truths: that there is a God, of whom men are capable, and that there is a corruption in nature which renders them unworthy of Him. It is equally important to men to know the one and the other of these facts; and it is equally dangerous to a man to know God without knowing his misery, or to know his misery without

knowing the Redeemer who can heal him of it. The knowledge of one of these points alone makes either the pride of the philosophers who have known God and not their misery, or the despair of the atheists who know their misery without a Redeemer.

So far we may follow the logic of Pascal. There remains the rapture of his faith in the Redeemer, hinted in scattered reflections and expressed more expansively in the meditation which he entitled *The Mystery of Jesus*. The emotion of that *Mystery* has just a taint of the morbidness, so it seems to us, commonly associated with the cloister, but the idea at bottom is the same as that which he had developed so magnificently in the *Prayer* written after his first conversion: "O my God, how happy is the soul of whom thou art the delight, since it can abandon itself to love thee, not only without scruple but with merit! How firm and lasting is its joy, since its endeavour shall not be made vain; for thou shalt never suffer destruction, and never shall life or death separate it from the object of its desires!"

The end came to Pascal, after much suffering, the 19 August, 1662, in his fortieth year; his last words in his agony were these: "May God never forsake me!" Sickness and death frustrated his noble design of constructing an argument which should render infidelity forever unreasonable, but from the salvage of his broken

meditations has been made this little book of *Pensées*, almost pure gold. Here, if we look for the wisdom of this world, is a wealth of observations on the ways of mankind, for, it is to be remembered, Pascal was to the end *honnête homme* as well as saint. Here, more essentially, we may find the intuitive utterances of faith, coloured indeed but not overlaid by the associations of mediæval theology. Here, if anywhere, Christianity rises into the thin, intoxicating atmosphere of pure religion. There has been no such expression of reasoned faith from his day to ours.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

With the din of battles and marchings in our ears, with the wrangle of plots and counter-plots worrying our memory, it is hard to realise the uneventful life of a provincial physician, like that of Sir Thomas Browne, during the Civil War and the Commonwealth; so easily deafened are we by the clamour of history. He was born in London, 19 October, 1605, his father being a mercer in the parish of St. Michael-le-Quern. His education was at Winchester, where he was admitted as a scholar in 1616, and at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, Dr. Johnson's college (afterwards called Pembroke), where he was matriculated as fellow-commoner in 1623. He obtained the bachelor's degree in 1626, and proceeded master three years later. Soon after this he is on the Continent, studying at the famous medical schools of Montpellier and Padua, and completing his course at Leyden, where the new chemical therapeutics was taught by the celebrated Van Helmont, in opposition to the botanical method still in vogue among the Italians. In 1633 we find

him back in England, established at Halifax in Yorkshire. Four years later, at the invitation of friends, he transfers his practice to Norwich, and in this Norfolk home the remainder of his life flows busily and prosperously. He had in his youth written rather scornfully of matrimony: "I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God"—and worse than that; but in 1641 he married a woman who appears to have been as notable a housewife and as devoted a mother as she was eccentric in spelling. Of their ten (or eleven) children, four lived to a considerable age; one, Edward, became a famous traveller, a popular London physician, and a member of the Royal Society. The correspondence that passed between this son and the father is preserved in part, and is as honourable to the learning as to the character of both. In 1671 King Charles, then in Norwich, knighted the father as the most distinguished citizen of the town. Eleven years later, at the age of seventy-seven, on his birthday, our erudite and kindly physician went to his rest—but not "to the iniquity of oblivion."

He was in a way but an amateur author, and his first book was printed without his consent; yet there is no writer of English prose whose name has greater assurance of that immortality of fame he mocked at, and whose eloquence is

more certain to be remembered among the "wild enormities of ancient magnanimity." Before coming to Norwich he had for his own pleasure written out his meditations on the problem of science and religion which was then troubling the conscience of men, and the manuscript book, after the fashion of the day, had been lent among his friends and occasionally transcribed. One of these copies fell into the hands of Andrew Crooke, a London publisher, who in 1642 issued it piratically as the *Religio Medici*. Now happens a curious incident in the book-world of that age, told with great gusto by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his life of the author. Sir Kenelm Digby, the eccentric philosopher who may be likened to Browne himself with a strong tinge of charlatanism added, was then for political reasons confined in Winchester House. There, late one evening, he received a letter from Lord Dorset recommending the newly published treatise. Without delay he sent out for a copy, and the next morning reported on the work to his friend:

> This good-natured creature [*Religio Medici*] I could easily persuade to be my bedfellow, and to wake with me as long as I had any edge to entertain myself with the delights I sucked from so noble a conversation. And truly, my Lord, I closed not my eyes till I had enriched myself with, or at least exactly surveyed, all the treasures that are lapped up in the folds of these few sheets.

Not content with expressing his enthusiasm thus privately, Sir Kenelm set himself immediately to write and afterwards to publish an elaborate critique of the work. On hearing of this project Browne wrote to him, saying that the book had been printed surreptitiously and was full of errors, and begging him to hold back his criticism until a correct impression could be got out. This authorised text was issued by Crooke in 1643. Its effect was extraordinary. There were at least fourteen editions printed during the author's lifetime, not to mention the discussions, favourable and hostile, it provoked. Twice it was translated into Latin and thus attracted much attention among Continental scholars. As early as 1644, Guy Patin, the witty physician of Paris, was celebrating it in letters to his friends:

> Un petit livre nouveau intitulé *Religio Medici* fait par un Anglais et traduit en Latin par quelque Hollandais. C' est un livre tout gentil et curieux, mais fort délicat et tout mystique; l' auteur ne manque pas d'esprit; vous y verrez d' étranges et ravissantes pensées. Il n'y a encore guère de livres de cette sorte.

Browne's next work, the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* or *Vulgar Errors* (published in 1648), was an attempt, half-hearted it must be said, to apply the new scientific methods to the inveterate superstitions about animals, plants, and stones that had originated for the most

part in some hoary antiquity, had been gathered together in Pliny's *Natural History* and so transmitted through the Middle Ages, and had taken on fresh vitality with the euphuistic movement of the Renaissance. Nothing followed this treatise for ten years, when there appeared in a single volume his *Hydriotaphia*, a mystical rhapsody on death suggested by the unearthing of a number of burial urns at Old Walsingham, and *The Garden of Cyrus*, which, beginning with Xenophon's description of trees laid out in groups of five like the figure X (⁘), goes on, as Coleridge said, to find "quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes on earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything." This *Cyrus-Garden* is, in fact, about as nondescript a piece of Pythagorean madness as ever bewildered the wits of man; yet even here, lost in a quincuncial labyrinth of words, there are wandering snatches of Browne's entrancing music, as in that paragraph on the adumbrations of religion, or in that other which explains why "Providence hath arched and paved the great house of the world with colours of mediocrity." And the conclusion, who shall forget it?—written down, we fondly suppose, when the author, rising from his finished manuscript, looked out at the stars that were never far from his thoughts, and beheld the five

faintly glimmering Hyades now at midnight dropping toward the horizon:

> But the Quincunx of Heaven runs low, and 't is time to close the five ports of knowledge; We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep, which often continueth precogitations; making Cables of Cobwebs and Wildernesses of handsome Groves. . . . Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rouse up Agamemnon, I find no such effects in the drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again?

It is this swift extravagance of analogy that never fails to stir our sleeping faculties of wonder, however often we return to Sir Thomas Browne. In his books, as on the stage of *Faust*, the imagination is a winged thing to which space and time are a jest:

> So shreitet in dem engen Bretterhaus
> Den ganzen Kreis der Schöpfung aus.

After this volume of 1658 there was silence until his death. Then a number of his miscellaneous tracts and letters were published posthumously, but among them nothing of great interest save the lingeringly-cadenced *Letter*

to a Friend, with its ecstatic pathos, and the paragraphs collected under the title of *Christian Morals*, grave with an old man's warnings from "the pedagogy of example," wavering between admiration of "this courtly and splendid world" and amazement to behold its inhabitants in their "haste or bustle unto ruin."

More than most writers Sir Thomas Browne was influenced by a single idea dominant in his age. The two aspects of that idea were rationalism and science, for which the early years of the century had prepared the way and which the latter years were to see fully developed. From the many workers who laid the foundation of science three names may be selected as variously typical: Bacon its prophet, Descartes its theoriser, and Aldrovandus its practical exemplar. All three were conscious of the radical break with the past involved in the new idea. "The only clue and method," wrote the Englishman in the Preface to his *Great Instauration*, "is to begin all anew, and direct our steps in a certain order, from the very first perceptions of the senses"; and at the end of the path he descried as in a prophetic vision the race of discoveries, sprung from the nuptial couch of the mind and the universe, which should fulfil the wants and vanquish the miseries of mankind. How deliberately Descartes swept, or tried to sweep, his brain free of the cobwebs of tradition, need

not be told; he too had his vision, not so much of the future, as of the present universe revolving like some monstrous engine, wheel within wheel, all whose intricate motions could be explained by purely mechanical laws. And already Aldrovandus, in his garden at Padua, had seen, imperfectly no doubt, the necessity of rewriting the whole book of natural history from actual observation. The fruition of the movement, so far as England is concerned, began in the year 1662, when Charles II., himself a curious observer of physical experiments, chartered the Royal Society. In a few years Newton and Locke, the acknowledged fathers of the eighteenth century, were to complete the theory of natural law and extend its sway over mankind, the one by his investigations of universal motion, the other by his analysis of the human understanding.

Now the significance of Sir Thomas Browne lies in the fact that he was at once by intellect a force in the forward movement and by temperament a reactionary. How clearly he has caught the new method of study and how lovingly he nevertheless dallies with the witchery of the old learning, may be seen by any one who is willing to read through his formidable treatise of *Vulgar Errors*. His professed purpose is to take the magical and fantastic legends about natural objects one by one, and show their

incompatibility with reason and observation; yet it is evident withal that his heart is not entirely in his thesis. No doubt he often employs the obvious means of discrediting a myth by direct experiment. Thus it is commonly believed "that a kingfisher hanged by the bill sheweth in what quarter the wind is by an occult and secret propriety." Browne is not content with declaring it repugnant to reason "that a carcase or body disanimated should be so affected with every wind as to carry a conformable respect and constant habitude thereto"; he will in an open chamber suspend a dead kingfisher with untwisted silk and thereby satisfy himself of the fabulosity, as he would call it, of the story. That is good science. But at other times he is satisfied to meet the traditional unreason of signatures and final causes with arguments from abstract probability and inherent propriety which are really a part of the mythology he would explode; and this when a simple experiment or observation lies close to his hand.

But this ambiguity of method strikes deeper than a mere uncertainty in rectifying individual errors. In his introductory chapters Browne undertakes a general purgation of the faculties, which suggests somewhat vaguely Bacon's analysis of the fourfold fallacy besetting the understandings of men. "The first and father-

cause of common error is the common infirmity of human nature," begins the *Pseudodoxia*, with, possibly, a direct reminiscence of the Baconian idols that are "inherent in human nature and the very tribe or race of man." For the idols of the den, or those incalculable dispositions of the individual which cause the spirit of man to be "variable, confused, and as it were actuated by chance," Browne gives a scornful chapter on the "erroneous inclination of the people," who being, in the eyes of this fastidious royalist, "a farriginous concurrence of all conditions, tempers, sexes, and ages, it is but natural if their determinations be monstrous and many ways inconsistent with truth." In place of the idols of the theatre and of the market there follows a somewhat confused survey of the misapprehensions and false deductions, together with the misleading adherence to authority, which it is the more specific purpose of the treatise to expose; for here, in the blind submission to the past, as he says, lurks "the mortallest enemy unto knowledge and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth." His whole treatise is thus professedly an essay, such as Bacon or Descartes would have approved, to shake off the accumulated burden of antiquity, yet it becomes clear as he proceeds that his interest is quite as much in massing this legendary lore

as in exhibiting its errors. His scholarship is half of a kind with that of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, taking the form of a huge commonplace book wherein the quantity of the citations is the first concern of the scholar and their relation to his argument only the second. His hankering goes out after the mistress he discards. A composite of Bacon and Burton in equal parts would make a good formula for the author of the *Pseudodoxia*.

Nor does this ambiguity end with Browne's halting between the claims of the past and the present. It was not merely the shackles of tradition in matters external which the new scholarship would throw away; it would invade the ancient sanctuaries of the heart also, and for the humility of religious faith substitute its own pride of investigation. The end of that movement was not unapparent even to the men involved in its triumphant progress. Not a few of them foresaw and dreaded what seemed to them a limiting of man's higher life under the rationalising tendency of science and deism; and the middle of the seventeenth century, in the years before the dominion of Newton and Locke, shows a number of writers who revolted against the threatened tyranny, either by denying its dictates or by accepting them and twisting them to

other conclusions. Pascal sought to avert the danger by a revival of Augustinian doctrine tempered with the intuitions of the imagination. Henry More undertook to involve the ancient sombre faith together with the coming optimistic deism within a cloud of Neo-Platonic mysticism. Bunyan belonged to the extreme wing of Protestantism which disguised its participation in the new philosophy and its lessening spirituality by a rigid discipline of intellectual and moral dogmatism. Our Norwich physician, half unconscious no doubt of his position and with the Briton's usual incapacity of logic, was led by the insubordinate faculties of the poet within him to another door of escape. Coming back to England from the Continental schools where the militant ideas were already far advanced, he felt a troubled uneasiness of conscience, and in his *Religio Medici* undertook to establish himself in a safe compromise. As the title of the book implies, the problem presented itself to him immediately as the need of reconciling orthodoxy and the materialism of the new medicine; and so he begins:

For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all, as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my Behaviour and Discourse in matters of Religion, neither

violently Defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention Opposing another; yet, in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honourable Style of a Christian.

Such is his thesis, but religion, as Pascal and Bunyan understood it and as his orthodox enemies were not slow to observe, receives scant attention from his wandering mind, while his boasted tolerance toward the creed of Catholic, Jew, or Pagan is next of kin to indifference. In effect his work takes its place, a splendid place, among the innumerable protests of the imagination against the imperious usurpations of science. The freedom of fancy which had wantoned in every arbitrary and impossible combination of natural objects—

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam—

such license was becoming impossible for a trained intellect, as Browne himself had proved in his *Vulgar Errors*. If the spirit were to maintain its liberty against the encroachments of a fatalism which would reduce the circle of a man's life to a mere wheel spinning for an hour in the vast unconscious mechanism of the world, it must be by the assertion of another principle distinct from and unmoved by the levers of physical energy. Bacon, and more definitely Descartes, had indeed granted this immaterial law, but—*quæ supra nos nihil ad nos;* they were

pleased to leave it in the sphere of the lofty inane, with no hold upon the heart and actions of men, with no answer to the cry of the bewildered conscience, with no root in human experience—an empty figment of the reason or a sop to quiet the barkings of the Church. What they lacked essentially, and what Sir Thomas Browne supplied, was the religious imagination, as later it was to be defined by Coleridge—the faculty, that is, by which we unite the broken and dispersed images of the world into an harmonious poetic symbol. There is in the unrestrained use of this religious imagination, as in all liberty, a danger of evaporation into a vague and insubstantial mysticism, and such a tendency was in the end to wreck the magnificent intellect of Coleridge; but as a protest against a greater and more common peril it had its beautiful advantages. Certainly in their investigation of the law of nature the new men of science and reason in Sir Thomas Browne's day did not sufficiently recognise that these solid-seeming phenomena are but the shadow, too often distorted and misleading, of the greater reality which resides within the observer himself, and obeys its own law. In their haste they lost the power of subjecting the less to the greater reality, of associating the outer with the inner, and thus of finding through the many that return to the one, which

was the *esemplastic* function of the imagination.[1] They followed too well the precept of Bacon: "The understanding must not therefore be supplied with wings, but rather hung with weights, to keep it from leaping and flying."

It is, I know, a part of our present-day eagerness for obliterating distinctions to deny any incompatibility between science and religion, as between science and poetry. And in a way no doubt science has its own worship and its own imaginative domain. Who can be insensible to the exaltation that must come from tracking nature into her secret reserves? who has not felt that exaltation when the mind opens

[1] *Biographia Literaria*, chaps x. and xiii.: "'*Esemplastic. The word is not in Johnson, nor have I met with it elsewhere.*' Neither have I. I constructed it myself from the Greek words, εἰς ἓν πλάττειν, to shape into one."—"The IMAGINATION then, I consider either as primary, or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealise and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead."

to the thought of illimitable dynamic law? And always there is the residuum of mystery at the end of our actual vision, intensified it may be by the slow-groping security of our approach. There is the imagination of science as of religion. Some minds may dwell in one and the other of these alternately, or even confuse them together; but in their essence they are distinct. If we were to define these two *genera* scholastically, we should say that the scientific imagination is quantitative, the religious qualitative. Thus Lucretius, impressed by the almost infinite divisibility of matter and the impossibility of conceiving any ordered relation among so many parts, sees in vision the innumerable atoms hurtling blindly toward some centre of space, all obeying, so far as the shock of other atoms permits, some incalculable whim of diverse motion, and after countless changes of combination cohering for a moment in the forms of this world. Such a vision is the carrying to a quantitative extreme of the chance and individualism that, to a first glance at least, seem to control the momentary meetings and separations of men and things. It is, without the introduction of any new quality, the utmost visible extension of our feeling of that which Cæsar called "Fortune whose whim governs mankind." Of the same kind quantitatively is the development of the sense of order in things, as seen in

another mood, to a universal scheme of nature, typified so graphically by the legend of Newton's deducing the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple. There must be a powerful excitement of the imagination, an almost overwhelming magnitude of vision, in this exercise of the scientific faculty; we know how profoundly Newton himself was stirred by the grandeur of his discovery. There is in it also, we must admit, something disquieting to most minds when they enter into themselves to reflect on this dominance of nature, whether it be in the direction of ungoverned chance or of inevitable regularity. The melancholy, if not the madness, of Lucretius is well known:

> O miseras hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!
> Qualibus in tenebris vitæ quantisque periclis
> Degitur hoc ævi quodcumquest!

(O wretched minds of men, O blind hearts! in what shadows of life, in how great perils, is passed this little term of being!)

Nor is there less significance in the anxious awe of Herbert Spencer at the contemplation of those unsoundable gulfs of space through which his law of irresponsible evolution extended its sway.[1] These are the nostalgias of impersonal science.

Now, what I have called the qualitative im-

[1] It was both the man of science and the man of religion in Pascal that expressed the same dread.

agination, religious or poetic, may show itself in the same mind with the quantitative, but it always implies the addition of a new element. Thus in Lucretius side by side with his vision of endless ruthless motion is the conception, or at least the passionate desire, of a calm which may remove him entirely outside of the world's despotic chance. When, in the exordium to his second book, he breaks into that magnificent praise of the *sapientum templa serena*, the lofty and serene places whence the wise may look down dispassionately on the wanderings of men and their restless seekings and cruel ambitions, it is no mere separation from toiling mankind for which he prays, but a retreat of religion within his breast where he may take refuge from the terror of these wild aberrations carried into the very being and mechanism of the universe. It was thus, in the superb expression of this longing for a faith which his reason would not admit, that he may be said to have denied divinely the divine. Newton also turned from his contemplation of inexorable natural law to the most orthodox and childlike confidence in Providence and the medley of Hebraic prophecy. We are apt to forget that besides his *Principia* he wrote an exposition of Daniel and the Apocalypse. Lucretius, intellectually a man of science, emotionally a poet, seeks relief in pure negation, and

balances annihilation against the world. Newton apparently never tried to connect the spheres of science and of religion or saw any difficulty in embracing both at once; his dualism of nature and deity was of that mechanical sort which is possible only when a man has not stopped to realise his ideas in actual human experience.

Sir Thomas Browne, it is needless to say, stands far below Lucretius in emotional vigour and as a man of science is not to be named with Newton; but in his method of escape from an overweaning naturalism he has a place of his own in the long battle of the spirit. In him the witness within does not speak in the Lucretian voice of magnificent denial, nor is it, like Newton's, a mere echo of a past faith, but makes itself heard in every act of the intelligence. Always there is present the sense of something other and different lurking beneath natural law and peering out at the observer with strange enticements; and this to him was the great reality. He is one of the purest examples of the religious imagination severed from religious dogma or philosophy; dualism with him takes the form of an omnipresent and undefined mystery involving, and sometimes dissolving, the fabric of the world. There is, one must repeat, in this romantic wonder, setting itself above the systematic intellect and the governing

will, an insidious danger, which in later times we have seen degenerate into all kinds of lawless and sickly vagaries. Undoubtedly, the works of Sir Thomas Browne are already lacking in solid content, and verge into the pure emotionalism of music; yet they are saved in the end by the writer's sturdy regularity of life and by the great tradition which hung upon the age. Wonder with him was a wholesome elation of spirit, substituting dreams, it may be, for the laws of the solid earth, but still a tonic and not a narcotic to the law of character. "Now for my life," he exclaims in the most famous passage of his *Religio*, "it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable; for the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital, and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is my self; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on; for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." Here, if I may repeat, is no harsh opposition of spirit and matter, but an attempt to interpret and estimate the law of nature by the law of a man's inner life. For this protest of the pure imagination against an all-invading rationalism the book was carried over Europe, accepted the more readily because the window of escape into the *O altitudo*

was opened by one who had standing in the schools of the new science.

Browne was no systematic philosopher, nor is the *Religio Medici* constructed on a rigid argument—far from it. Yet, with all its fantastic divagations and its quaint confessions, this desire to restate facts in accordance with the author's "solitary and retired imagination" is never long absent and gives it a strong unity of effect. "The whole creation is a mystery," he says; " . . . a dream or mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics"; rather: "in this mass of Nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. . . . This visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric." Theology itself is saved for Sir Thomas by its appeal to the soaring imagination:

> As for those wingy Mysteries in Divinity, and airy subtleties in Religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough

in Religion for an active faith; the deepest Mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by Syllogism and the rule of Reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my Reason to an *O altitudo!* . . . Where there is an obscurity too deep for our Reason, 't is good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our Reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of Faith; and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoop unto the lure of Faith.

It was inevitable that such a mind, groping in the bowels and anatomies of nature for a justification of faith, should have been fascinated by that mystery which, while extending the claims of materialism to their logical consummation, startles the observer by its horrible *reductio scientiæ ad absurdum.* The accidental unearthing of some old mortuary vessels was, therefore, only the accidental cause that set our author off in wild pursuit of the paradox which finds in the absolute negative of death the affirmation of omnipotent mystery. Through all the pedantries of the *Urn-Burial,* with its notes on funeral customs jumbled together from every conceivable source, it is the glimpse of these mockeries of reason, breaking through the stiff language ever and anon with shrill eloquence, that keeps the interest of the reader alert. What is human pride before this imperious scoffer? "Now since these dead bones

have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques?"—"The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity."—"And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date and superannuated piece of folly."—"But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature." Thus paradox swallows paradox until at the end of the book, as all readers know, these tongues of eloquence leap together like the flames bursting upward from a funeral pyre, and the grinning contradiction of the tomb is lost in "the metaphysics of true belief."

Once again, in his *Letter to a Friend*, Browne takes up the theme of death; and again, as he tells of watching by the bed-side of the young man who is fading away visibly into the invisible darkness, it is the strangeness of the miracle that absorbs him. He could

not go to cure the body of a patient, he says elsewhere, without losing his profession in concern for the man's soul; but one interest of his own he must always take with him—his inquisitive research into the paradox of living and dying. Thus his *Letter to a Friend*, with its lingering absorption in the present mystery creeping upon the world before the very eyes of the watcher like an all-obliterating shadow out of the infinite, may be regarded as a complement to the *Urn-Burial*, with its rhapsody on the memorials of the past. Together they would seem to say: Look hither and lay aside vain pretensions; there is no science of death.

Other writers, especially in more recent times, have undertaken to express this constant dualism of knowledge and wonder, of reason and mystery, which it was the main business of eighteenth-century philosophy to deny, but none with the same magnificent impetuosity as Sir Thomas Browne. Something of his power was due to the age, something to the solidity of his training; but still more to the imaginative burden of his language. Of style in one sense he possesses indeed little; unless sustained by poetic emotion, he is never safe from floundering in the most awkward verbiage. He is, more perhaps than any other author in English, dependent for his fame on purple patches. But at its best there is I know not what excellence

of sound in his language, a melody through which we seem to catch echoes of other-worldly music that lift the hearer into an ecstasy of admiration. He has, as he himself might say, transfused into words the magic of that Pythagorean numerosity which forever haunted his understanding:

It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which *Cupid* strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a music where ever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the Spheres: for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whosoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all Church-Music. For my self, not only from my obedience, but my particular Genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and Tavern-Music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole World, and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear, as the whole World well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony, which intellectually sounds in the ears of God. I will not say with *Plato*, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto Music: thus some whose temper of body agrees, and humours

the constitution of their souls, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rhythm.

It is not easy to discover the secret of these harmonies in the words of Sir Thomas Browne himself, for his manner varies from page to page. At times, especially in his earlier works, the language is brief and direct, built up on the simplest Anglo-Saxon roots. More often it has a touch of exotic strangeness, due principally to the excess of Latin. "He has many *verba ardentia*," said Dr. Johnson, "forcible expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety; and flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little fear of the shame of falling." There is undoubtedly a risk in this constant recourse to Latin idioms as may be seen in many of his imitators. Dr. Johnson, who is known to have modelled his style on Browne's, was able to attain by this means a gravity that raises the commonplace almost to the sublime; but other writers only sank with its weight. Whole passages in *The Seasons*, for instance, halt and stumble as if loaded with foreign chains. Browne himself, we may suppose, employed this exotic style, as did Milton and others of that age, primarily because his reading was so much more in Latin than in English that these outlandish terms came to him more

promptly than their home equivalents. But there is also at times an artistic consciousness that the note of surprise was better obtained by unusual words, and the desired richness of harmony more fully developed. I do not know whether the musical difference of the Anglo-Saxon and classical elements in our tongue has been analysed, but to me they seem in the hands of a master to be related to each other as a pure tone is to one rich in harmonics. There is, to one at least whose mind is much charged with reading, a full and complex effect from the sonorous Latin words due to countless half-remembered associations, comparable to the overtones that give the note of the violin its pathetic appeal. Almost always we catch these echoes of the past in the language of Sir Thomas Browne when most characteristic; they are heard clearly in such a passage as this, in the *Letter to a Friend:*

> And altho' he had no Opinion of reputed Felicities below, and apprehended Men widely out in the Estimate of such Happiness; yet his sober Contempt of the World wrought no *Democritism* or *Cynicism*, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not Felicities in this World to satisfy a serious Mind; and therefore to soften the Stream of our Lives, we are fain to take in the reputed Contentations of this World, to unite with the Crowd in their Beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by Consortion, Opinion, or Co-existimation: for strictly to separate from received and customary Felicities, and to confine unto

the Rigor of Realities, were to contract the Consolation of our Beings unto too uncomfortable Circumscriptions.

That may sound at first merely quaint, if not cumbrous; yet to the attentive ear what subtle harmonies unfold themselves. To understand the force of this deliberate Latinisation, consider for a moment the contrast of the words *felicity* and *happiness* that stand so close together. The Saxon word is direct, strong, simple, with the associations of the common homely feelings of the day. But in that thrice-repeated *felicities* there is I know not what magic accumulation of meaning from the hopes and desires and disappointments of many peoples through many ages. I hear, as it were a deep undertone, the grave reflection of Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.* I hear the pathetic phrase of Boëthius, thinking of his own fall from felicity and of the waning world: *Fuisse felicem et non esse.* That phrase, I recall, was caught up by Dante and placed in the mouth of his Francesca da Rimini: *Che ricordarsi del tempo felice*—"there is no greater woe than to remember in pain the time of felicity"; and from Dante it has passed into the emotional life of Europe. Echoes of the word come to me from great passages in Spanish and French, and last of all the plea of dying Hamlet to his friend:

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.

Can any one fail to perceive the lingering sweetness and manifold associations of the word *felicity* here as it is contrasted with the quick, stinging Saxon words that follow? Such was the music of the emotions sought and obtained by Sir Thomas Browne in the passage quoted. To vary the metaphor, his cunning use of Latin words affects the ear like the hearing of some majestic fugue, in which the melody, taken up by voice after voice, is repeated and varied and interwoven until the listener by the long accumulation of sound is rapt out of the solid world into mystic admiration.

And of the man Thomas Browne himself, the dreamer of these haunting fugues, what shall be said? As I read his meditations on life and death it seems to me I am in communication with one of the few happy men of this world. I do not mean that there was any cheap illusion in his mind. "Place not the expectation of great happiness here below," he writes toward the end of life, "or think to find heaven on earth; wherein we must be content with embryon-felicities and fruitions of doubtful faces." But more almost than any other Englishmen he was able to transform the hard perception of facts into a calm and continuous

delight of wonder. The visions of the night, in which he seems to have been so fortunate, were but the freer realisation of the dream that filled his waking hours:

> Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any: *Ruat cælum, Fiat voluntas tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content, and what should providence add more? Surely this is it we call Happiness, and this I do enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and reality. . . . And surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than our selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.

That is, if you please, the very tongue and utterance of a confirmed disillusion; yet it is, in men of his temperament, out of this brave appropriation of vanity, and out of this alone, that reflection rises into its own station of content. Only thus, to use the language of Dr. Henry More, was he able to sound "the sweetest and most enravishing musical touches upon the melancholised passions."

Nor must this mood of Sir Thomas Browne be regarded as a sullen withdrawal from the

world of common activities; there was nothing personal in his melancholy, and his disillusion was consistent with a noble conquest of fortune. By profession and character he was led to hold aloof from the civil tumult that stormed over England until his fifty-fifth year. Yet there was nothing cowardly in his inaction, and indeed it was by the waiting sobriety of such men as he that his country was finally saved and made sound. His sympathies were openly with the royalist cause, and at least once he defied Parliament by refusing to contribute to the fund for reducing Newcastle. Apart from politics he must have been one of the busiest men of his age, combining with rare completeness the happiest traits of the amateur and the professional. He was greatly learned, yet carried his erudition as a plaything. He was deeply religious, yet without bigotry or intolerance; a man of science abreast with the movement of the times, yet a maker of magic dreams; a witness of tremendous events, yet undisturbed in his private pursuits; a wide traveller, yet satisfied with the provincial circle of Norwich; an observer of nature and inveterate collector of curiosities, yet an adept in immaterial mysticism; a man of countless interests and engagements, yet carrying with him always the peace of a conscious self-recollection. Honours came to him with the years, and from first to last he

practised the supreme art of friendship. Especially, as age grew upon him, he renewed his hold upon life by sympathy with the young men who came to him as to a master in the new learning and one skilled in the musical interpretation of doubt. So many men famous in thought and action seem to us, as we search narrowly into their hearts, to have suffered some inner thwarting and discontent, that there is always a charm in turning back to the confessions—and all his works are successive chapters of self-revelation—of one who found inviolable happiness in the wisdom of the imagination. And we are assured that, if we knew him even more intimately, we should not find these springs of content lacking, and that, if we had preserved to us the diary which apparently he kept in order to "annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude," we should the more abundantly admire the miracle of his daily life. That precious journal is lost, but we have at least one glimpse into his habits, no wise miraculous, indeed, but homely and pleasant to remember, from another diarist. On the 17th of October, 1671, John Evelyn made this record of a visit to Norwich:

> Next morning I went to see Sir Tho. Browne (with whom I had some time corresponded by letter, tho' I had never seen him before). His whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and

that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Amongst other curiosities Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country (especially the promontory of Norfolk) being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and variety of water-fowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England, for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared as I was much astonished at. . . . The suburbs are large, the prospects sweet, with other amenities, not omitting the flower gardens, in which all the inhabitants excel.

BUNYAN

THERE is no province of our literature that seems to us more irrevocably lost than that which sprang from the Puritan theology of the seventeenth century. Who to-day goes for consolation to *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*? or who reads the voluminous sermons which were the comfort of the saints upon earth? There was a little poetry produced that still echoes plaintively to the ears of living men—how little in comparison with the songs of the enemy! Marvell, indeed, we range among the Dissenters, yet his most magnificent lines—

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity—

occur in a poem of frankly pagan sensuousness. He wrote an *Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*, but he can only praise the victor as one who

> Could by industrious valour climb
> To ruin the great work of Time,

while the warmth of his fancy is reserved for the

royal actor "upon that memorable scene." And Milton, who might seem an exception to the rule, is really the strongest proof of its validity; for his genius sinks just in proportion as he assumes the Puritan theologian, and only the splendour of his native powers saved him in the end from dreary prosing. If his *Paradise Lost* were altogether, as he meant it to be, an argument to justify the ways of God to man, instead of the glowing pastoral it is at heart, what place would it have in our affections? Bunyan, too, is a great name. But of all the sixty books he is said to have written, who knows so much as the names of more than four or five, and who reads more than one? That one book has gone the circuit of the world, and has enjoyed a vogue second only to the Bible itself, speaking to the conscience of the vulgar and satisfying the taste of the fastidious. Nevertheless, so surely has the day of *The Pilgrim's Progress* waned that more than half a century ago Poe dared call it "a ludicrously over-rated book, owing its seeming popularity to one or two of those accidents in critical literature which by the critical are sufficiently well understood." Such condemnation is overdrawn, no doubt; but it is still true that within the last few decades the book has sunk from a work of powerful realism to a quaint allegory for the curious. Fathers, who remember how they were held spell-bound all a

Sunday afternoon by the adventures of Christian, are chagrined to find that their own children listen to these coldly, or will not listen at all.

In his *Grace Abounding*, Bunyan relates that as he lay in bed one morning, he was "most fiercely assaulted with this temptation, *to sell and part with Christ.*" In his mind the wicked suggestion still kept running, "Sell him, sell him, sell him," as fast as a man could speak; until over-wearied at length and out of breath with contending, he heard this cry pass through his mind, "Let him go, if he will," and he thought also that he felt his heart freely consent thereto. Readers of his confession know how the terror of that evil moment weighed upon his memory:

> What, thought I, is there but *one* sin that is unpardonable? But *one* sin that layeth the Soul without the reach of Gods Mercy? And must I be guilty of *that?* Must it needs be that? is there but *one* sin, amongst *so many* millions of sins, for which there is no forgiveness; and must I commit *this?*

The burden of that sin of the conscience might roll from him, as it did in time, but there was a denial of the religious imagination, not unlike it in character, which lies against almost all the writing of his school, and which has marked it surely for death. The continual redemption of the past is in the hands of those who have imagination, and whose interest falls naturally

upon individuals and ages which lived by the same faculty. It is a rule from which there is barely, if at all, escape, that those who forget the past are in their turn forgotten. Now the lack of imagination among the Puritans showed itself in contempt of the arts and in many other manifest ways, but in none more clearly than in their violent break with the continuity of tradition. They had no patient eye for the lengthened chain of that Law, of which "there can be no less acknowledged," as Hooker wrote, having this weakness of theirs in mind, "than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." This law they attempted to embrace immediately with the practical reason instead of leaving its dim perspective to the climbing vision of faith; and, doing so, they at once lost the true sense of the infinite as something that escapes the understanding and can be only grasped, if ever grasped, in types and symbols, and they failed to perceive that the vicegerent of this law in human affairs is a product of time, working through that communion of spirit from generation to generation, whereby the past slowly ripens into the present. Their intransigeance was thus no more the result of moral conviction than of

deafness to the voice which is "the harmony of the world." They were not aware that their refusal to distinguish between what Hooker calls "the rule of faith" and "the law of outward order and polity," and their consequent disregard for established custom with their proud ambition of new-creating a church-polity in accordance with the explicit decrees of God—they were not aware that all this was due to a dwarfed spirituality, unable to measure the heights and depths of being. Their legalism was not due to a vivid perception of the Law of God, but to the contracting illusion of the present. "Dangerous it were," to quote Hooker once more, "for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach."

And this lack of imagination not only led them to "ruin the great work of Time," sundering generation from generation, but was the cause of endless actual discord. "The world of imagination is infinite and eternal. . . . There exist in that eternal world the realities of everything which we see reflected in this vegetable

glass of nature," said Blake, and in that sphere man, who "exists but by brotherhood," was to "put off in Self-annihilation all that is not God alone," and be everlastingly made one in the "divine humanity." Some such higher use of the visionary faculty we must hold in mind, if we would understand in what way the self-righteousness of the Puritans, which raised itself up to take heaven by storm, tended to cancel its efficacy in clashing egotisms here upon earth. The extreme individualism of their creed must not be dissociated from their incapacity for that mystical self-annihilation in the divine, and the multiplied sects of seventeenth-century England were a direct consequence of the deadening of spirituality in legalism. It was not without reason that their exhortations were based chiefly on the Old Testament. "Why is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book?" again asks Blake. "Is it not because they [the Scriptures] are addressed to the Imagination, which is Spiritual Sensation, and but mediately to the Understanding or Reason?" Now, there were Platonists then in England, half-Puritans, who lost themselves in a mysticism as vague as it was irrational, but they do not represent the real sectarianism. The Dissenters as a rule interpreted the Bible, not through the imagination which is spiritual sensation, but through the understanding; and

they were drawn accordingly to those parts of the Old Testament which offer religion in the form of a militant prescript for the domination of the present. It was inevitable, therefore, that, when their enthusiasm and their conviction of sin died away, they should be found to have prepared England for the natural religion of the eighteenth century. And when this in turn falls into disrepute they suffer rejection with the priests who are the sponsors of atheistic rationalism:

> To cast off Bacon, Locke, and Newton from Albion's covering,
> To take off his garments and clothe him with Imagination.

We shall miss the significance of Bunyan if we forget that he belongs to the line of Bacon, Locke, and Newton, and that his exasperation of the moral sense is the working of their conception of legalism in the religious sphere as contrasted with Hooker's earlier and Blake's later vision of law through the imagination. Here we touch his limitation, and here, too, lies his strength which will make him always a fascinating study for the dilettante and the literary historian after he has dropped out of living memory. The four works recently published by the Cambridge University Press[1] contain all

[1] *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* and *The Holy War.*

of his writing that the most curious are likely to find interesting; they vary in form, but their theme is substantially the same: the representation of the whole of life under the allegory of the virtues and vices. The first of these, and the most interesting, with the exception of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, is the *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, the story of his own conversion told with intense earnestness. "God did not play in tempting of me," he says in the Preface; "neither did I play, when I sunk as into a bottomless Pit, when the Pangs of Hell caught hold upon me; wherefore I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." Dates and ordinary events form no part of this remarkable autobiography, but enough is told to give a vivid picture of the man himself who wrestled with God for salvation. "For my descent then," he begins, "it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest, and most despised of all the families in the land." As a matter of fact, his father was a tinker, or "braseyer," as he signs himself, of Elstow, near Bedford, and his

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The text edited by John Brown, D.D. Cambridge English Classics. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Grace Abounding and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The same. 1907.

son John followed the same trade all his life and with good success. The boy was put to school, where he learned to read and write. He says that, to his shame, he soon lost the little that he learned, but somehow he retained enough, or in later life reacquired enough, to steep his mind in the language of the Bible and of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. The burden of his autobiography is the inherent and absolute evil of human nature—not the sense of man's feebleness and perversity such as has always been the theme of pagan and Christian moralists, but an immediate realisation of sin as bearing with it the threat of eternal and unalterable punishment. His people walked in the continual fear of hell, with a troubled uneasiness, not unlike the physical suffering we should endure if the crust of the earth were no more beneath our feet than a thin shell, trembling upon its central fires. How early this consciousness came to him we know from his own confession.

> Also I should, at these years, be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of Hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found, at last, among those Devils, and hellish Fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great Day.
>
> These things, I say, when I was but a child, about nine or ten years old, did so distress my Soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports, and childish

vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith; yet could I not let go my sins: Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of Life and Heaven that I should often wish, either that there had been no Hell, *or that I had been a Devil;* supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be, that I indeed went thither, I might be rather a tormentor, than be tormented myself.

"Alas," said Baxter, "it is not a few dull words, between jest and earnest, between sleep and awake, that will rouse a dead-hearted sinner." It needed the heavy hand of eternity laid on the quick shuddering soul to make vital this thought of the world as consisting of two infinite and mutually exclusive spheres of good and evil, of God and man, between which there was no medium of communication save the arbitrary down-reaching arm of mercy. No one has a right to believe such things without going mad, said the jocular autocrat of Boston, and long before him Baxter used almost the same words: "Did we verily believe, that all the unregenerate and unholy shall be eternally tormented, how could we hold our tongues, or avoid bursting into tears, when we look them in the face?" The mind of man swings like a hanging pendulum, and Rousseau's faith in the essential goodness of human nature, with its implied denial of infinite consequences altogether, was the inevitable and equally exaggerated reaction from

which we are only now beginning to recover. The Puritan and the Rousseauist stand at the two opposite poles of rationalism.

As for the actual misdeeds of Bunyan, they seem for the most part to have been venial enough. He was always honest and chaste; his worst vice was a blasphemous tongue—and what fountains of blasphemy he must have commanded! There is a touch of what must be conscious humour, and what seems to be almost regretful pride, in his confession of superiority in this wickedness:

> One day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the mad-man, after my wonted manner, there sate within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she also was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further, That I was the ungodliest fellow, for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the Youth in the whole Town, if they came but in my company.

Apart from this preparatory training for future exhortation, his repentance was concerned chiefly with such genial indiscretions as going to the steeple-house to ring the bells, from which he was diverted by the fear lest one of the bells should fall and crush him, and joining in a "game of cat" on Sunday, from which he was driven by a voice darting from heaven into

his soul. All these things are related with the simplicity and vividness of a profoundly unconscious art, as are the incidents and strange oracles and chance meetings by which he was made sure that the grace of God was upon him. One of these incidents brings up a picture of the old times so serenely beautiful and comfortable in itself that the retelling of it must always be a joy:

> Upon a day, the good Providence of God did cast me to Bedford, to work on my Calling; and in one of the streets of that Town, I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door, in the Sun, talking about the things of God; and being now willing to hear them discourse, I drew near to hear what they said, for I was now a brisk Talker also my self, in the matters of Religion: But I may say, I heard, but I understood not; for they were far above, out of my reach: Their talk was about a new birth, the work of God on their hearts, also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature; they talked how God had visited their Souls with his love in the Lord Jesus, and with what words and promises they had been refreshed, comforted, and supported against the temptations of the Devil. . . . And me-thought they spake, as if joy did make them speak; they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture-language, and with such appearance of Grace in all they said, that they were to me, as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their Neighbours.

Two things are particularly remarkable in

this account of Bunyan's religious awakening: the absence of any single all-determining event and his familiarity with the Bible. I would not cast any doubt upon those violent conversions which come upon the soul like a flood of sudden blinding light, dividing the life of a man into two incommunicable periods. This has been the common experience of the great saints from the days of St. Paul to the present; it was well enough known in the days of Bunyan as the story of George Fox confirms. But it is true, nevertheless, that religious zeal and the dramatic imagination tend naturally to exaggerate these sundering illuminations, and that many a convert whose faith has been to him but a flickering candlelight has spoken as if the lightning of heaven had pierced through his darkness. Now Bunyan's faith was no feeble flame, but neither does he make any pretensions to sudden conversion. His way to peace was through weary backslidings, and even when he counted himself among the saved the path for him was still through trials and valleys of gloom. His pilgrimage was like that of his Christian after the pack had rolled off, and this we count one of the marks of utter sincerity in his narrative.

And not less noteworthy was his complete immersion in the Bible. Other men of that age knew the Scripture as he did, and quoted it on all occasions, but there is something peculiarly

direct and intimate in Bunyan's relation to the holy words. They became the sap of his daily speech, and the perennial fascination of his written style is due to the perfect interfusion of Biblical language and the quaint idiom of the Bedfordshire roads. The sacred book was not to him a printed page or a conscious memory; it was nothing less than the living audible voice of God, appealing to his soul through the ears, and calling to him at uncertain intervals, as if he wandered stumbling in a country of hidden oracles. Sometimes the sound came to him within doors. "Once, as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop," he says, "bemoaning of myself in my sad and doleful state, . . . and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I had heard a voice speaking, 'Didst ever refuse to be justified by the Blood of Christ?' . . . Then fell with power that Word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.' Heb. 12.25. This made a strange seizure upon my spirit, it brought light with it and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts that before did use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and make an hideous noise within me." More often the oracle spoke to him in the fields as he went about his business: "Now, about a week

or fortnight after this, I was much followed by this Scripture; 'Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you,' Luk. 22.31, and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, yea, and, as it were, call so strongly after me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called me; being at a great distance, methought, he called so *loud*." What strange gusts of terror and rapture must have shaken the soul of this tinker of pots and pans, as he walked about listening always for the very voice of God to strike his ears from the invisible haunts of space! Which of us to-day dare affirm that he really comprehends that sublimity? The very nakedness of Bunyan's inspiration is a check to his fame. I turn from him to that poor Welsh physician who, during these same years of national upheaval was following the "pleasant paths of poetry and philology" in his native valley of the Usk. Vaughan, like the Bedford Baptist, was steeped in the language of Scripture, and to most of his poems he has affixed a text, as if they were designed to be sermons of quietness to his troubled people—"I 'll leave behind me such a large kind light." But how different was the speech of the divine oracle to him as he, too, travelled up and down in his healing profession:

My God, when I walk in those groves
And leaves, Thy Spirit still doth fan,
I see in each shade that there grows
An angel talking with a man.

Under a juniper some house,
Or the cool myrtle's canopy;
Others beneath an oak's green boughs,
Or at some bubbling fountain's eye.

. . . . . .

Nay, Thou Thyself, my God, in fire,
Whirlwinds and clouds, and the soft voice,
Speak'st there so much, that I admire
We have no conference in these days.

Here is the touch of imagination from which the Puritan conscience revolted, and, so revolting, shut itself off from the future communion of the wise. One thing was wanting to those strong men before the Lord, one thing which Wordsworth was to rediscover when the wave of rationalism for a while subsided:

To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

They knew too surely, and they closed the *superstitious eye of love.*

At this point the mind turns from the extreme Protestantism of England to the Jansenist reformation, which during these same years was disturbing the current of religion in France. In dogma the two were almost identical; both were attempts to revive the sterner creed of

St. Augustine. In their uncompromising morality, too, the followers of Jansen showed themselves closely akin to the Calvinists, as their Jesuit enemies were not slow to point out. But we catch, nevertheless, a world-wide difference as we pass from one school to the other; we feel that Bunyan is a product of transition and will have always less meaning for men as time ages, whereas Pascal is likely to be remembered more and more as one of the pure voices of faith. What is the cause of this distinction? Is it not, again, due just to the presence or absence of what may be called the religious imagination? For Pascal the community of generation with generation by tradition makes easy the conception of mankind as spiritually one instead of an innumerable company of repellent personalities; for him, too, the sacramentarian offices of the Church introduce a certain irrational and saving element into dogma. The door is left open for the healing ministry of ignorance (the knowing that we cannot know) and for the superstitious eye of love. In this twilight of humility moves the imagination, leading the soul upward on ways beyond the calculation of the reason. Morality is not weakened, but becomes a discipline and not an end; it is taught to be the handmaid instead of the mistress of the spirit. We can feel the effect of this difference everywhere in the writings of the two men. We compare

Bunyan's terror at the voice of God rebuking him for childish sabbath-breaking with the vaster awe of Pascal at the eternal silence of infinite space. We compare also the Puritan's rigid allegory of virtue and vice with the vision of the Catholic: "Infinitely removed from comprehending the extremes, the end of things and their source are for him insuperably hidden in an impenetrable secret; he is equally incapable of seeing the nothing from which he is drawn, and the infinite in which he is swallowed up." And we perceive how the hard antinomy of two hostile personalities, God and man, from which both Christians take their start, is always trembling in Pascal on the verge of that great change into the mystical vision of two immeasurable potentialities within the soul itself. It is, in a word, that Protestantism, despite its conviction of sin, was a forerunner of the rational mood which is fundamentally a denial of religion, whereas Pascal's was the voice of pure spirituality, speaking in the language of his day.

In due time Bunyan progressed so far in faith as to become a preacher and man of authority among his own people, and even in London. The power and sincerity of his writing would alone lead us to infer his eloquence as a speaker, but there is evidence of a more positive sort. One day, when he had exhorted "with peculiar warmth and enlargement," a friend congratu-

lated him on preaching "a sweet sermon." "Ay" said he, "you have no need to tell me that; for the Devil whispered it to me before I was well out of the pulpit." Again, Charles II. is said to have asked Dr. Owen, who greatly admired Bunyan, "how a learned man such as he could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker." "May it please your Majesty," he replied, "I would gladly give up all my learning for that tinker's power of preaching." But before attaining this wider influence Bunyan had learned the lessons of solitude. He was naturally as a youth on the side of the Parliament in the struggle with Charles I., and for several years bore arms as a private soldier under Sir Samuel Luke, who is supposed to be the original of Butler's "Hudibras." But whether he became dissatisfied with the later Commonwealth, or whether his native sense of moderation in practical affairs came uppermost in time, there is reason to believe that he was among those who welcomed Charles II. back to England.

The event, however, proved disastrous to him. Within six months after the King's landing the laws against Nonconformity were revived and Bunyan was thrown into Bedford jail. He had been forewarned of the arrest, indeed the justice who committed him seems to have been ready to make his evasion easy, but he would not promise to forego preaching, lest his cowar-

dice should "make an ill savour in the country" and dishearten the timid. For twelve years, with one intermission, he was nominally a prisoner, part of the time being closely confined, and part of the time going free on parole. Granted the righteousness of the law, his treatment was by no means severe; at least his suffering was the world's gain, for in the forced meditation of those days he found himself and measured the strength of his genius. It was while suffering this restraint he wrote and published (1666) his *Grace Abounding*, and composed the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Between his release and his death just before the Revolution, his larger influence as a preacher was exerted, and all but one of his principal works were published—the first part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in 1678, the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* in 1680, *The Holy War* in 1682, the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in 1684.

Every one knows the beginning of his great allegory: "As I walked through the Wilderness of this World, I lighted on a certain Place where was a Den: and I laid me down in that place to sleep: And as I slept I dreamed a Dream." To how many of us those words are an open-sesame to the enchanted caves of childhood. Hearing them we remember how all a sabbath afternoon we would hang upon a dear voice

repeating the adventures of Christian between the City of Destruction and the heavenly Jerusalem, and how in a child's exquisite anticipation of the future we felt ourselves languish in Doubting-Castle and knew the fatal drowsiness of the Enchanted Ground. Naturally we cherish such memories and hesitate to believe that the new generation will never pass through that experience; we grieve to see one of the reservoirs of fruitful emotion dried up. But other times, other books; the very form of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is against its vital duration.

Now allegory is a mere matter of degree, and all good literature is in a measure of this class. It was so at the beginning as the standing epithets of Homer show: Achilles is the personification of passionate valour, Odysseus of cunning, to name no others. So, too, we cannot separate Othello from the idea of jealousy, Macbeth from that of ambition; and these characters are none the less real, they are indeed more essentially human, because they have been moulded by the abstracting intelligence into partial types. And a good deal of Bunyan's work lies within the safe bounds of this artistic generalisation. Now and then the very oddness of the names gives a touch of realism to some subordinate character, such as "Temporary, who dwelt in Graceless, two miles off of Honesty, next door to one Turnback." And there is

the famous Mr. By-ends of Fair-speech, who was related to "almost the whole Town; And in particular my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose Ancestors that Town first took its name:) Also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing both-ways, Mr. Any-thing, and the Parson of our Parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my Mother's own Brother by Father's side: And to tell you the truth, I am become a Gentleman of good Quality, yet my Great Grandfather was but a Waterman, looking one way, and rowing another, and I get most of my Estate by the same occupation." There is much good talk in this amiable and frank Mr. By-ends. And if some of these characters are still flesh and blood beneath their allegorical devices, nearly all of the symbolical places along the way are so realistic as to have passed into the currency of the common language. The Slough of Despond, the House of the Interpreter, the upper Chamber whose window opened towards the Sunrising, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Castle of Giant Despair, the Delectable Mountains—these are names (not all of them indeed invented by Bunyan, but made his own by the right of genius) that every man, now and hereafter, must pronounce to himself when he passes through the realities in the journey of life. We shall not escape them, the most

prosaic of us—not even the Dark Valley and the Shining Mountains. It is no small praise thus to have forestalled the experience of mankind.

So far Bunyan preserves the balance of art between the reason which classifies life under abstract categories and the emotional faculty which reduces life to individual and unrelated experience; so far, in a word, he possesses the literary imagination to visualise the general in the particular. But when we consider his writing less in detail, we are forced to admit that it inclines as a whole toward the unvisualised abstract. Now allegory, more precisely speaking, begins just when the golden medium of the imagination is destroyed by this overbalance of rationalism, and to such an extent all four of Bunyan's greater works fall within this justly suspected *genre*. Even the *Grace Abounding*, notwithstanding the vividness of some of its imagery and the intensity of its personal emotion, has in the end the effect of allegory; for the individual experience is overshadowed by the conception of life as a debate between two moral abstractions, man the personification of absolute evil and God the personification of absolute righteousness. The story of *Mr. Badman* has a number of minute scenes of which any novelist might be proud, and it has the unexpected excellence of showing

Bunyan's native common sense in the rearing of children and in other practical matters; yet as a whole it also resolves itself into an analysis of absolute evil, here without the counterbalance of absolute good. In *The Holy War*, the least human of his books, all the named virtues and vices are on the stage, playing their phantom parts; and the allegory is made doubly unreal by the fact that the universal scheme of salvation is so confused with the act of redeeming an individual soul as to keep the reader constantly perplexed to know which is meant.

In like manner it must be admitted by one who returns to *The Pilgrim's Progress* after many years that much of it belongs to a mode outworn. These Faithfuls and Helps, these friends named Pride, Arrogancy, Self-Conceit, and Worldly Glory, most but not all of these hobgoblins and angels that Christian meets by the way, seem rather a childish substitute for the complexities of human nature. A good deal has been written to determine the sources from which Bunyan drew all these figures and the plan of his book. Resemblances have been pointed out to *The Faerie Queene* and to I do not know how many other books in English and even in foreign languages which the Bedford tinker could never have read. The real affinity of his work lies with the old Morality plays whose spirit persisted in many disguised forms

long after the drama of the Renaissance had usurped the stage. In those scenes where the soul of mankind is beset by the virtues and vices, with the mouth of hell yawning on one side and heaven resting above, Bunyan would have acknowledged the true, but hidden, source of his inspiration. How like they were to his scheme may be seen from the list of characters appended to one of the Moralities, probably of the fifteenth century: "Nature, Man, Reson, Sensualyte, Innocencye, Wordly affeceyon, Bodyly lust, Wreth, Envy, Slouth, Glotony, Humylyte, Charyte," etc. It is a minor point that Bunyan, when he drops into rhyme, shows an uncouthness not unlike that of the ancient popular cycles.

The whole *genre* has something naïve about it and one might suppose it would retain its undiminished power over the children at least of every generation. That it does not may be due to the artificial elements mixed up with the naïve, and in part also to the subtle influences that permeate an age, extending by invisible signs and accents from the old to the young. Unconsciously we transfer to the listening child a touch of our own indifference to this drama of the moralities. For allegory is a living thing only so long as the ideas it embodies are real forces that control our conduct. Let us believe once more that life itself is a pilgrim-

age, from inherited damnation to an eternal city beyond the river, let us believe that angels and devils are in deadly warfare for our souls, that our daily acts are sorted into virtues and vices of infinite consequence, and Bunyan's dream will again take hold of us with an interest that lies outside the domain and claims of literature. Then again conscience may thrill while the imagination sleeps. But until that time I fear we shall be rather in the position of the pilgrim in Hawthorne's *Celestial Railroad:*

> Not a great while ago [so that pleasant fable begins], passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous City of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the stationhouse. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

And thus Mr. Smooth-it-away, as they speed along, points out how the road has been made safe. Apollyon drives the engine; across the old Slough of Despond a bridge has been thrown, supported on a foundation of suitable philosophy; Vanity Fair is a pleasant and salubrious town, in which passengers may stop over for a few days—and so on through a chapter of foolery worthy of Franklin for its wit, however its satire would have fallen pointless upon that magnificent and complacent citizen of the new world. He, like most of us to-day who are his children, would have felt more at his ease on that celestial railway with Mr. Smooth-it-away than with Christian and his comrades in the strait and narrow path. It is true that the modern pilgrim had his qualms of doubt when he was carried headlong over the quaking pit and through the dark valley.

ROUSSEAU

We are perhaps hearing too much of Rousseau these days, and he threatens to become a kind of fetich of criticism. To the French he is, more than any other one man, the author of the Revolution with all the subsequent good or evil implied in that movement. And now the Germans have discovered in him the father of their romanticism. "In reality his influence is accomplished on German soil," says Paul Hensel in the latest monograph on the subject; "here Rousseau was not the basis of a guillotine, but of a new culture. . . . Kant and Herder, Goethe and Schiller are not to be conceived without Rousseau, and through them is formed the new science, the new philosophy, the new poetry of German idealism." One has an impulse to avoid a theme that has grown cheap from too much writing of this sort; but how escape the writer who gathered up in himself the floating ideas of his age, and, by simplifying them to a portable creed and infusing into them the carrying power of his own great personality, made them the chief formative influence down to our own times?

Only by keeping in view this new emotional element can we understand how the intellectual life of to-day has its source in Rousseau more than in any other single man, for the ideas themselves—liberty and progress and natural religion and innate goodness—were in no wise original with him. If, indeed, disregarding the complexities of a civilisation and obscurer influences, we undertake to analyse the revolution of the eighteenth century, we shall find that the guiding principles and the original dynamic impulse of the age came from England, that the translation of these into a homogeneous social law was the work of France, and that their conversion into a metaphysical formula was finally accomplished by Germany. Certainly, the starting place of this movement, the caldron, so to speak, in which this great fermentation began, was the turbulent England of the seventeenth century. There, the notion of liberty took practical form in the acts of the Rebellion and the Revolution and in the writings of such republicans as Algernon Sidney. Is it not almost, if not quite, the accent of Rousseau's *Contrat Social* we hear in Sidney's brave reply to Hobbes and Filmer: "If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments; but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use

to them"? Certainly, too, the most fecund idea taken over by the nineteenth century from its predecessor, the conception of indefinite moral progress based on the accumulating knowledge of physical laws, had been proclaimed by Bacon with the grandiose fervour of a Hebrew prophet. And the accompanying change of religion from a belief in superrational revelation to a rational deism was also formulated in England. It was Lord Herbert of Cherbury who, as far back as 1624 in his *De Veritate*, gave the first clear exposition of religion as the product of a purely natural instinct. Later he resolved this religious instinct into five theses which became the "charter of the deists," and which may be found simplified and summed up in the three articles of Chubb's *True Gospel.* There is, if we may believe that inspired tallow-chandler of Salisbury, no demand in the Gospel for subscribing to a supernatural scheme of salvation, nor is the new birth anything more than a "figure of speech." On the contrary, "the Gospel of Christ is a plain, simple, uniform thing," as thus:

> *First*, he [Christ] requires and recommends [note the curiously unreligious word] a conformity of mind and life to that eternal and unalterable rule of action which is founded in the reason of things, and makes or declares that compliance to be the only, and the sole ground of divine acceptance, and the only, and the sure way to life eternal. *Secondly*, if men have lived

in a violation of this righteous law, by which they have rendered themselves displeasing to God, and worthy of his just resentment; then Christ requires and recommends repentance and reformation of their evil ways as the only, and the sure grounds of the divine mercy and forgiveness. And *Thirdly*, Christ assures us that God has appointed a time in which he will judge the world in righteousness, and that he will then approve or condemn, reward or punish every man according to his works.[1]

It is worth while to quote this remarkably lucid summary of deism, unobscured as it is by the glamour of the imagination thrown over the creed by Shaftesbury and his school, if only to show how closely Rousseau, who was

[1] If Chubb won applause by depriving faith of its superrational elements, a greater contemporary, Toland, exerted all his powers to explode what he deemed the fallacy of the religious imagination. The very title of his chief work, *Christianity Not Mysterious: or, a Treatise Showing that there is nothing in the Gospel Contrary to Reason, nor Above it: and that no Christian Doctrine can be properly call'd a Mystery*, would seem to be a challenge to Sir Thomas Browne. This is not to say that in the poetry and philosophy inspired by deism there is no proper use of the imagination. That faculty, as the power which renders concrete and real, visible so to speak to the inner eye, the intellectual and spiritual life of man, varies in action as the life to which it administers varies. In the work of deistic writers it is closely akin to its use by the scientific mind, though it may be lacking in the positive utilitarian advantages of science.

well-read in these authors, adhered to his sources. Here, in a paragraph, is the whole skeleton of the *Profession de foi.* And here in few words is, without the surrender of a religious semblance altogether, the last and inevitable stage of that Pelagianism against which St. Augustine had for the time inveighed so successfully and under which the Port-Royal of Pascal was at last beaten down.

It is by no means easy to trace the evolution of our secular belief in the essential goodness of human nature. It was implicit, no doubt, in the first contention of Pelagianism that salvation is primarily the work of man, but it has become the driving force of society only since the notion of a needed reconciliation with God has been quite eliminated. Nor was it a product of the Renaissance in so far as that movement implied a return to the past. Total depravity may have been Christian and mediæval; but total goodness can find no authority in the classical writers of Greece and Rome, and is, in fact, the mark of modern humanitarianism as distinguished from Renaissance humanism. It should seem to be rather a secularisation of mediæval theology, if such a term is not self-contradictory. Grant the longing for personal justification and supreme bliss which passed from the Middle Ages into the freer emotional life of the Renaissance,

take away the supernatural scheme of redemption, and the Pelagian confidence in man's ability to satisfy God might easily pass into a belief that human nature, being essentially right, has within itself the power to expand indefinitely, without any act of renunciation, toward some far-off, vaguely-glimpsed, "divine event."

The ideas of progress and innate goodness are thus companions; they sprang up side by side with humanism, but they are not a product of the classical revival in the sense that humanism was such a revival, and in the end they killed humanism. Nothing is more curious throughout the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century than the way in which the contradictory notions of essential evil and essential goodness alternate with each other, sometimes in the same writer. The neo-classicists as a rule, the great human moralists of France, have no doubt of the inherent selfishness and depravity of the human heart; and a pure sceptic like Bayle, at a time when deism was in full vein, can still be absolutely convinced that "man is incomparably more drawn to evil than to good." The English deists on the other hand were necessarily driven to believe in man's native soundness; for what indeed is the excuse for natural religion if nature is estranged from the supreme good? Yet even

here there are strange compromises and inconsistencies. A Bolingbroke might preach philosophically that this is the best of worlds, but as a politician and somewhat deeply versed man of the world he treated mankind with a perfectly cynical distrust. Nowhere does this contrast glare more impudently than in Pope, who learnt his satire from Dryden and the neoclassicists and his optimism from Bolingbroke and the deists; and Pope, it must be remembered, was accepted seriously as a moral teacher not only in England but in France and Germany as well. Nothing is more bewildering than to read Pope's general justification of human passions and instincts in his *Essay on Man* and then in the same poem to find his scathing denunciation of these passions in a Bacon or a Gripus [his friend Mr. Wortley Montagu]. On one page we find this pleasant optimism :

> The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
> Wild Nature's vigour working at the root;

but turn the leaf and all is changed:

> As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
> Receives the lurking principle of death;
> The young disease, that must subdue at length,
> Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength;
> So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
> The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.

Pope might try to carry this double-faced attitude off under the effrontery of assuming an enormous paradox in the nature of things, but it was in truth a real inconsistency due to the confusion of two diverse tendencies of thought. Did not Voltaire also, the spokesman of the age, pass his life ridiculing the pretensions of mankind to virtue and at the same time advocating the liberation of mankind from the restraints that would keep vice within bounds? It required more than one century to root out the ancient conviction that the heart of man is naturally disposed to evil.

Meanwhile, it is clear that these dominating ideas of the age, whether they received their vital force from England or France or elsewhere, all imply a denial of that sense of dualism which hitherto had lain at the base of religion and philosophy, and that lacking this sense they seem always to be shirking certain of the more troublesome problems of life. The artificiality of that literature has become a proverb. This is not to say that the eighteenth century did not have its own theories of dualism. There was in Germany, for instance, that amusing doctrine of the *harmonia præstabilita*, spun by a discursive wit who imposed on the world as a profound philosopher. "The soul," says Leibnitz, "follows its proper laws, and the body likewise follows those which are proper to it,

and they meet in virtue of the preëstablished harmony which exists between all substances, as representations of one and the same universe." According to which system, "bodies act as if there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies, and yet both act as though the one influenced the other," etc. But these vagaries of a mechanical parallelism are, so to speak, a by-product of the age, developed from the metaphysics of Descartes, aside from the naturalistic influences of England. The dominating line of thought runs from Newton and Locke,[1]

[1] As early as 1694, La Fontaine had felt the power of the new English philosophy:

> . . . Les Anglais pensent profondément :
> Leur esprit, en cela, suit leur tempérament;
> Creusant tous les sujets et forts d' expériences,
> Ils étendent partout l'empire des sciences.

Buckle in his *History of Civilisation* has an eloquent chapter on the influence of England at this time upon France, and Joseph Texte has elaborated this thesis into a well-known volume, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau, et les origines du cosmopolitisme littéraire.* Neither of these writers, so far as I remember, brings out the curious fact that just when England was borrowing its literary form from France the trend in philosophy was in the opposite direction. From the time of Voltaire's *Lettres anglaises* (1733), Newton and Locke may be called the fathers *par excellence* of the new *philosophie.* I have dwelt solely on the English sources of Rousseau because there, I think, lies the

who formulated the laws of nature in the physical world and in the human intellect, through the French *philosophes*, to Condillac, who banishes dualism so far as to derive the whole man, including Locke's reflective faculty, the moral sense, and consciousness, from the effect of physical impact.

One thing was wanting to all these theories—to the dead parallelism of Leibnitz, to the moral rationalism of Toland and Chubb, to Shaftesbury's florid deism of the imagination, to the cynical or boisterous philosophy of Voltaire and Diderot—they all excluded the sense of that deep cleft within the human soul itself, which springs from the bitter consciousness of evil. This, in a way, Rousseau supplied, and through him what was a theme of speculation for the few was vivified into a new gospel.

How thoroughly Rousseau was a child of his age is proved by the continual recurrence of English names in his works. Intellectually, he has little that is original; his deism, his passion for liberty, his doctrine of instinctive goodness, are all avowedly from over the sea, and even his minor ideas can, for the most part, be traced to various predecessors. It was because he made all these subservient to a passionate

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dynamic derivation; this is not to deny that many of his ideas can be found in contemporary and preceding French authors.

proclamation of a dualism between the individual and society, between nature and art, that he became so powerfully provocative of change. In a way, even this dogma— for it is as arbitrary a dogma as any set up by St. Augustine—was not his own. It may be found implicit in English deism, in the discrepancy between Pope's praise of the savage, to whom "full instinct is the unerring guide," and his satire of a malignant society; it underlies the *Night Thoughts* of Young:

> . . . These tutelary shades
> Are man's asylum from the tainted throng;

it could even, in a later day, temper the rigid orthodoxy of Cowper:

> God made the country, and man made the town.

In his *Fable of the Bees* Mandeville had given it an odd twist by vindicating the old notion of inherent evil and making the progress of society depend on this corruption of the individual. But these were unfruitful hints and thoughtless inconsistencies; they became a social force through the temperament of one man who, as Madame de Staël said, discovered perhaps nothing, but set everything ablaze.

From lonely brooding on his own divided self, Rousseau was led to erect the dualism implicit in the philosophy of his day into a formula with all the popular persuasiveness of a religion.

The Pelagian doctrine of man's potential goodness united with his intense egotism to create the idea of the individual, conceived in himself and unmodified by others, as a pure uncontaminated product of nature. He, Rousseau, was, he felt, by his instincts good, yet he was painfully aware of his actual lapses into turpitude and shame; he could only shift the responsibility of this corruption upon outside influences. Here was no room for the Augustinian idealisation of the good in man as an infinite God set over against the finite and hence erring natural man, nor for the conception of man as bearing within himself infinitely diverse promptings toward good and evil; on the contrary, he was driven to the idealisation of his own personality, and of every personality in so far as he projected himself into another, as good, and of other personalities, in so far as they are hostile to him and limit or pervert his native proclivities, as evil. Hence the dualism of the individual regarded in the state of nature and in the state of society, of the one and the many without the old accompaniment of the infinite and the finite.[1] And evil to Rousseau was not a thing

[1] Gustave Lanson, in his *Histoire de la littérature française*, has with great shrewdness developed this antinomy of the individual and the State running through all Rousseau's works, but he has not analysed its philosophic causes and consequences.

of jest and satire, but, by the whole weight of his emotional being, a power to be feared and spurned. As embodied in society it looms up in his writings like some living and malign monster, lying in wait to corrupt and destroy the unwary individual. It is the Devil of the mediæval monks reborn in the height of the boastful age of reason to trouble the consciences of men, for who can say how long a time.

The first serious work of Rousseau was the prize essay, written at the age of thirty-eight, on the question proposed by the Academy of Dijon as to *Whether the Progress of Science and Art has Contributed to Corrupt or Purify Morals.* Either by the advice of Diderot or, more probably, by the natural bent of his mind, he there advocated the thesis, by no means so novel as he seems to have believed, that civilisation results in the perversion of society. It is at best a slight academic exercise, but it fell in with the mood of the day sufficiently to arouse discussion, and gave the author a position to defend. Five years later, in 1755, he published his *Discourse on Inequality*, in which this theory is found fully developed. Here we have the picture of primitive man, living in solitude, mating by chance, and following undisturbed his healthy animal instincts. The first law of nature is love of self, and in this paradise of primeval

isolation there is nothing to distort that innocent impulse. When by chance man meets with man he is kept from wrongdoing by the feeling of sympathy and pity which is, after the instinct of self-preservation, the second law of nature. But—"The first man who, having enclosed some land, thought of saying 'this is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civilised society. How many crimes, wars, murders, how many miseries and horrors would have been spared human nature had some one snatched away the stakes, or filled in the ditch, calling out to his neighbours: 'Beware of listening to this impostor'!"[1] With the acknowledgment of property comes the division of more and less out of which springs all the brood of ambitions, crimes, penalties. Sympathy is stifled in envy, and harmless *amour de soi-même* is converted into that social

[1] The translation of this famous passage is taken from *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, by Jules Lemaître, translated by Jeanne Mairet. (New York: The McClure Co.) M. Lemaître's lectures have all the bitterness of a converted Rousselian. He displays extreme cleverness in deriving all Rousseau's theories from personal weaknesses and vanities, showing in this perhaps a little too much of the animosity of a renegade. As a critical work it is not significant, except in so far as it is a sign that some of the best-instructed minds of France are turning away from the romanticism of Rousseau in which they were schooled.

disease *amour-propre;* in a word, property means society. There is nothing fanciful in comparing this marvellous change from the individual in a state of natural innocence to the same individual as corrupted by society with the theological doctrine of the Fall. They are both an attempt to transfer the inexplicable dualism within the heart of man to some ancient mythological event; nor does Rousseau denounce the evil introduced by property with less unctuous and priestly fervour than was used by a Bossuet in laying bare the depths of total depravity. For the rest of his life he merely developed in various ways the thesis of his *Discourse on Inequality.* As he said himself at the end of his career, speaking of his own works:

> Following as best I could the thread of his meditations, I saw everywhere the development of his main principle, that nature has made man happy and good, but that society depraves him and renders him miserable. And particularly *Émile*, that book so much read, so little understood, and so ill appreciated, is nothing but a treatise on the original goodness of man, with the aim of showing how vice and error, strangers to his constitution, are introduced from without and imperceptibly work a change.

In reality *Émile* is something more than a treatise on original goodness; it is an elaborate plea for a form of education by which the individual may be rescued from the perverting influ-

ences of society and restored to his primitive state of innocence. It is thus in a manner to the *Discourse* what *Paradise Regained* is to *Paradise Lost*. The instincts implanted in the child by nature are right; therefore the aim of education is to place the child in such a position that these instincts may develop freely without any thwarting control from master or society. To this end he separates his typical child Émile from family and comrades, and gives him a home in the country with a guardian, whose duty is, not to instruct, but to preserve him from physical accidents, and to act as a kind of concealed Providence. Books during his early years are eschewed; all information is brought to the boy through the pleasure of observing natural processes and through play cunningly directed to manual training. Such a plan is, as Rousseau willingly acknowledged, impossible except for a favoured few, if not for all; but as an ideal toward which education might tend, it has exercised through the theories of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and other German pedagogues an enormous influence, and is still to-day the inspiration of most writers on education. In part the book is admirably wise; in its provision for training the body, in many other details, even, one gladly admits, in its opposition to an unreasoning system of compression, it was not only a wholesome reaction from the practice

of the day, but is full of suggestions of permanent value. But there is a growing belief among a certain class that the fundamental thesis of the book has worked, and is still working, like a poison in the blood of society.[1] To make instinct instead of experienced judgment the basis of education, impulse instead of control, unbridled liberty instead of obedience, nature instead of discipline, to foster the emotions as if the uniting bond of mankind were sentiment rather than reason, might seem of itself so monstrous a perversion of the truth as to

[1] The latest book on *Émile* available in English is Gabriel Compayré's *Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Education from Nature*, translated by R. P. Jago (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). This belongs to a series of Pioneers in Education, of which volumes on Pestalozzi, Herbart, Horace Mann, Spencer, and Montaigne have already appeared, besides the Rousseau. M. Compayré, like most professional students of pedagogics, is a convinced Rousseauist. He finds much that is impracticable or perverted in the details of *Émile*, but regards its total inspiration as wholesome. "We cannot, indeed," he says, "hope to derive from Rousseau's pedagogics a definite and final system of methods and procedure. But what is perhaps better, he handed on to his successors and still imparts to all who read him a spark, at least, of the flame which burned in him." To the critics, on the contrary, who look more deeply and dispassionately into human nature than is common with the specialist in pedagogics, it is just this *flame* which is beginning to be regarded as dangerous.

awaken abhorrence in any considerate reader. And, indeed, these notions were slow in making their way against long-established traditions. Yet so honorable is the name of liberty, even when it is a mask for license, so flattering is the appeal to the individual's desire of unchecked autonomy, that Rousseau's "education of nature" has deeply modified, if it has not entirely transformed, the practice of our schools. It is seen at work in the vagaries of the elective system, in the advocating of manual training as an equivalent for books, in the unbounded enthusiasm for nature-study, in the encroachment of science on the character-discipline of the humanities, in the general substitution of persuasion for authority. To some observers certain traits of irresponsibility in the individual and certain symptoms of disintegration in society are the direct fruit of this teaching.

To find the source of the nature-cult raised by Rousseau to so predominant a place in imaginative literature it might seem sufficient to go back to English naturalism, and no doubt many pages of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and of *Émile* were in this respect inspired by Shaftesbury and Thomson and the other deists. More particularly *The Wanderer* (1729) of Richard Savage and that strange and neglected book, *The Life of John Buncle* (published in 1756, five years before the *Nouvelle Héloïse*), are filled with a

Rousselian mixture of deistic enthusiasm and grandiose eloquence on the aspect of romantic mountain scenery. But there is withal a new accent in Rousseau, which derives its penetrating quality from his developed dualism of the individual and society, and which renders him the true father of modern nature-writing. Man before the social Fall was a compound of harmless self-love and sentimental sympathy. Whoever seeks any spark of this innocence in an age when self-love is changed to egotism and sympathy to envy must go out from society and make his peace alone with Nature. There, by a pathetic fallacy, the sympathy which he vainly demands of men flows to him freely from the beauty and solitude of the inanimate world; there he meets no contrary will to frustrate his own, nothing to prevent him from personifying his emotions in some alter-ego that smiles at him benignly from field and brook, echoes his loneliness, and weeps with his self-pity.

From this it is but a step to the religion of Nature. Everybody is familiar with the scene in *Émile* where the Savoyard vicar leads his young friend at sunrise to a hill rising above the fair valley of the Po and looking off afar to the chain of the Alps, and there in language of melting charm expounds his profession of faith. There is much that is discordant in the ideas

of that document. The retention of the old belief in a heaven and hell has no justification in Rousseau's theory of man's essential goodness, and in fact might without injury be removed from his profession. The gist of his faith is a pure deism, a trustful reliance on some beneficent God who is united with Nature by a mutual sympathy corresponding to that which he himself feels, and who is in fact no more than a magnified projection of his own innocent personality into the infinite void—himself and Nature, God and Nature. Beyond this is no need of dogma or revelation or faith. Rousseau felt the instability of such a religion, and recommended a compliance with the popular forms of worship in whatever land a man might be, as a guide and stay, so to speak, to this vague emotionalism. It is a pretty theory, not without its advantages, and has warmed the fancy of more than one poet to noble utterance. But it has one insurmountable element of weakness. It depends for its strength, for its very vitality, on the more precise faith of those whose worship it adopts. So long as these believe energetically in the virtue of forms and creeds, your deist may prey upon their emotions; but a lasting church made up of deists is inconceivable. Rousseau's deism in fact came toward the end and not at the beginning of a movement; it flashed out into a grotesque worship of the *Être Suprême*

at the Revolution, but it has had no permanent and fruitful results. Rousseau has, more than any other one man, given us our religion of to-day, but it is a religion of the State, and not of God.

That change from theology to sociology is announced in the most radical of his works. "There is then," he says, "a profession of faith purely civil of which it pertains to the sovereign [people] to fix the principles, not exactly as dogmas of religion, but as sentiments of sociability without which it is impossible to be a good citizen or a faithful subject." The determining principle of this creed is the sanctity of the *Social Contract* as he has developed it in his treatise of that name. Man, he declares in his opening sentence, with that precision and vehemence that have made his words the battle cry of revolution—"man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Property has introduced a harsh inequality among men, and established those conventions of society upon which rests the right of the stronger. There is but one way in which liberty can be restored: society itself must be transformed into a composite individual equivalent so far as possible to the isolated individual in the state of nature. That is the work of the Social Contract. His theories reduce themselves to this single proposition:

> The complete alienation of each associate with all his rights to the whole community; for, in the first place, each man giving himself entirely, the condition is equal for all; and, the condition being equal for all, no one has any interest in rendering it burdensome to the others [oh, most holy innocence!] . . . . Each of us places his person and all his power in common under the supreme direction of the general will, and we receive back each member as an indivisible part of the whole.

It would not be fair to say that Rousseau himself was unaware of the absurdity in supposing that all men, granted even that the nature of humanity is essentially good, will thus surrender their separate desires and ambitions to this phantom of the common interest; he endeavours to obviate such criticism by a shadowy distinction between the *volonté générale* and the *volonté de tous*, and indeed, it must be remembered that always he has in mind an ideal rather than any facile and probable revolution. At bottom his proposal comes to this: by some persuasion of a divine legislator [he has an eye on himself] or some intervention of Providence that sense of sympathy, which we found in the natural man along with a harmless self-love, may miraculously take possession of mankind, now corrupted by society into a conglomeration of warring egotisms, and transform that society itself into a quasi individual with a single purpose and a single

will; and so the antinomy of the one and the many shall be finally solved. It is a vain utopia or a prophecy of terrible despotism, as you will; but you cannot doubt that this ideal of social sympathy has wrought enormously in the civilisation of the present day.

In part, Rousseau's influence was gained by his pure literary talent. His was the faculty of creating phrases which remain in the memory after all the inconsistencies and chimerical follies of his writings have been forgotten, and which ring like trumpet calls to action. But beneath it all lies the dæmonic personality of the writer, the inexplicable force that imposed the experience of this man Rousseau—vagabond as he was, a foe of convention, betrayer of sacred trust, morbid self-analyst ending with fixed hallucination of a conspiracy of society against him—the magic glamour that imposed the private emotions of this man upon the world. As the creed of Christianity came to the Middle Ages coloured by the intense self-absorption of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, so the new faith has flamed up from the *Confessions* of Rousseau. The Roman had set an example for the pride of the saints; our modern confessor proclaimed a similar pride for all the weak and downtrodden. In the audacity of his self-justification as of one who dares say I am that I am, in his boastful admission that it was always impossible

for him to act contrary to his inclination, in his defiant cry against a Providence that caused him to be born among men yet made him of a different species from them, in all this itching to exhibit himself, he was the father of romanticism and of a morbid individualism that seeks to hide itself under the cloak of a collective ideal.

For in reality his double motive of self-love and sympathy was one thing, and not two. The full development of the notion of sympathy will be found in Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, where either independently or through the influence of Rousseau's *Discourse* morality is based systematically on that sense. Both the Scot and the Frenchman would perhaps admit that, to a certain extent, sympathy, as the faculty of putting one's self in the place of another, is a phase of *amour-propre*, in so far as we are led thereby to convert the pain of others into fear for ourselves and the joy of others into hope for ourselves. But neither of them recognises the cognate truth that when the condition of others is conceived in a causal relation to ourselves this order is reversed. That is to say, if the pain or loss of another in any way contributes to our own advantage, we rejoice in it, even when the feeling of uneasiness remains more or less consciously present; and contrariwise with the joy or gain of another which effects

our own disadvantage. Thus a son must harbour some satisfaction in the death of a father whereby he comes into an estate; while at the same time he may feel a sorrow derived both from the severance of long ties and from the uneasy foreboding of his own future fate as brought home to him by the present example. It is because of this ambiguous character of sympathy that it can never take the place of discipline and justice in regulating the affairs of men; as it is at best an extension of self-love, so it is always, when interests clash, in peril of unmasking as downright selfishness. A little honest observation of the actual working of Rousseauism in modern society would confirm this opinion only too cruelly.[1]

It will have been remarked that one leading idea of the eighteenth century finds no place

[1] The place of egotism and sympathy in Rousseau's system and the general distinction between humanism and humanitarianism have been discussed fully and incisively in Irving Babbitt's *Literature and the American College* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1908). I take pleasure in recording my large indebtedness to that work.—Burke's remark is well-known: "We have had the great professor and founder of the philosophy of Vanity in England. . . . Benevolence to the whole species, and want of feeling for every individual with whom the professors come in contact, form the character of the new philosophy." The philosophy is no longer new, but its nature has not altered in this respect.

in Rousseau's system; the idea of progress he even repudiated. Yet, by a paradox, the believers in progress have found in him weapons ready-forged to their hands; for that doctrine, it is clear, derives its strength from a trust in the essential and natural rightness of human instincts, which need only freedom to develop into right institutions. In practice, however, this faith in evolution has assumed seemingly diverse forms as it has attached itself to the principle of self-love or sympathy. On the one hand we have the unabashed acceptance of egotism as worked out in the philosophy of Nietzsche, and as shown in the unconscious acts of the dominant controllers of the material world. Nietzsche's theory is beautifully simple. Society as he sees it now existent is a conspiracy against the individual. The religious creeds, with their preaching of sympathy and renunciation, the curbing laws of the State, are merely an organised hypocrisy by which the few strong are held in subjection to the many weak. In time the Will to Power (*der Wille zur Macht*) will become conscious and assert itself; then the instincts of the strong will break from pusillanimous control, and we shall have an harmonious civilisation in which the few, following their unhampered desires, will rise on the labours of the submissive many, as now man makes use of a beast of burden. On the other side stands the

whole group of theories known as Socialism. To Marx and his followers mankind is divided between the great mass of workers and the few capitalists who by the iron law of wages exploit them ruthlessly. Such a condition is the result of economic evolution; it will be cured when the workers, through the growth of class-consciousness, learn their sovereign power, and take full possession of the sources of production and wealth. Competition and all its consequent suffering will thus cease when the people are welded into a unit by sympathy. The workers are in the solidarity of their interests a kind of individual oppressed and corrupted by the privileged class who represent the traditional institutions of the State.

It might seem fanciful to derive systems so contrary in tendency from the same origin, yet both are alike in that they regard the evils of civilisation as caused by that dualism of the individual and society, which was imposed upon the world as a new religion by one who sought in this way to escape the burden of personal responsibility. Both look to relief in the solution of that antinomy through the application of natural science to human affairs and through the resulting free development of man's natural instincts, one in the direction of egotism, the other of sympathy. Nor is this difference of direction so real as may appear. It is like a

bad jest to suppose that under the Nietzschean régime, when the liberated superman has thrown off all sense of responsibility and self-control, the masses would not be driven by unity of interests to combine for retaliation. To many it will seem an equally bad jest to pretend that a social sympathy based avowedly on class hatred would not, if relieved from the constraint of that opposition, fly into an anarchy of egotisms. One wonders curiously, or sadly sometimes, that the preachers who abdicate the fear of God for humanitarianism, and the teachers who surrender the higher discipline for subservience to individual choice, do not see, or, seeing, do not dread, the goal toward which they are facing.

SOCRATES[1]

In the end the one importunate question remains: How do we ourselves stand in regard to these revolutions of faith? Religious creeds, like other human things, come and go; they have their periods of growth, of waning, of momentary rehabilitation, and then their reluctant disappearance. It is not rash to say that the creed so long cherished by the western world has followed this inevitable course, and that the Church even now retains but a shadow of its former authority. Only a bookish dreamer will hug the delusion of supposing that the effort of modern German theology to treat Christianity as a beautiful emotion deprived of exact dogma can have any prevalence among the people at large; as a branch of romantic idealism it is doomed to evaporate in misty words. A reverent mind, touched with the pathos of the past, will not speak lightly of this dying institution. He has seen the glory of its age,—the comfort it has bestowed upon many troubled

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hearts, the strength it has imparted to the weak, the terror it has imposed upon the vicious; he has felt the exaltation of its imaginative symbolism, he knows how much of purest faith has been nourished by its doctrine, he has perhaps looked regretfully with Matthew Arnold and Clough and those other unwilling doubters at the ebbing of the tide:

> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating, to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

All this he knows, but he knows, too, that we cannot hold confidently to the belief in a personal God as anything more than a projection of man's own soul into the void. The sting of that personification was drawn with the defeat of Augustine's doctrine of infinite righteousness set over against finite sinfulness; Pelagianism sank into deism, and deism, having no root in the reality of evil and the conscious dualism of the heart, has become more and more a toy of the poets and a bubble of the metaphysicians.

That sense of dualism, and with it the driving force of religion, passed into Rousseau's contrast of the natural man and society. Humanitarianism also has had its consolations and restraining powers, and possibly its portion of

good may abide with us when its false assumptions have been exploded. But already we are beginning to see that its externalising of evil from the individual contains threats of social disintegration more alarming than the Christian deification of righteousness, and that its shirking of responsibility is a more insidious danger than Augustine's blank repression of human nature. A prudent man will not prophesy. He may feel safe in predicting that humanitarianism will accomplish its measure of benefit and injury, and then pass away—rapidly, he will think, by reason of its flagrant falsehood and inadequacy; but what will take its place? Some new expression, no doubt, of that inherent sense of self-division which man can satisfy only by the delusion of ever-changing myths and philosophies; but what its form shall be, the years alone can reveal.

It is true that little comfort is gained from reading the record of man's life at large. Now, as always, the demand of religion is the old law of Aristotle, "so far as may be to put on immortality" (ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανατίζειν), to turn from considering what is ephemeral in our nature to what is eternal; and in its deeper aspect the lesson of history is nothing else but the recurring effort of society, through strange paths and blind gropings, to realise this law. Yet still, after these thousands of years, the

form of social religion shifts from one fantastic myth or philosophy to another, while the individual men live, as they have always lived, absorbed for the most part in the interests of the hour. It might be the counsel of wisdom to accept the situation and seek for happiness, where the world says it can be found, in the common activities of the people, in the striving for daily success and the satisfaction of duties fulfilled, in the triumphs over natural forces; silencing the heart with the assertion that the counter instinct of mankind, which revolts from religion as from a principle destructive of normal life, is both necessary and wholesome. It might be wisdom, but to one in whom faith has dawned, it is simply not possible. He has seen the treachery that hides under the smiling face of the world's peace; he knows the *tædium vitæ* that like a sullen master drives the world in its unresting, headlong course; he has caught glimpses of the frenzy of disillusion that threatens to devastate the world's heart at the first moment of repose. Yes, to one whose eye has opened, though it be for a moment only, upon the vision of an indefectible peace, there is henceforth no compulsion that can make him rest satisfied in passing pleasures; the end of desire has devoured its beginning, and he is driven by a power greater than the hope of any reward "to fast from this earth." He may, indeed he

must, pursue ephemeral things, but he shall not know his content in them.

In his feeling of isolation such an one cannot seek courage in the evolution of religion, for here there is the same baffling apparition of change and decay. His consolation is in a humbler view. Contracting his gaze from the wide fluctuations of time, let him look steadfastly upon the few great spirits who have climbed to their own refuge of faith, whose example is fixed in the past where no alteration can reach, whose voices, if he listen, will speak to him with a power of conviction which no confusion of popular tongues shall overwhelm or distort. He might go to the sages of India, to Yâjnavalkya or another of those forest philosophers, but their forms are too shadowy, and there is in their doctrine I know not what of austere and remote which repels the pupil of the western world. And after all, though they could see the irrational bond between works and faith, yet their failure to admit any compromise with the sphere of desires hardened religion finally into a rigid impossibility. He might turn rather to the real Jesus, but here again the image of the Saviour is involved completely in the historic error of Christianity—if there is not in that feminine gospel of love for God and man, even in its original purity, an inherent illusion which cannot be severed from its body

of truth. I can speak only of what I know, and for me, as one deceptive hope after another has fallen away, I go back to the life of Socrates and the reasoning of Plato and am never deceived. I am assured that they were seeking what I seek, and that they attained what hardly and with their borrowed strength I may at last attain.

Fortunately, though few of the events of Socrates' life are known, yet thanks to the literary skill of two of his disciples we are perhaps better acquainted with his appearance and character and general habits than with those of any other man of ancient Greece. We feel a certain intimacy with him as with Boswell's Dr. Johnson. There are innumerable references to Socrates in later classical writers, but our trustworthy information regarding him is pretty well confined to the works of his two followers, Xenophon and Plato. The former, besides several minor works devoted to the master, has left us four books of *Memoirs*, written with the ostensible purpose of defending his memory against the calumnious charges that caused his death. Now Xenophon was a most amiable gentleman and an admirable writer, but with the least possible tincture of philosophy or moral enthusiasm in his soul; and it is generally admitted that his *Memoirs* of Socrates, while

presenting a faithful picture of the master's daily life, quite fail to grasp its higher and more universal meaning. The Socrates of Xenophon could never have produced such a permanent revolution in thought as is connected with the great Athenian's name. But by favour of the generous fate that seemed to rule over Greek letters, Socrates, the greatest man of antiquity, had as disciple the wisest philosopher and the most consummate master of prose writing the ancient—and we might add the modern—world has known. The Socrates who is still the inspiration of the best and noblest thought of to-day is not the simple Socrates who died in the jail of Athens, but a very complicated character that has passed through the alembic of Plato's brain; so that to us "Socratic" and "Platonic" mean generally the same thing, and it is a task of the utmost delicacy to separate the original teacher from the creation of the disciple's fancy. Yet Plato was far from traducing the doctrine of his master; his service was rather to expand and develop. And if sometimes in the wide-sweeping logic and gorgeous symbolism of the younger philosopher the simplicity of the older seems quite obscured or even travestied, yet a little closer attention will discover the old Socratic teaching unchanged. The philosophy of ideas, and reminiscence, and all that we deem most distinctly Platonic, is but

a development and not a negation of the lesson learned from Socrates' *self-knowledge*. As regards the master's personal appearance and manner of life, however, there is no such problem to give us pause. In these matters Plato and Xenophon agree so perfectly that we cannot doubt the veracity of the portraiture.

In the deme of Alopece, lying just outside of Athens between Mount Lycabettus and the Ilissus, Socrates was born in the year 469 B.C. His father Sophroniscus was a sculptor, and there is a persistent tradition that the son in after years followed the same profession. He is said even to have won considerable repute as a maker of statues; and in the time of the traveller Pausanias two *Charites* standing at the entrance to the Acropolis were pointed out as his handiwork. But the later life of the philosopher might seem to corroborate the story that he quite despised and neglected the workshop, though we need not suppose that, as the story further adds, he gave himself up to idle courses. His mother Phænerete, for whom Socrates seems to have entertained great respect, was a midwife; and, if we may believe Plato, the philosopher was fond of alluding to the fact and declaring that he inherited the profession, his office being to assist young men in bringing to the light the generous thoughts that lay dormant within them.

The writers of antiquity were zealous collectors of anecdotes and witty sayings; their memory for these was inexhaustible, and in general we may accept with some confidence the shrewd words they report of their great men. But on the other hand, they were less careful about the events of a man's life, and were ready in this respect to credit the wildest rumours and myths. In especial the childhood and death of famous men were soon enveloped in a halo of legends, and Socrates naturally was not exempt from this canonisation. So, for instance, Plutarch tells us how at the child's birth his father inquired of the Delphian oracle about his rearing, and was admonished in reply "to suffer the lad to do whatever entered his mind, and to use no coercion. Neither should he attempt to divert the boy from his native impulses but should offer prayers in his behalf to Zeus Agoræus and the Muses, and have no further concern, for Socrates had in his own breast a surer guide than any number of masters and pedagogues." Plutarch in his reverence has repeated an idle legend which grew out of Socrates' dæmon, or inner guide, and his connection with the oracle later in life.

It was also very common in antiquity to indicate the intellectual relationship of noted men by associating them as teacher and pupil, often in despite of the most incongruous an-

achronism. So, if we could believe later stories, Socrates was the pupil of a great many famous philosophers, musicians, rhetoricians, and men of science, some of whom he could never have seen. In the *Apology* Socrates says that he received the regular education appointed by the Athenian laws, and this we may accept as authentic. With the other boys of his age he went to teachers who instructed him in music and gymnastics,—a very simple education, although the term "music" included a pretty thorough study of the poets.

But doubtless the young man's real education was what he himself picked up in his intercourse with the citizens of Athens and with the innumerable strangers who flocked thither. At that time Athens was at the height of her military glory, and had become the intellectual centre of Hellas, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence," as Milton calls her. All the currents of thought of that eager questioning world met there, and already the Athenians showed that curiosity which in their decay led St. Luke to say of them that they "spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." We have trustworthy evidence that the young Socrates talked with Parmenides, when the aged philosopher of Elea was visiting Athens; he met and argued with Protagoras, the renowned sophist, and we may

be sure he let no famous stranger pass through the city without seeking to discover what secret wisdom the newcomer might possess. For this search after wisdom was Socrates' mission in life, and in his earlier years no doubt he approached each new man renowned in the Greek world for wisdom with modesty and with a hungering desire to learn. But as man after man disappointed him, as he found empty pretence taking the place of real knowledge, and the idle use of words passing for true understanding, and shallow cleverness claiming the praise of genuine insight, gradually the attitude and manner of this strange inquisitor took on a change. Instead of seeking for wisdom in others, he began systematically and imperturbably to expose their folly, teaching them that the understanding of their own ignorance was the first step toward the knowledge whose possession they already vaunted so loudly.

This change in Socrates' manner took place apparently when he was about thirty years old,—the age at which great reformers are wont, it seems, to begin their labours,—and from that time to his death he must have been one of the marked characters in that city of notable men. This terrible debater of the market-place, this "Æsop of the mob," as Emerson calls him, with his great bald head and monstrous face, barefooted, and wearing but one robe, the same

in summer and winter, was the strangest and most invincible talker the world ever has known, the more formidable because his insatiable curiosity led the unwary into making rash statements, while his unabashed assumption of ignorance gave no opportunity for retort. Ignorant false pretenders to wisdom he bullied and mauled outrageously; the honest he left oftenest with a doubt still unsettled, but always a doubt that pointed the way to a higher truth; the young, with whom he especially loved to converse, he treated with a kind of fatherly tenderness, often very quaint and genial.

Xenophon's *Memoirs* are a collection of brief conversations between Socrates and various persons of the city, and give us an admirably clear picture of the man. "He was always in public view," writes Xenophon; "in the morning he went to the arcades and gymnasiums, when the market-place filled he was to be seen there, and the rest of the day you might find him wherever the most people were congregated." At one time we hear him talking with Aristodemus, "the little," pointing out to this great scoffer of the gods the beauty and design of the world, and proving thereby the intelligence of the divine government; at another time we hear him debating with the shrewd Aristippus, who was afterwards to be the author of the philosophy of pleasure and *laissez-faire*, per-

suading that skeptic to sacrifice his ease and enter public life; we hear him encouraging the younger Pericles, son of the famous statesman, to attempt the restoration of Athens to her former glory and power; we see his cunning management of Glauco, a mere boy, whom none of his friends could restrain from speaking before the people, although he won only laughter and had even been disgracefully dragged from the bema. This odd genius, whom the young men followed in crowds, was fond of discoursing about friendship; he prided himself on his skill in bringing together men who would be of mutual help to each other, and more than one of his reported conversations turns on this question. He was a persistent advocate of submission to the laws and of obedience to authority; and we have a curious dialogue between him and his son Lamprocles, who, apparently with some reason, revolted against the intolerable temper of Xanthippe, more intolerable than that of a wild beast, as the son declared. At another time Socrates visits the studio of Parrhasius, who by the testimony of Pliny first developed the art of composition in painting and gave animation to the countenance; and it is curious to find Socrates talking with him on this very subject, convincing him that the qualities of the soul as well as mere physical beauty can be portrayed in forms and colours.

No doubt the adversaries of Socrates often tried to retaliate on him and bring him to confusion, but they reckoned without their man. Hippias, the famous master of rhetoric, most eloquent and learned, who is ready to answer any man's question, who will talk to you on astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, language, rhythms, melodies, genealogies, antiquities, virtue, who boasts that he can make his own clothes and shoes, a universal genius and a florid orator withal,—this fine sophist exclaims in disgust, "Really, Socrates, you are saying the same things I have heard from you over and over again!" "And what is worse," replies Socrates, "I am not only forever repeating the same words, but always about the same subjects too; but your learning is so manifold, that doubtless you never say the same thing twice about the same matter."

Socrates' connection with women is not the least interesting phase of his life. A good deal of mystery hangs about his marriage. It is known that he was married twice, to the ill-famed Xanthippe and to Myrto; but which was his first wife cannot easily be decided; and indeed there were in later times idle rumours that he was the husband of both at the same time. The bad temper of Xanthippe was proverbial in antiquity. The stories told about her were often as absurd as they were enter-

taining. Socrates standing in a reverie, his wife scolding and finally throwing a pail of dirty water over him, and the philosopher's exasperating retort, "It generally rains after thunder,"—is one of the best known of these scandalous anecdotes. Perhaps the story related by Xenophon in the *Convivium* may be accepted with more credence. Socrates there gives a humorous reason for marrying Xanthippe: "I see," said he, "that those who wish to become skilful horsemen get the most spirited horses rather than the gentlest; for they suppose that if they can bridle these, they will be able to deal with any horse. So I, wishing to mingle among men and deal with them, have taken this woman, knowing well that if I can endure her, I can easily get along with any man at all."

Several times Socrates is reported as mentioning Aspasia, and we may well believe that he took pleasure in talking with this woman, who, besides her personal charms, was clear-headed enough to advise Pericles in statesmanship. In one place he alludes to her as wise in household affairs, and in another as having instructed him in the art of joining together friends. There is, too, in the *Memoirs*, an interesting chapter relating to one Theodote, a woman famous in Athens for her inexpressible beauty, and much sought after by artists as a model. Socrates, one day, is carried by an acquaintance

to a studio where she is posing, and, as always, the philosopher starts a discussion: "Friends," said he, "ought we rather to be thankful to Theodote for permitting us this vision of her beauty, or she to us because we look at her?" It must have been a rare treat to hear this humorous inquisitor discussing such a question with the fairest woman of Athens. Theodote, like every one else, we are told, was charmed by his words, and begged for his friendship: "Come to me when you wish," replies the nonchalant sage; "I will receive you, if there is no dearer friend within."

The strangest, most enigmatical woman with whom Socrates' name is associated is a certain Diotima, a wise prophetess of Mantineia, who is said to have deferred the plague at Athens ten years by a sacrifice. In the *Symposium* of Plato the guests one after another pronounce an encomium on Love; but when it comes Socrates' turn, he as usual declares his complete ignorance of the matter, and can only repeat what he once heard from this learned Diotima. The dialogue which he then relates as having occurred between him and the Mantineian prophetess develops at length the peculiar theory of love which to this day is called Platonic, and which is so beautifully treated by Emerson in his essay on that subject. The conversation, no doubt, is a pure invention of

Plato's; yet the elements of the Platonic love are seen clearly in Socrates' actual relationship with men and women, and this half-mystic passion has had much to do with raising the doctrine and example of Socrates from the region of mere philosophy into that of a religion, one might say, which has broadened and deepened the spiritual life of the world. But the words of Diotima have further interest in throwing light on an ambiguous phase of Socrates' inner life. Love, she says, is neither mortal nor immortal, but something intermediate between the two, a great spirit or *dæmon*. Now it is well known that Socrates believed he was guided all through life by some inner voice, some peculiar dæmonic influence; and from that day to this men have not ceased trying to explain the nature of this mystery. In the earliest Greek, in Homer first of all, the dæmons or dæmonic powers are scarcely distinguishable from the gods, and indeed there and very commonly in later authors the two terms are interchangeable. But from the beginning there was a tendency to speak of the dæmonic powers more vaguely, to personify them less clearly than the gods. Apart from the pantheon of deities who were worshipped under special names and with more or less clearly defined cults, the Greeks felt in the world about them the influence of more obscure agencies, which

in the course of time became distinguished from the divine as dæmonic. So a man whose actions appeared unaccountable was said to be under dæmonic influence or possession. And as such lack of self-government was deprecated by the Greeks, these dæmonic powers in the end came to have a sinister character, and by the Christians were regarded as equivalent to devils; and in this sense the word lingers in modern languages. But this sinister meaning, though perhaps lurking in the word from remote antiquity, was very far from universal in the times of Socrates and Plato. The dæmonic powers were to Plato intermediate between the gods and men; from the former they brought down to man the blessings of heaven, and from man they carried petitions and prayers of thanksgiving to the gods. They were the medium by which the divine part of man, locked in its earthly prison, communicated with the outer spiritual world; and in some such sense as this is to be understood the dæmon of Socrates.

This guide, which came to him in his early youth, manifested itself by dreams and visions and as it were by an inner voice. If we may credit Xenophon, it admonished him to do this and to forego that, but according to the more precise and probably truer account of Plato, it came only as a negative warning against

wrong-doing and misfortune. It was nothing akin to what would have been called in the Middle Ages a familiar or a guardian angel, for it came to Socrates without distinct personality. It was not hallucination, for the paradox is beyond credence which would find such signs of disorganisation in one pre-eminent above all for sanity of mind and body. It was not conscience, as some have interpreted, for it was prophetic rather than retrospective, and contained nothing of the character of remorse. It might rather be likened to the half-heard voice of warning and inspiration, the *bath-kol*, or daughter of a voice, as Maimonides quaintly calls it, which came as a guide to the prophets of old.

There is a passage in the *Memoirs* which may throw some light on this obscure subject. Socrates is talking with Euthydemus and expatiating on the kindness of the gods, who have given us faculties of perception, and above these reason to guide us, and, where reason fails, the oracles to warn us of the future. "'To you, Socrates,' says Euthydemus, 'the gods seem to be even more friendly than to other men; you need not ask them, yet they point out to you what to do and what not.' 'And that they are ready to favour all men in this way,' replies Socrates, 'you yourself will know, if you do not wait to behold the visible forms of the deities,

but are content seeing their works to worship these, and thus do honour to the gods themselves.'" Socrates would seem to say that this revelation, so peculiar to himself, was yet open to all men who like him could live in perfect harmony with the world and in blameless faith. As the birds and beasts of the forest by some subtle sympathy foretell the changes of weather and the revolution of the seasons, and as men whose lives are passed in contact with nature acquire marvellous faculties of perception, so also Socrates, by the perfect balance of his powers and by the inner harmony of his life, would seem in some extraordinary way to have been in sympathy with the laws of the moral world. This bond of sympathy was very properly likened to those mediating dæmonic agencies whose description Plato puts in the mouth of the prophetess Diotima, and among whom was Love, for the Platonic love is very close to that sympathy which grows ever deeper and wider with widening knowledge.

Besides the dæmonic signs Socrates had, as he thought, a direct command from the gods to prosecute his mission of inquiry. The story of the oracular response, proclaiming Socrates the wisest of men, and of its influence on his life, is related in the *Apology*, and need not be repeated here. He himself connected this Delphic utterance with the famous command,

Know thyself, which was inscribed, as it were a salutation of the god, over the entrance to the shrine at Delphi; and although with his customary irony he would turn this understanding of himself into a confession of ignorance, yet in truth his peculiar interpretation of the ancient saying was the keynote to all that he taught, positive as well as negative, and from it his mission received what he recognised as a divine sanction.

So it was that to accomplish his end he felt justified in surrendering all that the world usually holds precious, and in avoiding what to most men seemed then the first duties of a citizen. He was sent to rouse the Athenians to a higher life, and to Athens he clung more persistently than the very maimed and halt. Scarcely was he to be found outside of the city walls, for, as he said, he was a lover of knowledge and he could learn from the men of the city, but not from fields and trees. And as for travelling, he had never except once gone a pleasure journey. His private affairs were so neglected that his poverty was notorious; and he even refrained from public business, fearing lest he should lose life prematurely in the turmoil of the times. It was an old saying in Greece that it was better to take sides with even the worst faction than with no party at all; and how shall we excuse Socrates for stand-

ing apart when the voice and arm of every good man was needed to save the constitution, nay, even the very existence of the State? We can only take him at his word. He felt no power within him to govern; he believed he had a great work to fulfil with individual men, and so deliberately kept aloof from public affairs, knowing he was too honest a man to enter that arena and save his life; and the reckless executions in Athens fully justified his precaution. Yet when political duties devolved on him unsought, he never shirked, and courageously opposed both the fury of the people and the despotism of the Thirty. As a soldier he served through two campaigns, and on both occasions gave signal proof of his fortitude and bravery. In the *Symposium* of Plato we have a most graphic picture of him as a soldier, given by his young admirer Alcibiades, and it may be well to quote Shelley's translation of this famous passage:

> At one time we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside, in endurance of toils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed; and what is most astonish-

ing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid), he sustained calmly incredible hardships: and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapt themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice; more easily, indeed, than those who had sandalled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. . . .

But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium, was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion; for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies; so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companion thus departed in safety; for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed,

whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

By the side of this account of the soldier may be placed the companion picture of the philosopher, found in the same dialogue and spoken by the same person. It sets forth clearly the double nature of the man. Without he might be likened to the rude figures of Silenus, the grotesque companion of Bacchus, which were fashioned by the artificers as caskets to hold within precious images of the gods in gold and silver. The translation is again Shelley's:

I will begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you that it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptors' shops, and which are carved holding flutes or pipes, but which, when divided into two are found to contain withinside the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper and far more wonderful a one than he? .... You differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another,

though ever so rude and unskilful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our minds. . . .

At first I forgot to make you observe how like his discourses are to those Satyrs when they are opened, for, if any one will listen to the talk of Socrates, it will appear to him at first extremely ridiculous; the phrases and expressions which he employs, fold around his exterior the skin, as it were, of a rude and wanton Satyr. He is always talking about great market-asses, and brass-founders, and leather-cutters, and skin-dressers; and this is his perpetual custom, so that any dull and unobservant person might easily laugh at his discourse. But if any one should see it opened, as it were, and get within the sense of his words, he would then find that they alone of all that enters into the mind of man to utter, had a profound and persuasive meaning, and that they were most divine; and that they presented to the mind innumerable images of every excellence, and that they tended towards objects of the highest moment, or rather towards all, that he who seeks the possession of what is supremely beautiful and good, need regard as essential to the accomplishment of his ambition.

It is not hard to understand how this curious compound, this "rare coincidence, in one ugly body, of the droll and the martyr, the keen street and market debater with the sweetest saint known to any history at that time," with his gross physical passions and sublime self-control, as if now and here the extreme dualism of human nature had become incarnate

and was walking about the ways of Athens,—it is not hard to understand how he was able to fascinate the inquisitive and the more serious of the Greek youth. But Socrates, dearly as he loved his native city, belonged not to a city or country, but to the world. This wider influence is due in part to the genius of his great disciple Plato, who developed the teaching of the master into a splendid body of philosophy,—but not entirely, nor is writing the only means by which a man's influence may lay hold of posterity. Socrates wrote nothing, and he cannot be said to have founded a philosophical system; he made little or no use of metaphysical language, and indeed one may say that philosophy ceases to be vital just in proportion as it involves itself in technical terms. But Socrates gave the impulse to a new way of approaching the perennial questions that interest and trouble man's soul. By his life and death he gave to doubting men renewed assurance that virtue is the only real happiness, more to be desired than riches or honour or power or life itself, and that there is a lamp of truth to guide us in virtue's path.

The Greeks themselves saw the beginning of their philosophy, as they found the origin of everything else, in Homer, whom Plato half sportively calls the first of those philosophers who made continual flux and change the law of life. For us Greek philosophy begins about

the year 600 B.C., when Thales of Miletus attempted to account for the origin of things without the intervention of mythology. Thales saw in water the source of the world and of the gods themselves; and after him followed a succession of philosophers who tried in various ways to explain the physical universe, making no distinction, according to Aristotle, between matter and the moving or governing force. Anaxagoras first introduced the conception of mind as a guiding principle apart from matter; and Socrates in all probability knew Anaxagoras in Athens, and may even have been his pupil in some indefinite way. We are told in the *Phædo* that Socrates as a young man was enthusiastic over this sort of natural philosophy, and thought it a prodigious thing to know the causes of creation and dissolution. Baffled, however, in his efforts to acquire such knowledge, he was at last directed to the books of Anaxagoras, and here he thought he had found in the new doctrine of "mind" the wisdom he had so long sought. But once again he was deceived, for Anaxagoras was still in bondage to physical causes and made no satisfactory use of his boasted theory of "the mind," so that Socrates in disgust turned away from these philosophers altogether and declared the utter futility of natural science.

And after all, why should any one pry into the

heavens above and into the earth beneath when he is still ignorant of himself and his own soul? This was the great revolution brought about by Socrates: he taught men to look into themselves, for through self-knowledge lay the only path to truth and virtue and happiness; and these three are one. Justice, temperance, courage, —all the virtues are but different manifestations of the one comprehensive virtue which is wisdom or self-knowledge. The reasoning of Socrates is quite simple: every man aims to do what he thinks best for himself, and if he does what injures himself, it must be through ignorance; virtue is the knowledge of what is truly best, what is best for the real self. Socrates takes no account of the estrangement of the will and the understanding, of that morbid state which led Ovid to cry out: "I see the better things and approve, I follow the worse." He had indeed never dissected the soul into these divergent faculties; and in Greece until his time the harmony of man's nature scarcely permitted such an analysis. The separation, first carefully noted by Plato, came with this very self-consciousness which was introduced into Greek life by Socrates more than by any other. If to us, with our larger experience, so simple a view of human nature may seem superficial, we must yet remember that to-day the great struggle for each man is to restore himself to

just that state of health wherein the will and the understanding are in harmonious equilibrium.

But Socrates was not alone in bringing philosophy down from the skies to the human heart. About this time there sprang up that remarkable class of teachers called sophists, who travelled from city to city, lecturing on every kind of subject, and especially teaching men the art of rhetoric. They were not a philosophical sect, and had as a body no special doctrine to proclaim; but they all, without offering any sure guide in exchange, influenced their hearers to question the old traditional notions of right and wrong; whereas Socrates in his pursuit of self-knowledge sought to discover within himself the origin of those "unwritten laws" which are the source of universal virtue, the same in all men, the bond connecting mankind and the gods. The sophists, instructing men in the art of practical debate, would teach them how "to make the worse appear the better cause," not in the interests of vice, to be sure, but simply holding truth as a light or impossible thing; Socrates believed the only occupation worthy of a free man was the earnest discussion of truth and virtue among friends.

It is one of the curious acts of an ironical Fate that Protagoras and his fellows were for many years loaded with honours in Athens and

throughout Greece, whereas Socrates was ridiculed on the stage and finally suffered death for that very dangerous side of sophistical teaching which he sought to counteract. The *Clouds* of Aristophanes is a drolly conceived caricature, which represents Socrates as everything which he really was not. He is there set forth as a master of a school called the *phrontisterion*, or thinking-shop, himself a pale, woebegone student and his scholars only worse. When first seen he is swinging aloft in a basket, the better to observe the sun; and in place of Zeus he has set up a new god by the name of *Vortex*. The whole play is as comical as it is scathing, yet tradition states that during the performance Socrates, with his accustomed imperturbability, arose in his place that the audience might compare his own grotesque face with the mask of the actor personating him on the stage.

The play alone might pass as a harmless satire, but it signified only too well the growing discontent with Socrates in the city. The causes of the popular feeling against him are set forth in the *Apology*, and need not be repeated. One of the causes, however, may have been more important than Plato's passing notice of it might lead us to suppose. Critias and Alcibiades and others of the aristocratical party, now justly odious to the people, had in their youth been

followers of Socrates, and despite his precaution in avoiding public affairs, politics may thus have entered into his final ruin. In the year 399 B.C. he was arraigned before one of the courts on a charge of impiety, and was condemned. His death came at the turning-point of Greek history; and from that time on we have to trace the gradual decline of the strength and beauty of that old life, and to follow the development of the spirit which was to give birth to the modern world. The heroic struggle of Socrates with the Athenian people may be regarded as typical of the long contest that was to follow. The harmony of Greek life was broken, by the accession of self-consciousness, into two divergent currents: the nation as a body pursued the easy path of sophistry into an ever deeper and deeper degradation of moral indifference; a few men, handing on the new ideal of the master and developing its latent philosophy, prepared the way for the more efficient and in some respects antagonistic revelation of Christianity, and for the Platonism that has united in one family all the spiritually minded inquirers of the ages. Yet we must never forget that the teaching of the Athenian sage still in its simplest form persists through all its later developments, and still is one of the powers working for truth and righteousness in the world.

The *Apology* and *Crito*, with the closing scene of the *Phædo*, form a little group apart from the other dialogues of Plato. Here for a while the philosopher lays aside his speculations and presents us with a simple and noble picture of his master's last days. These scenes have been translated many times, and, like all works of great and baffling excellence, will forever tempt new hands. In the translation of the *Apology* which here follows, I have aimed at simple faithfulness to the original.

THE APOLOGY[1]

[The Apology, or as we should say now defence, of Socrates consists of three distinct parts,—the apology proper, his speech on the penalty to be imposed, and his farewell. He was tried before one of the regular courts composed of five hundred citizens who were chosen by lot, and whom we commonly call judges, though their function was rather that of a jury. The court was presided over by the Archon basileus, before whom cases of impiety regularly came. In criminal trials the State was not a party, but some citizen, usually one personally concerned, acted as plaintiff. In this case the plaintiff is a certain Meletus, a young man apparently of no special standing, who is assisted by the older and more influential Anytus and Lycon. There were no regular lawyers to plead in the Athenian courts, but plaintiff and defendant were obliged to speak for themselves. Plato was present at the trial, but whether he reports the speech of Socrates with any accuracy, or substitutes a rhetorical exercise of his own, is a question of great interest not easy to decide. Most critics believe that, while the words are Plato's, the Apology is in substance the actual speech of Socrates. Certainly we have here a noble and faithful picture of the master's life.]

How you have felt, men of Athens, while my

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accusers were speaking, I cannot tell; as for myself, I almost forgot who I was, so persuasive were their words, although, if I may say it, not a single word they spoke was true. But of all their falsehoods this one amazed me most, that they should dare to bid you be on your guard against me and not be deceived by my skilful pleading; for they must have known that their falsehood would be exposed the moment I opened my mouth and showed myself the owner of no such skill at all. Really this must have been mere wanton insolence on their part, unless indeed they call a man eloquent who simply speaks the truth. If that is their meaning, I might confess myself an orator—only not after the manner of these men, for in their words there was no truth at all, whereas in mine you shall hear the truth and the whole truth. Do not then expect from me, Athenians, an elaborate oration like theirs, decked out and daintily adorned with fine phrases—God forbid. You shall hear whatever language comes uppermost, for I trust that what I am going to say is right and just, and that is sufficient; let no one expect anything else. Neither would it be seemly at my time of life to come before you with cunningly prepared phrases like a young man. But this one thing above all I ask and beg of you, men of Athens: if you hear me defending myself with the same sort of

words I have always used about the money-changers' tables in the market-place, where many of you have heard me talk, or anywhere else, do not be surprised at this and do not interrupt me. The simple fact is, this is the first time I have ever appeared in a law-court, although I am now seventy years old; and consequently I am a complete stranger to the language of the place. You would readily have patience with me if I were really a foreigner and spoke after the language and fashion of the land where I grew up; and now in the same way I may claim the privilege, I think, of asking you to overlook my manner of speech—it might be better and it might be worse—and to mark this and fix your minds on this question alone, whether what I say is justified by the facts or not. For this is the judge's office, as the orator's is to speak the truth.

In the first place, then, it behooves me, men of Athens, to answer first the old lying charges against me and my earlier accusers, and after that these later ones. For I have had many accusers before you now these many years, whose slanders have gained strength with age, and whom I fear more than Anytus and his accomplices, although these, too, may well fill me with alarm. But those are the more dangerous who began to instil their slanders into your ears when you were children, and

taught you that there is one Socrates, a philosopher, who speculates about the heavens above and pries into the earth beneath, and makes the worse appear the better cause. These men, Athenians, who have scattered abroad rumours like this, are my serious accusers. Their hearers are only too quick to fancy that all speculators of the kind are natural atheists. Besides that, these accusers are many and their charges are of long standing: they began with you in childhood, or in youth, perhaps, when the mind is quick to believe; and the case went against me by default, there being none to answer. And, strangest of all, it is impossible to know even their names and tell you who they are—unless it be perhaps some comic poet. And how shall I deal with those who have won your ears through sheer envy and malignity, and with those, too, who first honestly convinced themselves and then persuaded others? I cannot summon any one of them here before you and confute him, but I must make my defence as a man fights with shadows, and question when there is none to answer.—Well, as I was saying, you are to understand that I have two sets of accusers,—those who have brought the present indictment against me, and others of older date whom I have just mentioned. You will understand also why I turn to these ancient accusers first,

since you heard their charges first and much oftener, too, than the recent charges. Very well, gentlemen, you shall hear my apology. In this brief time allotted[1] me I must endeavour to overcome your long-standing prejudices. Gladly would I prosper in my attempt and come out well from my defence, if it were better for you and for me. The task is not easy, nay, I know too well how hard it is; yet be the issue as God wills, it is mine to obey the law and render my apology.

Let us go back to the beginning and see from what accusation arose the calumnies which now embolden Meletus to bring forward his indictment. How have these backbiters been slandering me? Let us read their affidavit as if they accused me legally: "Socrates is an evil-doer and a busybody who investigates what is beneath the earth and above in the heavens, who makes the worse appear the better cause, and imparts these notions to others."—Such is the accusation; and you yourselves have seen in the comedy of Aristophanes how one Socrates is exhibited swung about in a basket, declaring that he treads the air and uttering a deal of nonsense regarding things of which I have no knowledge at all. I do not mean to speak in contempt of such knowledge, if there be any one

[1] Each speaker was allotted a certain time by the clepsydra, or water-clock.

really wise in these matters—may no Meletus, I pray, bring such a charge against me—I merely say, Athenians, that I myself have nothing to do with them. Most of you who are present here will confirm me in this: many of you are familiar with my mode of talking, and I may call on you to testify for me to your neighbours; tell them now whether any one of you ever heard me say anything whatsoever, in few words or many, about these matters. From this you may assume that the other stories current about me are of the same fabrication.

And furthermore, if you have heard any one assert that I undertake to give instruction and demand fees, this is equally false. Yet I am ready to admit such a course would be perfectly honourable if one were really able to give instruction,—like Gorgias of Leontini, for instance, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis, each of whom travels about from city to city and cunningly persuades the young men to leave their fellow townsmen whose instruction they might have quite freely and without price, and to follow after the new master at considerable cost and with gratitude besides. There is another of these philosophers, a Parian, who, I understand, is in the city at this moment. I heard of him from a man who has probably spent more money on these sophists than anybody else in the world,—I mean Callias, the son

of Hipponicus. Happening to fall in with him one day, I began to question him about his two sons: "Callias," said I, "if your two boys were only foals or calves, we should know well enough where to hire a master who would train them so as to bring out their best qualities; some horse-breeder or farmer would serve our purpose. But now, seeing they are men, what master have you in mind for them? Do you know any one who has made a science of bringing out the qualities necessary to a man and a citizen? No doubt you have looked into the matter on account of these sons of yours. Is there any such master?" "To be sure there is," he replied. "Who," said I, "and whence does he hail, and what is his fee?" "Evenus, the Parian, my Socrates; and he charges five minæ."[1] Happy Evenus, thought I to myself, if he in sooth possesses this art and teaches so reasonably. How I should plume myself, and how conceited I should be, if I had this wisdom. But alas, Athenians, I have it not.

Perhaps some one may retort: But, Socrates, what have you done then? Why have all these calumnies sprung up against you? For unless you had shown yourself a busybody in some way or other and had acted differently from other people, surely all this talk and rumour would never have got about. We do not wish to

[1] The mina was equivalent to about $18.

judge you unadvisedly; tell us the whole story.— Now this seems to me a fair request, and I will try to explain how I came by such an ill-omened name. Hear me out; I mean to tell the whole truth, though to some of you it will sound like a tale told in jest. The fact is, men of Athens, I got this name because of a sort of wisdom in me and for no other reason. What sort of wisdom, you ask? Well, it might be called strictly human wisdom, for really I may claim a share of that. These philosophers I mentioned just now possibly possess some wisdom of a higher sort, something superhuman—I hardly know how to name it, for I myself have no part in it, and whoever says I have lies and utters a slander. I beg you, Athenians, do not cry out if I appear to speak boastfully; the word I shall speak, however it sound, is not of me but of a greater, and he who uttered it is worthy of credence. Of this wisdom of mine, if so be I have any, and of its nature, I offer to you as witness the god who abides at Delphi. Chærephon you certainly know. He was my friend from youth up; he was a friend of the people, too, following you in the recent exile[1] and returning with you. You know the man, how eager he was in all his ventures. Well, Chærephon once took upon himself to go to Delphi

[1] In 404 B.C., when the oligarchy of the Thirty was in power.

and inquire of the oracle there—now I beseech you, Athenians, hear me quietly; he inquired of the oracle whether there was any one wiser than I, and the Pythian priestess declared there was none wiser. He himself is dead, but his brother is present to-day and will testify to these things.

Perhaps you may wonder why I relate this story: it is because I am going to show you how the calumnies rose against me. For when the oracle was brought to me, I began to ask myself, What does the god mean, and what is the reading of his riddle? Certainly so far as I know myself I am not conscious of being wise in any matter great or small. What, then, does he mean by calling me the wisest? At any rate he does not lie, for that were contrary to his nature.—So for a long while I was in doubt about the oracle, until at length I bethought me of the following method of testing it. I went straight to one of our reputed wise men, thinking that here, if anywhere, I should be able to refute the oracle and say to the god, Look you! this man is wiser than I, and yet you call me wisest. Well, I examined this man (never mind his name, but my first adventure was with one of our politicians) and conversed with him, and it soon became apparent that to many people and most of all to himself he seemed quite wise, whereas in truth he was not so at all. Thereupon I under-

took to show him how he was wise in opinion only and not in reality; but I only made myself a nuisance to him and to many of those about him. So I went away reflecting that at least I was wiser than this man. Neither of us apparently knows anything much worth while, but he in his ignorance thinks he knows, whereas I neither know nor think I know. Surely I may claim a little more of wisdom than he, in so far as I do not think I know what I do not know. After this I approached one whose character for wisdom was still higher, but with no different result; I only gained the ill will of him and a host of others.

So I went from one to another in succession, perceiving all the while that I was but making enemies, sorrowing and fearing, and yet compelled, as it were, to honour the god above all things and to prove his oracle by approaching all who were reputed to have any knowledge. And I swear by the dog,[1] men of Athens—for I must declare the truth—I swear that this was all my profit. Searching by command of the god, I found that those who had the greatest renown for wisdom were in general the most lacking of all, whereas others of no reputation were really the better and wiser men. But

[1] Socrates' favourite oath. Tradition says that Rhadamanthys forbade swearing by the gods, but permitted such a use of the names of animals.

let me narrate my wanderings in detail and the labours I endured, like a second Heracles, to confirm the oracle to my own mind. After the politicians I went to the poets, tragic, dithyrambic, and what not, making sure that in comparison with these I should detect myself in the very act of folly. I took their own poems which they had apparently elaborated with the greatest care, and with these in my hand proceeded to ask the authors what they signified, expecting, of course, to pick up some curious information at the same time. I am ashamed to tell you the truth, my friends, and yet it must out. Will you believe me, almost any one here in this court would speak more intelligently about these works than the authors themselves. I very soon learned of the poets that they compose not by wisdom but by a certain inspiration and gift of nature, like diviners and soothsayers, who in the same way utter many noble sentiments, yet understand nothing of what they say. Such appeared to be the state of the poets; yet I perceived that deluded by their poetic genius they deemed themselves the wisest of men in other matters also, wherein they were nothing. So I gave up the poets too, thinking I surpassed them in the same way as the politicians.

Finally I went to the artisans. Here at least I had no knowledge at all, and I was sure

to find these men skilled in many noble crafts. And in this I was not deceived; they knew what I did not know and in so far were wiser than I. Nevertheless these excellent artisans, as I discovered, had the same weakness as the poets; because they wrought well in their own craft, every one of them deemed himself most wise in other weighty matters; and this error went far to obscure their real wisdom. Come, then, I said to myself, in behalf of the oracle, will you be content with your present lot, being neither wise in the wisdom of these men nor foolish in their folly, or would you choose their dubious state? And immediately I answered to myself and to the oracle that it was better for me as I am.

From this investigation, men of Athens, many enmities sprang up against me, such as are grievous and dangerous, and such as gave birth to a host of slanders; from thence, too, arose the name I had of being wise. Those who are present always take it for granted that I myself am wise in those things wherein I expose the ignorance of others. But the truth would seem to be, Athenians, that God alone is really wise, and this he sets forth in the oracle, signifying that human wisdom is worth little or nothing at all. Neither doth he care aught for Socrates, but merely employed my name, using me as an illustration, as if to say: Hear, all ye men! he is

wisest among you who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is of nothing worth. And I even to this day go about seeking as the god wills, and am ever on the scent, if perchance any citizen or stranger may appear to me truly wise. And when he proves other than wise, then, in vindication of the god, I expose the man's ignorance. And by reason of this task laid upon me I have no leisure for the important affairs of State and home, but live always in utter poverty as a servant of the god.

In addition to this, many young men from our wealthy families, who have nothing else to do, flock after me unbidden and take delight in hearing my cross-questionings. Indeed, they often imitate me, trying their wit at refuting others; and I dare say they find plenty of men ready at hand who pretend to know, but really know little or nothing at all. Straightway these pretenders, on being exposed, fall into a rage against me, instead of blaming themselves, and call down curses on this Socrates who is corrupting our young men. And when they are asked what this Socrates does and teaches, they are at a loss, having nothing to say; and so they try to cover up their confusion by repeating the old trumpery charges against the whole body of philosophers about things in heaven and beneath the earth, you know, and atheism, and making the worse appear the better cause.

They are not likely to confess the truth, that they have been detected in assuming knowledge which they never had. These men are self-important and revengeful and numerous, and so, I think, with their loud and overbearing words they have dinned these ancient and bitter slanders into your ears. No doubt this is why Meletus and Anytus and Lycon have set upon me,—Meletus having a grudge against me on the part of the poets, Anytus of the artisans, and Lycon of the orators. It would be a wonder then, as I remarked at the beginning, if in the brief time allotted me I should be able to root out of your minds this calumny now grown so huge. This is the very truth, men of Athens, and I speak before you, nothing concealing, whether great or small, nothing dissimulating. Yet I know well enough that I but increase the hatred towards me by my frankness; and this is a proof, if need be, that my words are true, and a witness to the slander of my life and the causes thereof. Examine the matter now or later at your leisure; you will find it thus.

And now sufficient has been said in regard to those earlier enemies and their charges; I will proceed in my defence against Meletus—that worthy patriot as he calls himself—and my recent accusers. Let us treat them as new plaintiffs and read their affidavit anew. So it runs: Socrates is an evil-doer and corrupter of

the youth, who denies the gods of the city, and introduces strange dæmonic powers of his own. Such is the accusation; let us examine it point by point. It asserts that I am an evil-doer and corrupter of the youth; but I, Athenians, assert that this Meletus is an evil-doer; for see how he jests in so serious an affair, thoughtlessly dragging men into court, and affecting to be serious and solicitous about matters for which he never cared a whit. No, I am not misrepresenting him, as you shall see for yourselves.

Now, Meletus, speak up and answer me. Of course you are highly concerned that our young men shall turn out for the best?

"I am."

Very good; now inform these gentlemen who it is improves them. You must certainly know, since you make this your business. Having tracked down their corrupter, as you say, you summon me hither and lodge a complaint. Now, then, speak out and declare to the court who it is improves them. What, Meletus, you are silent and have nothing to say? Yet is n't your silence a little disgraceful now, and even a good proof of my taunt that you do not care a straw for these things? Nay, tell us, my good Sir, who it is improves them.

"The laws."

I did n't ask about them, my dear Sir; but first of all, who is the man that knows the laws?

"The men before you, Socrates, the judges."

What 's this you say, Meletus? Are these men capable of instructing and improving the youth?

"So I said."

Do you mean all of them, or only part?

"All of them."

Well said, by the goddess Hera, and a mighty abundance of helpers for our youth! And what follows? Do the gentlemen of the audience yonder improve them?

"They do."

And the senators,[1] too?

"Yes, and the senators."

Well, then, Meletus, perhaps those who sit in the great assembly corrupt the youth; or do all of these, too, improve them?

"Yes, these, too."

Why. then, it should seem that all the Athenians train our young men to be good and honourable—except me; I alone spread corruption. Is this your meaning?

"It is precisely what I mean."

Alas, you lay a great evil at my door. But tell me in the case of horses, is it your opinion that all the world can improve them, while

[1] The senate was composed of five hundred members; its function was judicial and executive as well as legislative. There was also an *Ekklesia*, or assembly of all free citizens.

only one man injures? On the contrary, is n't it true that one particular man, or perhaps some few men, horse-men by profession, improve them, whereas most people who meddle with horses really spoil them? Is n't this the case, Meletus, with horses and all kinds of creatures? Indeed it is, no matter whether you and Anytus say yes or no. And it would be a great and strange blessing for our youth if only one man spread corruption and all the rest of the world helped them. Really, Meletus, you prove sufficiently well that our young men have never given you a care; and you set forth your own heedlessness in bringing me to court for matters that concern you not at all.

But I am not done with you, Meletus. Tell me whether it is better to live amidst good or wicked citizens. Answer, I say, for the question is quite simple. Do not wicked citizens do ill to their neighbours, and good citizens good?

"Yes, they do."

Would anybody in the world wish to be harmed by his fellow men rather than benefited? Answer, my friend; indeed, the law requires you to answer. Would anybody wish to be harmed?

"Of course not."

Well, then, do you summon me hither because I corrupt the youth and make them wicked intentionally or against my will?

"Intentionally, I say."

How is this, Meletus? Are you as a young man so much wiser than I in my old age? Have you learned that the evil always do ill to those about them, and the good, good, whereas I am so far gone in folly as not to know that if I make any one of my fellows a rascal I am likely to receive harm from him? Am I so foolish as to commit this great wrong intentionally, as you say? I cannot accept your statement, Meletus; nor will any one else, I think. Either I do not corrupt the youth, or, if I do, it is unwittingly; and in either case you are proved a liar. If I corrupt them unwittingly, then for such unintentional errors you have no authority in law to prosecute me here; but rather taking me apart you should instruct and admonish me, for certainly I would turn from unwitting wrong were I shown my error. Yet you have always avoided me, never once trying to enlighten my ignorance, and now you prosecute me before this court where those are properly indicted who require punishment and not enlightenment.

It is now perfectly clear, Athenians, that Meletus, as I said before, has never troubled himself in the least about any of these things. Yet, tell me, Meletus, how is it you say I corrupt the youth. Evidently, according to your written indictment, by denying the gods of the city and introducing strange dæmonic powers

of my own. Do you mean that I corrupt them by spreading such doctrines as this?

"So I assert, and boldly."

I conjure you, Meletus, by these very gods who are now in question, make your charge a little more explicit to me and to the court. I do not quite understand. Do you mean that I teach the belief in certain gods, and myself believe that such exist, not being altogether an atheist and evil-doer in this respect, but that my gods are not those of the city? Is that your charge? Or do you assert that I utterly deny the gods and spread abroad this doctrine of atheism?

"I assert that you absolutely deny the existence of the gods."

Extraordinary! Why do you say that, Meletus? Do not I, like other men, believe the sun and the moon to be gods?

"Hear him, judges! Does he not call the sun a stone and the moon earth?"

Why, my dear Meletus, you must think you are accusing Anaxagoras.[1] Do you so despise

[1] Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, an immediate precursor and possibly teacher of Socrates. He dwelt at Athens for a number of years until expelled by the people on a charge of impiety. His remark on leaving Athens is famous: "It is not I who have lost the Athenians but the Athenians who have lost me." He is said to have declared the sun to be a molten mass, and the

these gentlemen, and deem them so illiterate as not to know that the works of Anaxagoras the Clazomenian are full of such notions? And of course the young men come to me to learn these doctrines, when they have plenty of opportunities of hearing them in the theatre for a drachma at most, and so turning the laugh on poor Socrates if he palms them off as his own,—such outlandish doctrines, too. But, in heaven's name, do you really think me such an atheist?

"A complete and utter atheist."

Incredible, Meletus; you are lying and you know it.—O Athenians, the man is utterly insolent and wanton; he has made this indictment in the merest insolence and wantonness and youthful bravado. He seems to have patched together a kind of riddle to try our wits, as if to say, Will the wise Socrates detect my jesting and self-contradictions, or shall I hoodwink him and the whole court? So far as I can make out, he has contradicted himself flatly in his own indictment, which as much as says, Socrates is an evil-doer who does not believe in

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moon inhabitable with hills and valleys. His most characteristic doctrine was the introduction of *mind* into the world as the governing principle. His philosophy was caricatured on the stage by Aristophanes and other comic poets, and formed part of the mental baggage of Euripides.

the gods, yet believes in the gods.—It is the trick of a jester.

And now let us see why I have such an opinion of him. Do you, Meletus, answer my questions; and do you, gentlemen, as I requested at the beginning, remember not to interrupt me if I talk along in my usual manner.—Is there, Meletus, in all the world a man who recognises human works, but denies that there are men?—The court sees that he won't answer, but tries to make a distraction.—Does any one believe there is horsemanship, but no horses? or flute-playing, but no flute-players? Of course not, my honest friend; so much I may affirm to you and to the others here, since you are unready to reply. But at least answer me this: Does any one deny there are dæmons, who yet acknowledges their power?

"No one."

How delighted I am that at last, compelled by the court, you deign to answer. So, then, as you say, I do believe and teach there are dæmonic powers; whether old or new ones of my own invention, no matter, for according to your words I do believe in these powers, and this you have sworn to in your affidavit. But if I believe in dæmonic powers, I must needs believe in dæmons, must I not? Of course. You see I take your silence for tacit agreement. And do we not regard the dæmons as gods or

children of the gods? Answer me, yes or no.

"Yes."

Since, then, I acknowledge there are dæmons, what riddling and jesting is this of yours? For in the one case if the dæmons are nothing more than gods, and I believe in these dæmons, why, then, with one breath you declare that I do and do not believe in the gods. But if on the other hand these dæmons are the illegitimate children of the gods by the nymphs or other mothers, as the stories go, then who in the world would say there are children of the gods, but no gods? Absurd; you might as well say there are mules from horses and asses, and deny the existence of horses and asses. The gist of it all is just this, Meletus: you have brought this indictment against me either to test my wits, or else because you wished to accuse me and could find no real wrong to attack. But there is no art by which you will ever persuade any one not utterly devoid of reason that the same person can believe in dæmonic and divine agencies and at the same time believe neither in dæmons nor gods nor half-gods—that is quite impossible.

In truth, men of Athens, there is no need of many words to free myself from the charge of Meletus; and sufficient has been said. But as I was saying, and as you yourselves know, there are many enemies and a deal of hatred

arrayed against me. It is this will condemn me, if I am cast; not Meletus or Anytus, but the envious detraction of the multitude which has condemned many an honest man before me and will do the same hereafter—there is no danger it will stop with me.

Possibly some one will say here: But are you not ashamed, Socrates, to have lived such a life that now you stand in peril of death? I might fairly reply to such an one: You are far from the mark, my friend, if you suppose that a man of any worth in the world ought to reckon on the chances of life and death. Not so; when he acts he has only this one thing to consider,—whether he acts righteously or unrighteously, and whether as a good or a bad man. Poor creatures indeed your notion would make of the heroes who fell at Troy, and among them Thetis' son, Achilles, who so despised danger, in comparison with dishonour, that he heeded not the warning words of his mother, though she was a goddess. For so I can imagine her pleading with him in his deadly wrath against Hector, and saying: "O my child, if you avenge the death of your comrade Patroclus and slay Hector, you, too, must die;

> Ready thy fate stands against thee after that Hector hath fallen."

Still when he heard this, he accounted death

and peril as but a little thing, fearing far more to live a coward and leave his friends unavenged. "Let me perish straightway," he said, "and be avenged of mine enemy, that I abide not here by the beakèd ships, a laughing-stock and a burden of the earth."—Think you, this man cared for death and peril? Nay, Athenians, the truth is quite otherwise; for wherever a man takes his post, deeming it best for him there, or wherever the leader places him, there let him abide, say I, awaiting danger, taking account of naught, be it death or any other thing, except only dishonour.

Strange indeed would my conduct be, men of Athens, if I, who have stood like many another man at my post and faced death, when the generals chosen by you to command gave me my orders,—strange indeed if, now when the god, as I firmly believe and am convinced, bids me stand forth as one devoted to wisdom, a questioner of myself and all the world, I were to desert my post through fear of death or any other thing. That would be strange indeed, I repeat, and justly then might a man charge me in court with denying the gods if I disobeyed the oracle, and feared death, and in my folly deemed myself wise. For the fear of death, my friends, is only another form of appearing wise when we are foolish and of seeming to know what we know not. No mortal knoweth of

death whether it be not the greatest of all good things to man, yet do men fear it as if knowing it to be the greatest of evils. And is not this that most culpable ignorance which pretends to know what it knows not? It may be, my friends, that in this I am different from the world; and certainly if I should claim to be wiser than another in any one thing, it would be herein, that having no certain knowledge of the life beyond, I pretend to none. Yet this knowledge I have, and this I know, that it is an evil and shameful thing to do wrong and to disobey our superior, whether human or divine. Never, then, will I shrink and flee from what may be an unknown blessing rather than from evil known to be such. And therefore if now you should release me and pay no heed to Anytus, who declares that the trial should never have been admitted at all unless I am to be punished with death, for otherwise all your sons will follow in my steps and be utterly corrupted,—if notwithstanding this you should say to me: Socrates, this time we will let you off in spite of Anytus, but on one condition, that you give up this investigation of yours and this pursuit of wisdom, under penalty of death should you be caught at it again,—if, I repeat, you were to release me on these terms, then I should say to you: O men of Athens, I do indeed salute you and wish you all happiness, but I obey God rather than you,

and while there is breath to me and so far as my strength permits, I will not cease from this pursuit of wisdom, neither will I desist from admonishing you. And whomsoever of you I meet, with him I will argue as my wont is and say to him: My good friend, you who belong to Athens, this city great and glorious for wisdom and power, are you not ashamed that your life is given up to the winning of much money and reputation and rank, while for wisdom and truth and the good of your own soul you care not and have no concern? And if he disputes and asserts his care for these things, I will not quickly let him go or leave him, but will question and examine him and put him to the proof; and if then he seems to claim a virtue which he does not possess, I will rebuke him because the things of most worth he little esteems, but prizes what is valueless. In this way I shall act toward young and old, whomever I meet, whether stranger or citizen, and especially toward citizens, as they are closer akin to me. For this, I assure you, is the command of the god; and I think no greater blessing has ever befallen you in the city than this my service to the god. For I do nothing else but go about persuading you, young and old, not to take thought first for your bodies and for money, but more diligently to consider the welfare of your own souls; and I say to you always that not from money

proceedeth virtue, but from virtue proceed money and all good things that men cherish in public and in private. If by teaching this doctrine I corrupt the youth, the mischief is great; but if any one asserts that my teaching is other than this, his words are naught. Therefore I say to you, Athenians, yield to Anytus or yield not, acquit me or acquit me not,—never will I alter my ways, though I suffer death many times.

Do not cry out, Athenians; but remember how I besought you to remain quiet and listen, no matter what I said. Indeed, I think you will profit by hearing. Now I am going to say something else at which perhaps you will raise a shout—yet I beg you do not. Be assured, then, that if I am such an one as I said and you put me to death, you will be doing yourselves greater harm than me. Neither Meletus nor Anytus can injure me a whit; there is no power in them to do that; for it is not decreed above that the better man can be injured by the worse. He may inflict death, perhaps, or exile, or civil dishonour; and possibly Meletus and his guild reckon these things to be great calamities; but I for my part deem it a far greater calamity to plot unrighteously against a man's life as Meletus is now doing. And therefore, men of Athens, I am not concerned to plead for myself, as one might expect of me, but am rather pleading for

you, lest by condemning me in your ignorance you throw away God's gift to you. For if you kill me, you will not speedily find another like me, sent, as it were, by the hand of God upon the city. You will laugh at my words, but really this people resembles a huge horse, thoroughbred, but sluggish from his very size and needing a gadfly to excite him. So the god seems to have set me upon the city as a gadfly, and without respite I am fastening on you the livelong day, and exciting and urging and reproaching every one I meet. Such another man is not so readily found, my friends; you had better take my advice and spare me. Now, like a man disturbed in his sleep, you may of course fall into a rage and crush me with a blow, as you would a fly—and so you will please Anytus. After that you may quietly slumber away the rest of your lives, unless God in his mercy sends some other upon you. That I am really such an one given to the city by God, you may understand from my life; for it is not from merely human reasons that I neglect my own affairs and see them going to waste these many years, while unweariedly I look to your interests and come to you all individually, as if I were a father or an elder brother, with my message and persuasion of virtue. If I reaped any profit from this life or took pay for my exhortations, it would be a simple matter. My accusers have

shamelessly brought forward every other possible charge against me; and yet, as you yourselves see, they have not dared to assert, under the testimony of witnesses, that I ever exacted a fee or asked any man for such. I think, indeed, my poverty is sufficient evidence to the contrary.

It may perhaps seem inconsistent that I go about so busily giving my advice in private, but never venture to come up with you to the assembly and speak out before the whole city. I have a reason for this, as you have often heard me explain and in many places; for there is a certain divine or dæmonic witness abides with me, and it is this that Meletus has caricatured in the indictment. From childhood it has been with me, as it were a voice speaking at intervals, always warning me against something I had in hand to do, but never urging me to act. This it is has restrained me from a public life. And wisely has it hindered me; for doubtless, Athenians, if I had busied myself with public affairs, my death would have fallen long before now, and I should have profited neither you nor myself. Do not chafe at hearing the truth. No man will save his own life who boldly opposes you or any other people and checks the wicked and lawless proceedings in his city. He who would preserve his life for a little while to fight the brave fight of justice must seek his ends in private and not in public.

I can offer you convincing evidence of these things,—not in words, but in what you appreciate, deeds. Hear what actually befell me, and you will see that I am not one to yield the right to any man through fear of death, but would rather die unyielding. My story may sound vulgar and commonplace, but it is at least true. You know I have never held any public office in the city except to sit in the senate. Now it happened that the tribe Antiochis, to which I belong, held the presidency [1] at the time of the battle of Arginusæ when the ten generals were charged with neglecting the bodies of the lost. You remember you wished to try them in a body, quite contrary to law, as you yourselves afterwards acknowledged. At that time I alone of the presidents held out and voted against this illegal proceeding. The demagogues were ready to arrest and impeach me; you were urging them

[1] The senate was composed of fifty members from each of the ten tribes, each tribe in rotation holding the presidency, or prytaneia, for thirty-five or thirty-six days. The prytanes were invested with certain executive powers, the chief prytanis of the day, among other things, presiding at the assembly of the people.—After the naval victory of Arginusæ, 407 B.C., the generals failed to recover the bodies of the dead and drowning, their excuse being a violent storm. Contrary to law and custom, they were tried in a body, instead of individually, before the people, and condemned to death.

on and shouting out against me; nevertheless I thought it behooved me to take this hazard with law and justice on my side, rather than stand with you against justice through fear of bonds or death. This happened while the people were still in power; but during the Oligarchy the thirty tyrants[1] once summoned me, with four others, to the city hall, and bade us fetch over Leon of Salamis from that island to be executed. Such commands, you know, they were constantly giving in order to implicate as many as possible in their crimes. Then again I proved, not by words but by deeds, that I cared not a straw for death, if I may speak so boldly, but was anxious above all else in the world to shun injustice and impiety. Not even that strong and oppressive tyranny could terrify me into abetting injustice. When we came from the hall the other four went to Salamis and brought back Leon, but I went quietly home. Probably it would have cost me my life, had not the government of the Thirty fallen shortly afterwards.—This is my story and there are many to bear witness to its truth.

[1] After the fall of Athens, in 404 B.C., the government passed into the hands of a committee of thirty under the connivance of Lysander, the Spartan general. Critias, the chief of these tyrants, was an uncle of Plato's and had been a follower of Socrates. The next year Thrasybulus put an end to this reign of terror, and restored the democracy.

Now do you suppose I could have lived through all these years if I had gone into public affairs, and like an honest man had made it my first duty always to support the right? Far from it, Athenians; neither I nor any other could have done it. Examine my whole life and it will appear that such has been my conduct wherever I have touched on public affairs. And in private I am the same, for never once have I yielded to any man in a question of right and wrong, no, not even to one of those who by these slanderers are called my disciples. I am no master to have disciples. If any one, young or old, ever cares to listen to me while I talk and go about my business, I do not repulse him; neither do I discourse for money, but to rich and poor alike I offer myself; anybody may start the question, and, if ready to answer my queries, may hear whatever I have to say. And I am in no wise accountable if those who listen to me turn out good or bad, for to none of them have I ever promised or given any kind of instruction. Should any one claim to have heard or learned from me in private what all the world has not heard, the man simply lies.

Do you ask why certain persons take pleasure in my company year after year? That has already been explained to you, Athenians. I told you the whole truth when I said their pleasure was in hearing our pretenders to wisdom

detected in folly. There is a certain satisfaction in this; but as for me, my course was pointed out by God himself, whose admonitions came to me in oracles and dreams and signs, in whatsoever way the divine will is at times made manifest to men to guide their actions. My statement, Athenians, is true and easily proved. For if aforetime I corrupted the youth and do still corrupt them, then some of those who have now grown old enough to recognise the evil counsel given them in their youth ought to come forward and avenge themselves by denouncing me. And if they themselves hesitate to do this, then their relatives, their fathers or brothers or others of their kin, ought to bear in mind the dishonour of their family and seek vengeance. A number of these men I see present to-day: yonder is Crito, who is of the same age and deme[1] with me; and there is his son Critobulus; then I see Lysanias of Sphettus, the father of Æschines yonder; there is Antiphon of Cephisus, the father of Epigenes. Others I see whose brothers have been much about me: Nicostratus, the son of Theozotides, who might speak for his brother Theodotus, now dead and no longer able to command his silence; and Paralus yonder, the son of Demodocus,

[1] When, in 510 B.C., the constitution was remodelled by Cleisthenes, the population was divided for political purposes into ten tribes, and each tribe into ten demes.

whose brother was Theages; here is Adeimantus, the son of Ariston, whose brother Plato is also present; and Æantodorus, whose brother Apollodorus I likewise see. I might point out a number of others, among whom Meletus ought certainly to have found some one to produce as a witness during his speech. Perhaps he forgot while speaking: let him bring forward his witnesses now—I yield the floor—let him say if he has any such testimony. No, Athenians, you will find, on the contrary, they are all ready to witness for me, for me the corrupter and destroyer of their families, if you are to believe Meletus and Anytus. No doubt those whom I actually corrupted may have their grounds for supporting me; but the uncorrupted, these older men, their relatives, what other reason can they have for abetting me but the plain and straightforward reason of justice? They know, forsooth, that Meletus lies and that I speak the truth.

Well, gentlemen, this and the like of this is about all I have to offer as an apology. Yet there may be some one among you who will be indignant when he recalls his own conduct on such an occasion. He may have had less at stake than I, yet with many tears he implored and supplicated the judges, dragging his little children before the court and a swarm of friends and relatives to awaken pity; whereas I will

do nothing of the sort, although my danger, it might seem, is the extremest of all. Such an one, observing my conduct, may harden himself against me and suffer anger to influence his vote. If any one is so disposed—but that is scarcely possible—still if there be any such, I might fittingly say to him: My dear friend, I, too, have my family ties; I, too, as Homer says, was born of human parents, and not of a stock or a stone; I have my own kith and kin, and even children, three sons, Athenians, one a grown boy and the other two quite young. But I will drag none of these hither and so beseech you to release me. You ask my reasons for refusing? Not out of wilfulness, gentlemen, or because I contemn you; and whether I hold death lightly or not is another question. The point is that out of regard for myself and for you and for the whole city I deem it degrading to stoop to any such means. For I am now an old man and have, whether rightly or wrongly, acquired a certain name,—yes, the saying has gone abroad that Socrates is different from the rest of the world. It is a shameful thing, if those among you who are held superior for wisdom or courage or some other virtue are willing to act in this way. Indeed, I have more than once seen men of reputation behave in the strangest fashion when on trial; one might suppose they looked on death as a monstrous ill, just as though they

were to be immortal if once they escaped your hands. Such men, I say, are an opprobrium to the city; they leave any foreigner to remark of us, that the best of Athenians in virtue, the men chosen by the Athenians for place and honour, are in reality no better than women. O men of Athens, we who have a name among you ought not to behave thus, nor, if we would, ought you to allow it. You ought clearly to show that condemnation inevitably falls, not on the man who keeps his peace, but on those who go through these piteous farces and render the city ridiculous.

And apart from appearances, O Athenians, it does not seem right to appeal to the sympathy of the judges and escape by such means, but rather to inform and convince them. The judge does not sit here to grant justice as a favour, but to decide the truth; he is under oath to give judgment in accordance with the laws and to show partiality to none. Is it your wish that we should encourage perjury amongst you? and how, then, shall you and we escape the evil of impiety? Do not therefore require of me, Athenians, to demean myself before you in a manner that I consider neither honourable nor right in the eyes of God and men, and especially now when I am charged by Meletus here with the very crime of impiety. For clearly were I to persuade you and force you by my supplica-

tions to forswear yourselves, clearly, then, I should be teaching you to disbelieve in the gods; and in the very act of my apology I should be accusing myself of atheism. But such disbelief is far from my thoughts, Athenians; I do believe, though my belief is beyond the understanding of my accusers. And now I commit myself to you and to God, to judge as it shall be best for me and for you.

[*Socrates is condemned by a majority of, perhaps, 280 to 220.—He now discusses the penalty to be inflicted. According to the custom of the Athenian courts, prosecutor and defendant each proposed a penalty, and it was left to the judges to decide between these two. Meletus has proposed the death-penalty.*]

There are many reasons, men of Athens, why I am not troubled that the verdict has gone against me. Indeed, the result was fully expected, and I am only surprised at the closeness of the vote. I thought to be condemned by a large majority, and now it appears that only thirty votes were needed to acquit me. So far as Meletus is concerned, I have, I think, escaped, and more than escaped; for it must be apparent to all that if Anytus and Lycon had not taken part in the accusation he would have fallen below one fifth of the votes and so forfeited the thousand drachmas.[1]

[1] Any prosecutor in a criminal suit who failed to get one fifth of the votes was subject to this fine.

The man has proposed death as the penalty. Very good; and what counter-penalty shall I propose? Evidently what I deserve. And what is that? what do I deserve to suffer or pay? Look at me: never in all my life have I learned to be idle; for a higher end I have neglected all that the world most covets,—wealth, property, military command, public leadership, office, the influence of party and faction in the State,—regarding myself as too honest a man to indulge in these pursuits and save my own life. Neither did I see any profit in these things to you or to myself, and therefore I passed them by and took up a new pursuit. Going to each of you in private, I conferred on him what I call the highest benefit in the world, by persuading him to think first of the good of his own real self and afterwards of his material affairs; to think first of the good of the city itself and afterwards of her interests, and so in all things. You see what man I am; what should be done to me? Some good thing, Athenians, if I am to propose what I really deserve,—and some good thing that shall be suited to me. What, then, is suited to a poor man, your benefactor, who only demands leisure to go on admonishing you? There is no other reward so appropriate as a seat at the tables in the Prytaneum.[1] This he

[1] Where certain officials, guests of the state, victors at the games, and others ate at the public expense.

deserves more than any of your victors with horse or chariot at the Olympic games; for these champions give you but the name of fortunate, whereas I render you such in reality. Moreover they need no support, and I do. Therefore if I must propose the proper and just reward, my proposition is a seat at the tables in the Prytaneum.

Possibly I may seem to you now to be speaking with the same arrogance as before in the matter of tears and supplications. That is not the case; rather I am persuaded that never once have I willingly wronged a human being, however I fail to convince you of the fact. A little while only we have talked here one with another; and I think you, too, might be convinced if your custom permitted us to discuss the sentence of death, not for one day only, but for several days, as other States do. Now it is not easy in this brief time to root out deep-seated prejudices. Being persuaded, then, that I have never wronged any man, I am not likely now to wrong myself, or say of myself that I deserve any evil, or pronounce any such sentence upon myself. And why should I? Through fear of the penalty proposed by Meletus? But as I have already stated, I do not know whether death is really a blessing or an evil. And instead of this shall I name some penalty which I know to be an evil? imprisonment, for example?

Why should I pass my life in prison, the slave of each succeeding officer? Shall I propose a fine, with imprisonment until the sum is paid? But in my case that would be confinement for life, as I have no money to pay withal. Or exile, perhaps? It is quite probable you would agree to that. But what a poor spirit mine would be, what blindness of heart, if I supposed that any other people would put up with me when you, my fellow citizens, find my continual discoursing and arguing so intolerably odious that you must needs get rid of me. My blindness is not so great, Athenians. It would be a noble life for me in my old age to go forth an exile and be bandied about from city to city. Well I know that wherever I went the young men would flock to hear my words just as they do here. If I drove them away, they themselves would call upon the elders to banish me; and if I suffered them to follow me, then in fear for them their fathers and kinsmen would banish me.

Does any one ask, Why can't you withdraw somewhere, Socrates, and live in silence and peace? It seems strangely difficult to enlighten you on this point. If I say I cannot hold my peace because this would be to disobey the god, you will take my words in jest. If on the other hand I say that the one good thing in all the world for a man is to pass his days in converse about virtue and these other matters whereof I

am continually talking and questioning myself and others, and that a life unquestioned is no life at all for a man,—if I say this, you will believe me even less. Nevertheless I speak truly, though you are slow to believe. And further, I am not accustomed to think of myself as deserving punishment. Had I money, I should propose a fine, the greatest I could pay, and account it no evil. But this cannot be, unless you accept a sum within my scant means. For example, I might perhaps pay a silver mina; and this fine I will propose. Plato here, O Athenians, and Crito and Critobulus and Apollodorus bid me name thirty minæ, and offer themselves as security. This sum, therefore, I finally propose, and these men will be sufficient security to you for the payment.

[*He is condemned to death.*]

You have gained but a little, Athenians, and at how great a cost! From those who are prompt to revile our city you will receive the name and opprobrium of killing Socrates, a man of wisdom,—for in their eagerness to blame you they will call me wise whether I am so or not. Could you have waited but a little while, the event would have come of itself. My age is not hidden; you see that I am far on in life and near to death. I am not speaking now to all, but to those of you who voted my death.

And to them I say further: You suppose, gentlemen, that I have lost through lack of words to convince you, even provided I had stooped to say and do anything to escape. Not so. I am cast, not through lack of words, but through lack of impudence and shamelessness, and because I would not speak what you are most pleased to hear, nor weep and wail, nor do and say a thousand other degrading things which others have taught you to expect. At the time it did not seem worth while to demean myself as a slave through fear; neither do I now repent of my manner of defence. I choose to defend myself thus and die, rather than as you would have me and live. Neither in war nor in a lawsuit ought a man, neither I nor any other, to accept every means of avoiding death. In battle, for instance, a man often sees that he may save his life by throwing away his arms and falling in supplication before his pursuers; and so in all times of peril there are ways of escape if one will submit to any baseness. Nay, Athenians, it is not so hard to shun death, but hard indeed to shun evil, for it runs more swiftly than death. I, you see, an old man and slow of gait, have been overtaken by the slower runner; whereas my accusers, who are young and nimble, are caught by the swifter runner, which is wickedness. And now I go away condemned by you to death, but they depart

hence condemned by truth herself to injustice and sin. I abide by my award, and they by theirs. Some fate, it may be, has meted out the awards, and I at least am content.

And now a word of prophecy for those who condemned me; for I stand at the threshold of death, when, if ever, men speak with prophetic insight. So I say to you who have slain me that straightway after my death a punishment shall come upon you far more terrible, God knows, than your slaying me. You have committed this crime, thinking to shake off the burden of accounting for your lives; but the result, I tell you now, will be quite the contrary. There are many who will call you to account,—men whom I have restrained and whom you have never suspected; younger men who will attack you more savagely and cause you still greater annoyance. You are wide of the mark if you hope by executions to silence all censures of your evil conduct. That way of escape is neither very effective nor very honourable. But there is another way easier and far more noble: do not crush others, but look to the bettering of your own lives. I have made my prophecy, and have done with you who condemned me.

And last with those who voted for my acquittal I would talk over this event, while the authorities are busy, and before I go thither where I must die. Remain with me that little while,

my friends. There is nothing to hinder our talking together until I go; and I wish to point out to you, as my well-wishers, the significance of what has happened to me. A wonderful thing, O judges,—for you I may rightly call judges,—a wonderful thing has befallen me. Constantly before this the wonted sign, the warning voice of the dæmon, has come to me and opposed me in the most trivial affairs if I chanced to be going wrong. And now you see what has befallen me, this calamity which might be called the greatest of all evils; yet neither this morning when I left my house, nor when I came up here to the court, nor during the whole course of my speech,—not once has the divine warning deterred me. And this is remarkable, for often on other occasions the sign has stopped me short in the very midst of what I was saying. But now through this whole affair it has not once opposed me in what I have done or said. You ask how I interpret this? I will tell you. It indicates that everything has happened for my good, and that those of us who think it an evil to die are quite wrong in our notion. It must be so; the accustomed sign would have warned me, had I not been in the way of good.

But we have other reasons for hoping confidently that death is a blessing. Consider a moment. To die must be one of two things:

either the dead are as nothing and have no perception or feeling whatsoever, or else, as many believe, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. If, now, there is no consciousness in the grave, but deep sleep, as when a man in slumber discerns not even a dream, then will death be a marvellous gain. For consider such a night of slumber when we behold not the shadow of a dream; compare all the other days and nights of our life with such a night, and ask ourselves how many of them could be called happier than this night of deep sleep; we should find them in the course of a long life but few in number and easily counted; and this I believe will hold good, not only of us poor mortals, but of the great King of Persia himself. If death is like this, I at least reckon it a gain, and endless time will seem no more than a single night. But if death is, as it were, a journeying hence to another world, where, as men believe, the departed dead dwell together,—what greater blessing than this could you desire, my judges? Will not that be a wonderful journey, if, escaping these self-styled judges, we go to that other world and stand there before those true judges, as the saying is, Minos and Rhadamanthys and Æacus and Triptolemus, and others of the half-gods who lived righteously in this life? Would any of you count it a little thing to meet

Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer, and talk with them? I am ready to die many times if this belief is true. That would be a glorious life for me there where I might meet Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and others perhaps who long ago perished by an unrighteous judgment; and how glad I should be to compare my wrongs with theirs. But the greatest joy would be in questioning the inhabitants there as I do here, and examining them to discover who is really wise and who only in his own conceit. What would not a man give, O judges, to examine the leader of the great Trojan armament, or Odysseus, or Sisyphus, or any of a thousand other men and women whom it would be our infinite joy to meet and question and call our friends. Assuredly they of that world do not put men to death for doing this. They are altogether happier there than we, happier and deathless forever more, if the saying be true.

And ye too, my judges, ought to be of good hope toward death, being persuaded of this one thing at least, that no evil can befall a good man either in life or in death, and that his affairs are all in the hands of God. Neither have these events befallen by chance, but I see clearly it was better for me to die and be released from this labour of life. Therefore not once in my trial was a sign given to turn me aside, and

therefore I feel little anger toward those who accused and condemned me. Yet because they did not accuse and condemn me in this mind, but thinking to do me harm, for this they are worthy of blame. And I may make of them this one request: When my sons have grown up, I would ask you, gentlemen, to worry them as I have worried you, if they seem to care more for money and such things than for virtue, and if they claim to be something when they are naught. Do you rebuke them as I have rebuked you for not caring about what they should, and for thinking themselves something when they are of nothing worth. If you do this, both I and my sons shall have received justice at your hands.—And now it is time to depart hence, I to die and you to live; but which of us goes to the better fate no one knoweth save only God.

PLATO

The simplicity of the religious instinct, I have sometimes feared, may have been obscured in these studies and unduly complicated by the manifold interests of the living characters through which it has been voiced. That instinct, when stripped of the increments of reason and the imagination, was found in the bare consciousness of a dual tendency in human nature. The cause and correspondences of that dualism we may not comprehend; we know only that it is for us, not an idle speculation or a curious dream, but the vital truth. In one direction we tend toward unity and the absorption of separate desires and energies in the knowledge of our own completeness. The sense of ourself as a being different in composition from other beings is lost in the recognition of a higher Self which leaves no room for the antagonism of individualities; and the following of that ideal we call the spiritual as opposed to the material life. As the goal of this tendency we speak of an eternal changelessness, of a self-sufficient joy, and of infinite life—unmeaning

words if passed through the analysing intelligence, but to the foresight of experience, nay, to the remembrance of those who at moments have risen to the heights of contemplation, the great reality without which one half of our nature is left halt and impotent. In the other direction lies the sense of our personality as concerned with variety and change and that world of phenomena, which is a reflection, it may be (who shall say?), of a dissipation within ourselves. In this way we come to distractions and restlessness, to self-seeking, competition, envy, jealousy, and strifes; to misery, devouring egotism, lust, and violence. Its end is despair and the irreparable decomposition of death.

In its philosophical form this difference of direction shows itself as the antinomy of the one and the many. On the side of the one reason and the imagination, acting as independent faculties, are fain to set up an imitative unity of visible nature, beautiful in its fancied harmony and alluring to the moral sense, but perilous as a narcotic to spiritual discontent. Or, more commonly, they ally themselves with this very discontent, expressing it in myths and dogmas which are imposed upon the heart as the absolute verity of religion. It has thus seemed, and to some it still seems, that he who questions the fabric of Christianity denies thereby the validity of the religious instinct itself. On the

other side these faculties, accepting the many, are often able to disguise its endless disintegration by a specious combination of interests: egotism, put off its guard, talks the language of sympathy; the solitude of the individual is forgotten in the complexity of influences which we call the solidarity of the race; the pang of incompleteness is assuaged by dominion over others. In this sphere move the activities and ambitions and honours and satisfactions of the world. But always to one who rests in these half-way houses of the reason and the imagination there clings the haunting and at times terrifying consciousness of the reality of that dualism between whose immeasurably remote goals he hangs in trembling suspense.

Not the least advantage of what we call Platonism is that it was conceived among a people who had never passed under the yoke of a tyrannical priesthood or submitted to the bondage of an infallible bible. The higher theogony among them, as the evocation of the poets, and superstition, as the work of the ignorant masses, were readily seen to be a distinct product of the fancy; and we may plausibly look forward to a period when this very absence of dogmatic authority will save the mythology of Greece from that utter condemnation which threatens to overtake more exacting and, it may be, more spiritual creeds. It is possible that

Zeus and Apollo, the nymphs and dryads, may retain their appeal as symbols of the religious imagination, when Jehovah and Jesus, Allah and Mahomet, have been dethroned as false gods and denounced as priestly impositions.

Certainly this comparative freedom from a formal orthodoxy made it easier for the Greek philosopher to deal with religion apart from its common accessories. I would not say that Plato escaped altogether the ephemeral influences of his age and the limitations of the individual mind. There are passages in his works which have lost their meaning because based on the theorems of an imperfect science. Now and then he makes concessions to popular superstition, nor could he avoid turning his imperial imagination to the erection of a gorgeous but futile mythology of his own. No one will complain of those fables in which he threw the transparent web of fancy over the mystery of man's future life; here he employed the legitimate instrument of the philosophical poet. It is another guess matter when in an elaborate dialogue like the *Timæus* he undertakes to transfer the known dualism of man's nature to a definite theory of the universe. Much in that discourse may have value as a sublime allegory of our inner experience, but it is, to say the least, a dangerous tampering with veracity to present this experience dog-

matically as the story of creation, with the fiction of a changeless God working upon a material chaos through the mediation of his demiurgic offspring. Here he is a traitor to the divine abstinence of his master. We know and we know not; and the Socratic interpretation of the oracular crown of wisdom as a reward for distinguishing between knowledge of self and ignorance of the world, like the Indian's *vidyâ* and *avidyâ*, might have saved him from this presumption of the prophets. It might also have warned him from the folly of the metaphysicians, in such barren efforts to deal causally with the infinite and the finite as fill the *Philebus* and the *Parmenides*.

But these divagations are merely the outworks of a system which is at heart thoroughly human, and they have their value, perhaps, as rounding out that system so as to meet all the needs of man's importunate intellect. Within these concessions to mythology and rationalism resides the kernel of his philosophy, answering to the endless aspiration of the spirit of man and setting forth dualism as the incontrovertible fact of our being. Above all he was preserved from the seductions of his own mind by the dramatic impulse which led him at first to offer his arguments as an exposition of the character of his master, and which to the end kept him from altogether subordinating concrete

life to theory. It was something more than modesty or loyalty that made Plato put all his philosophy, even when it far transgressed his master's ideas, into the form of discussions between Socrates and the inquiring youths or sophisticated doubters of Athens; it was from an instinctive feeling that reason when severed from the other faculties is a dangerous guide. In the early dialogues which tell the story of Socrates' trial and death we have the perfect record,—clearer, I am constrained to think, and less mixed with dubious elements than the Gospels,—of the religious sense in practice. There it is shown how the dæmonic witness which through life had warned Socrates against vicious or compromising acts was the voice of faith bidding him always turn from his lower to his higher nature; how the uncomplaining submission of Socrates to the laws, even while he knew himself above their reach,— like the duty imposed upon Arjuna in the field of battle,— was the test of faith by morality; and how his inviolable serenity under the judgment of the world, together with his absence of animosity against the judges, was the assurance that his morality sprang from victory over himself. Those who, intent upon the abstruser problems of Plato, neglect the biographical message of the *Apology* and the *Crito* and the closing scene of the *Phædo*, have missed the heart of his doctrine. I am

not sure but the brief and inconclusive dialogue between Socrates and the youthful Euthyphro, as they debate the question of impiety so soon to be settled for them by the courts, has more depth of meaning for one who understands than all the discursive theorising of the *Laws*.

We know in what way Socrates discussed the new philosophy in the market place and shops of Athens, in the streets of the city and even in the grassy valley of the Ilissus without the walls—wherever he could find men to endure his insinuating questions. No such account has come down to us of the manner of Plato's teaching, but it is a fair conjecture to suppose that in his more formal instruction he did not entirely abandon the social method of his master. One likes to believe that his talks with young men in the gymnasium and garden of the Academy were conducted with the same union of ease and stately decorum as mark his sketches of the greater sophists. One remembers the scene at the house of Callias that early morning when Socrates was carried thither to hear, and to confound, the wisdom of the doctors. There was Protagoras walking in the portico with three honourable men at his right hand and three at his left, followed behind by a train of listeners who like drilled soldiers wheeled about as the leader turned at either end of his path. In the opposite portico on a chair of

state sat Hippias, with solemn authority exalting the principles of natural philosophy to a circle of disciples ranged around on lower benches. While in a room prepared for the occasion Prodicus, the all-wise and inspired teacher, lay still in bed, wrapped up in many skins and coverlets, expounding his doctrine to a group of admiring youths. His deep voice, we are told, so echoed in the bare room that those outside, though hearing the rumour, could not distinguish his words; but it is fair to suppose he was defending his theory of the gods as mere allegorical personifications of objects which had been found useful to man. Something of the dignified familiarity of that scene we love to summon up when we think of Plato disputing with his pupils on the nature of the soul and on its eternal thirst for beauty and holiness.

But however vague our picture of the man Plato and his method of teaching must be, we are left in no such uncertainty regarding the tenor of what he taught. He may himself have changed in minor points as he grew from youth to age, schoolmen may differ ingeniously over the relation of this and that tenet to various metaphysical systems, but the world in general has never doubted to what groups of moral and mental traits the name Platonism should be accorded, and what type of men through all the revolutions of thought should be held

the true bearers of the tradition. It is proper now, as it was in Cicero's day, to divide mankind into two classes and to designate those who are dissident to Plato and Socrates and their family as vulgar minds—*plebeii philosophi.* With due allowance for the misleading completeness of all such formulæ the aim of Plato might be summed up in a substitution of the inner witness for custom and in an appeal from the many to the one.

The dramatic nodus is the superficial affinity of Socrates with the new brood of sophists and his essential hostility to them. Now the sophists formed in no sense a closed school of thinkers. They taught what seemed to them individually good, and while some professed a superiority to the claims of popular ethics, others dealt, apparently, with purely objective matters and were disseminators of useful knowledge. But withal they were united by a common tendency. They arose at a time when the Greek mind, having passed through many stages and having come into contact at many points with the surrounding world, was growing restive under inherited restraints; and they met this uneasiness by encouraging men to look at the present facts of life and nature rather than at the opinions handed down from the past. In a way they offered to the fifth century before Christ what the grand sophism of science has

given to the present age. They would have subscribed heartily to the words of Huxley: "Natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. . . . The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority, as such. For him scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin."[1] And this loyalty to natural knowledge they extended to include the whole being of man. "Of the gods," said Protagoras, "I cannot know that they exist or that they do not exist"; of one thing I am sure, that "man is the measure of all things." The meaning of that famous saying, ἄνθρωπος μέτρον, becomes perfectly clear from Plato's worrying of it, and from its application by other sophists. When one of these declared that "right and wrong do not exist in nature, but through convention," and when another averred that the gods were only the cunning device of some lawgiver "darkening truth with a lie," they

[1] The association of a Huxley with the sophists of Greece is justified by his renewal of their ancient feud. "Platonic philosophy," he says, "is probably the grandest example of the unscientific use of the imagination extant; and it would he hard to estimate the amount of detriment to clear thinking effected, directly and indirectly, by the theory of ideas, on the one hand, and by the unfortunate doctrine of the baseness of matter, on the other."

meant to say that there is nothing in human nature corresponding to the assertions of universal morality and religion: on the one side stands the illusion of traditional belief imposed on the people by society for its preservation; on the other side is the reality that right and wrong are measured to each man by his individual advantage. The religious instinct is a convention; nature, the only and the whole reality, is a mere complex of stronger and weaker forces. "What is base, unless to the doer it seem so?" wrote Euripides, in one of those lines that made the conclusions of scepticism familiar in the mouths of the people. To which Plato is said to have retorted categorically: "The base is base, whether it seem so or not"—*αἰσχρὸν τό γ' αἰσχρόν, κἂν δοκῇ κἂν μὴ δοκῇ.*

Now to a certain point Socrates went with the sophists. He, too, saw that it was no longer possible to order conduct by an unthinking obedience to convention, that there was no absolute harmony between convention (*νόμος*) and nature (*φύσις*), and his mission was to go about convincing men of their ignorance of the real meaning of justice and virtue and other words that moved so glibly on their tongues. How he laid on himself this task of purging the popular mind, may be seen in the *Apology*. To the gossipers in the streets, and to many graver minds who were alarmed at the inroad on every side of

dubious innovations, it may well have seemed that Socrates was one of the chief forces working for the dissolution of the State; and as such they put him away. In making man the measure of all things the sophists thought of the individual differences among men and of the changes in each man himself from day to day, and so destroyed the basis of any common and imperative law of morality; they subscribed to the philosophy of flux and of the many. In using the same formula Socrates had his eye rather on what is universal to all men and above nature as the mother of change, and so sought to establish a law more deeply rooted than convention which is but the variable shadow of that law. But were the citizens of Athens to know that behind his rage of universal inquiry lay the greatest affirmation and conservative force the world has known? Indeed, so far as we can see now, the higher unity of the spirit which should supplant the authority of tradition was implied rather than clearly announced by Socrates. It was the mission of his disciple to develop this truth.

Plato began, as did Socrates, with the purging away of cant and complacent ignorance. From his master he had learnt first of all the necessity of distinguishing between words and things. This is not to say that he was a rash innovator, to whom custom and tradition were

in themselves hindrances. Within his capacious mind time lay in all its fulness, and to his fertile imagination the passing of wisdom from generation to generation was like those races at the Peiræus in which horsemen carrying lighted torches handed them from one to another. No writer has ever dwelt more lovingly on the sheer beauty and reverence of old ways than he in his picture of the ancient Cephalus, seated on a cushioned chair and wearing a garland on his head, after ministering at the home sacrifice. "There is nothing which for my part I like better, Cephalus," he says through the mouth of Socrates, "than conversing with aged men; for I regard them as travellers who have gone a journey which I too may have to go."[1] And there are passages in his later works (*e. g.*, *Laws*, 889 E) that prove how deeply he had pondered the steadying force of convention as embodying an experience of life wider and more surely based than that of any single member of society. But he saw too that, though the customs of religion and patriotism had remained, the moral force behind them had weakened; he perceived that in an age of sceptical self-consciousness tradition might even be abused for evil ends, and that authority must depend at the last on an answering conviction in

[1] This and the other larger extracts from Plato in this essay are taken from Jowett's translation.

the breast of each man. It is the manner of the master combined with the literary art of the disciple we seem to get in such a dialogue as that in which Euthyphro argues gravely with Socrates over the grounds of right and wrong. For the young enthusiast it is enough to know and practise what is dear to the gods as we see them portrayed by the poets, and in this pious assurance he has prepared to commit an act heinous to humanity. Not without a pathetic hesitation Socrates leads his undoubting friend into self-contradictions, and shows him that, whatever piety may be, it cannot be defined absolutely by any such external rule.

For these blind enthusiasts who followed the letter rather than the spirit of tradition, Plato, like Socrates, had unfailing compassion. His scorn was reserved for those who, in place of a divinely or humanly established social order, set up an unrestrained individualism. There were Nietzscheans then as now, men who believed that might is right and acknowledged no law but the survival of the fit. Such an one was the sophist Thrasymachus, whom Plato represents as rashly venturing to instruct Socrates in the nature of justice. The world is a fool, he swears roundly, and if virtue is desirable then virtue is precisely what people have been gulled into naming injustice but is the true justice. Justice is the profit of the individual who grasps and

holds what he can, the victory of the strong over the weak. With patient irony Socrates, as we read the story in *The Republic*, listens and questions and throws his antagonist from one blustering contradiction into another, until even that champion of force is obliged to admit that happiness is not coincident with gratification of one's desires or with dominion over others, and that virtue and vice, justice and injustice, are meaningless words unless referred to no external standard but to the health of a man's soul itself. For, if you look into the matter, you will find that this form of Nietzschean individualism is no more self-sufficient than its Rousselian counterpart or than unquestioning adherence to authority. Whether the aim is to gratify desire by domination over others, or to disguise desire by sympathy with others, or to regulate desire by the opinion of others, always the man himself is kept in a state of unbalanced perturbation as this or that element of his nature is aggravated or depressed by contact with the world.

And so, having displayed the inadequacy of any rule of conduct that stops with the mere negation of convention and of the social illusion, Plato enters upon the great argument of *The Republic*. What is the character of this inner state of health to which we must look for virtue and its rewards in place of outer standards?

Now, however the mystery of our personality may finally reveal itself, we are not, as we live and feel, simple creatures. There is, for instance, the reasoning faculty that weighs and decides; there is the sensuous faculty that desires and repels; there is between them the faculty that converts choice into action. Virtue, in common speech, has been parcelled out and has received different names as it concerns one or the other of these faculties:—wisdom the healthy activity of the reason, temperance of the appetites, courage of the will. But in sooth real virtue is one and not many; it is the health and happiness of the whole soul, whereas the virtue of each faculty may have the effect of vice if exercised without proper subordination; it may be called justice, in so far as it signifies a just equipoise of the faculties, permitting each to fulfil its own office without encroaching on the rights and duties of the others. Thus it is not courage, but rashness, when the will impells a man into danger without listening to reason; it is not temperance, but meanness of spirit, when a man refrains from his appetites through weakness of will. And Plato, who all along is illustrating the life of the soul by the larger life of society, likens this balance of the faculties to that stable efficiency in the State which arises from a normal division of labour:

And the division of labour which required the car-

penter and the shoemaker and the rest of the citizens to be doing each his own business, and not another's, was a shadow of justice, and for that reason it was of use?

Clearly.

But in reality justice was such as we were describing, being concerned, however, not with the outward man, but with the inward, which is the true self and concernment of man: for the just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others,—he sets in order his own inner life, and is his own master and his own law, and at peace with himself; and when he has bound together the three principles within him, which may be compared to the higher, lower, and middle notes of the scale, and the intermediate intervals—when he has bound all these together, and is no longer many, but has become one entirely temperate and perfectly adjusted nature, then he proceeds to act, if he has to act, whether in a matter of property, or in the treatment of the body, or in some affair of politics or private business; always thinking and calling that which preserves and coöperates with this harmonious condition, just and good action, and the knowledge which presides over it, wisdom; and that which at any time impairs this condition, he will call unjust action, and the opinion which presides over it, ignorance.[1]

[1] There is a certain profit in drawing out a comparison of the pagan and Christian virtues into a scholastic table. Σοφία, *prudentia*, wisdom in human affairs, corresponds to πίστις, *fides*, faith toward God, both being the special virtue of the reasoning faculty, or λογιστικόν; ἀνδρεία, *fortitudo*, courage, corresponds to ἐλπίς, *spes*, hope, of the θυμοειδές; σωφροσύνη, *temperantia*, temperance, corresponds to ἀγάπη,

Nor, as may be seen from such a comparison, is this conception of justice as the inner balance and unity of the man himself in any way related

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charitas, love, of the ἐπιθυμητικόν. In the Platonic development the pagan virtues must be considered as complemented by the theory of ideas. Thus σοφία, wisdom, may properly be reckoned under the idea of τὸ ἀληθές, the true; ἀνδρεία, courage, under τὸ καλόν, the beautiful; σωφροσύνη, temperance, under τὸ ἀγαθόν, the good. In such a comparison, we see how the Platonic *idealisation* of the higher element of man's nature takes the place of the Christian *personification* of this element as God. Nor does the analogy cease here. As shown by the Golden Rule (ἀγαπήσεις, κ. τ. λ.), ἀγάπη, *charitas*, performs a double office in the Christian scheme, including both love of God and love of one's neighbour. Similarly, in Platonism, δικαιοσύνη, justice, and σωφροσύνη, temperance, are substantially but two faces of the same virtue. Both result in a harmony and loving coöperation among the faculties of a man (see, for justice, Repb. 351 D, ἡ δὲ δικαιοσύνη ὁμόνοιαν καὶ φιλίαν,—for temperance, Repb. 442 C, σώφρονα οὐ τῇ φιλίᾳ καὶ ξυμφωνίᾳ;). But justice is this virtue in the larger sense, embracing all the others and looking toward the mystical life of man in the light of the supreme idea of the good; whereas temperance is rather the practical balance of a man's faculties as a social being. We may tabulate the two orders thus:

δικαιοσύνη = *ordo amoris erga summum bonum*
ἀγάπη = " " " *deum*

σωφροσύνη = *ordo amoris in homine*
ἀγάπη = " " *inter homines.*

to what is ordinarily called egotism or indifferentism. The just man is truly *integer vitæ*, "one and not many," he who acts from the central force of his whole being and not from shifting and unaccountable impulses. He is the man who, because each of his members is doing its own business, whether ruling or ruled, will conform to a similar idea of the State, rendering to each citizen what is his due, incapable of theft or sacrilege or treachery or adultery or irreligion. It must not be forgotten that none of these details of conduct is overlooked by Plato as evidence of the soul's internal equipoise.

And this virtuous harmony of the faculties is only the practical aspect of the philosophical thesis of the many and the one which runs all

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By such a scheme one sees how easy it was for Platonism and Christianity to melt together into a religious philosophy which possessed something of the free idealism of the former and the personal enthusiasm of the latter. It is this combination, exquisitely fresh and lovely, however unstable, that makes the charm of so many English poets and preachers of the seventeenth century. It forms the avowed theme also of Spenser's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty*:

> Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,
> In full enjoyment of felicitie,
> Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
> Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;
> More faire is that where those Idees on hie
> Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
> And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

through the Platonic dialogues, appearing most frequently as the opposition between opinion and knowledge. On this side are the phenomena of sensation, which by reason of their unrelated multiplicity cannot be said to be but to seem, mere semblances or shadows, altering with the alteration of time, melting together and drifting apart, affording to the observer only a like unfixable opinion. On the other side are the ideas of these objects or sensations as they appear to the abstracting and combining power of the mind; not these individual men whom we behold walking about, but the simple indivisible idea of humanity by which we say this is a man; not the various objects of beauty which delight the eye, but the idea of beauty itself by which we distinguish them as beautiful. The idea does not exist in nature, if nature be confined to the phenomenal world, but, as the property of the mind, is to the mind the reality and the only thing of which the mind can have true cognizance. The business of philosophy is just to turn a man away from things of opinion to things of knowledge, as Plato symbolised in his wonderful simile of the cave. Every body is familiar with that allegory of the men who from infancy have lived in a sort of underground den, sitting with their legs and necks chained so that they can see only straight before them. Behind them is a fire, and

between the fire and them a low wall like a screen, which covers the bodies of other men walking back and forth and carrying, above the level of the screen, various objects whose shadows are cast by the fire on the wall opposite the prisoners. Thus the prisoners behold their own shadows and the shadows of the objects carried behind them, but cannot see the fire or the carriers who talk among themselves as they pass. These shadows are the world to them, and nothing more. And then one of them is released and turned about so as to face the moving objects and the fire. For a while his eyes will be dazzled, and he will fancy the shadows to which he was accustomed are more real than the objects upon which he now looks. But this is only the beginning of his bewilderment. Presently he is dragged up the length of the cave to the brighter light of day, where the radiance of the sun at first blinds him, so that only after resting his eyes upon shadows, and then upon reflections in the water, and then upon the illuminated objects themselves, will he be able to glance upward toward the great luminary of the sky, and learn that the sun is he who gives the seasons and the years, the guardian of all things, and in a way the one great cause of all, even of the fire and the shadows which made the life of the prisoners in the cave.

Such, Plato would say, is the course of the

soul of man, immersed in the world of the senses, bound within the shadowy circle of opinions, and only by a long and difficult ascent brought into the radiant sphere of ideas and knowledge. Much has been written about these Platonic ideas, which to many have been the scandal of philosophy; and for this their author, it must be admitted, is partly responsible. Instead of abiding humbly in his allegorical figure and acknowledging the impossibility of unfolding the causal nexus between the one and the many, ideas and phenomena, he must, like other metaphysicians, undertake their absolute reconciliation; and men coming to him and detecting the flaws in these arguments have scoffed at the facts themselves. Instead of recognising that opinion, or the sense of individual phenomena, is in itself as much a fact of experience as the knowledge of ideas, and that our ignorance is not, precisely speaking, of phenomena but of the relation of phenomena to the ideal world, he has attempted to reduce the world in which most men feel their dominant interest to a blank negation. Yet withal it cannot be gainsaid that ideas are the deciding shibboleth of Plato's doctrine, and that by our acceptance or rejection of these we are reckoned as Platonists or *plebeii philosophi*. For in the end it comes to this simple thing: as a man becomes more and more concerned with the conversion of the material

of sensuous experience into food for his spiritual life he inevitably attaches greater weight and importance, greater reality we may call it from his new point of view, to the unifying ideas among which the spirit moves. His reflection on beauty becomes more real to him than the manifold objects from which that idea is abstracted. Nor can the materialist claim that his boasted adherence to reality depends on anything else but a differently-directed mental tendency. He who accepts as real only the individual object perceived by the senses, must immediately discover that this object is itself composed of parts, and these parts of others, and so by the inevitable flow of analysis he will be led to the purely immaterial conception of atoms as a desperately held resting-place for the mind. That process is thus the mental opposite of Plato's dialectic, which, while shunning an attempt through reason to reconcile incompatibles, and thus escaping the wastes of rationalism (when caught in that error he is false to his own system), rises by a series of syntheses ever nearer to the convergence of all conceptions in one infinite, self-sufficient idea. "This," he says, at the conclusion of his metaphor of the cave,—"this is that strain which is of the intellect only, but which the faculty of sight will nevertheless be found to imitate; for sight, as you may remember, was imagined

by us after a while to behold the real animals and stars, and last of all the sun himself. And so with dialectic; when a person starts on the discovery of the absolute by the light of reason only, and without any assistance of sense, and perseveres until by pure intelligence he arrives at the perception of the absolute good, he at last finds himself at the end of the intellectual world, as in the other case at the end of the visible."

And so at the summit of this new Jacob's ladder, in the highest vault of the spiritual heaven stands the supreme all-bountiful goal of our striving and our long renunciations. No man in this earthly state can gaze steadily on that immeasurable and awful splendour, as no man can hold his eye unwinking upon the visible sun of the sky. But without the presence of that life-giving luminary in his mental world he must stumble amongst uncertainties and unrelated aims, as without the sun he will move in shadows and bodily blindness. He is the perfect philosopher, the Platonic saint, in whom the idea of the good reigns unclouded and sheds its all-unifying radiance; he walks in the day of knowledge, like a man awake among sleepers and dreamers beneath closed eyelids. It is not strange that he should see no meaning in the words of those that mutter in their slumber, or that the soul which has such magnificence of

conception and is the spectator of all time and all being should think meanly of human life. At the furthest remove from him is the complete sophist, like the many-headed hydra, as Socrates playfully calls him, never in any sense truly himself, but dependent for his motives on the manifold, ever-changing world, and the insatiable and at the last tormenting brood of desires that go out toward that world. In this tumultuous life he acquires a kind of cunning versatility which is the admiration of his fellows, but for anything beyond their ken he and they have an ignoble contempt.

In this final contrast of the limits of knowledge and opinion, of the perfect philosopher and the absolute sophist, we are brought face to face with the same infinitely remote extremes as made the religion of India. Only, in practice, there is this important divergence in the attitude of the Greek and the Hindu. The latter saw and, in general, proclaimed that antinomy in its naked austerity, with no pity for the suspended soul, with little recognition of the necessary compromises of life or of the slow groping by which we mount from darkness into light. To all but the divinely constituted few, the veritable elect, there is more of peril than of comfort in approaching the unveiled goddess of truth; blinded by that terrible light they are too apt to turn away, denying that they have looked

into aught save a vast emptiness, and making their humiliation an excuse for bending the knee to every base idol of the streets. From this harsher aspect of dualism Plato was preserved by his Greek nature. He who searches will find in his works this absolute antinomy, without which, indeed, his philosophy would be no more than the floating hither and thither on a shoreless sea. But the heart of his doctrine is just the recognition that we are voyagers to the Blessed Isles and not yet denizens thereof. Like one knowing the winds and familiar with the stars, he would be to us a pilot on the way, steering us safely over hidden reefs and through tempestuous waves, into those quieter reaches whence from afar we may catch odours of blossoming trees, and even at rarer moments hear, faintly blown, the strains of celestial music, and know surely that some day we shall drop anchor at

> . . . The island-valley of Avilion;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

The real Platonism, then, is not a dogmatic statement of the truth, but a continuous approximation thereto, which, for us as we are constituted, is more veracious than truth; it is not a metaphysic, but a discipline, an *ἀναγωγή*. Into

that high service all the faculties are summoned —the reason first of all, and naturally, in that intellectual strain, or dialectic, of which the progress of the cave-prisoners from shadows to realities was a symbol. It is the instrument by which we consciously pass from sensations to ideas, and combine these into ever more comprehensive ideas; the process of inner conversation, or self-questioning, by which we regard each act of our intellect as a stepping-stone to raise us to something higher and more nearly universal. But it would be a grave error to suppose that the imagination and the emotions were omitted in this philosophy. Plato has, no doubt, written austerely of the arts. He has not spared to expose their insidious power of seducing the soul by casting a glamour of beauty over her vicious appetites; and he has marked unflinchingly the debilitating effect upon character of even the purest imagination when it is made the mistress instead of the servant, and so breaks up the just balance of the faculties. But Plato knew also the nobler office of art, as how, indeed, could it be otherwise with one who was in youth himself a poet, who made himself master of all the devices of the rhetorician, and whose dramatic subtlety is still the unapproachable model for the critic of to-day, who through all the mazes of human character and temperament would track the spirit of man

in its historic search for truth? The safe aid of the imagination he has not failed to note in connection with his figure of the cave:

> But the release of the prisoners from chains, and their translation from the shadows to the images and to the light, and the ascent from the underground den to the sun, while in his presence they are vainly trying to look on animals and plants and the light of the sun, but are able to perceive even with their weak eyes the images in the water [which are divine], and are the shadows of true existence (not shadows of images cast by a light of fire, which compared with the sun is only an image)—this power of elevating the highest principle in the soul to the contemplation of that which is best in existence, with which we may compare the raising of that faculty which is the very light of the body to the sight of that which is brightest in the material and visible world—this power is given, as I was saying, by all that study and pursuit of the arts which has been described.

The arts, both the greater and the less, the fair things of Hellas, were not banished from the perfect city which Plato conceived in imagination, but regulated and purged of their excesses and trained to an ascetic chastity of grace. His seeming severity toward them was not that of the utilitarian which betrays a bluntness to the finer influences of beauty: on the contrary he had, if anything, an exaggerated notion of their power over the hidden springs of action; and if he watched their admission with rigorous jealousy, it was because they were to be

the comely handmaidens of the rhythmically moving life, true helps to the soul in its task of purifying away the grosser passions. For, as Socrates is made to say in *The Republic*, "goodness of speech and harmony and form and rhythm go with good-nature—not with that silliness which we commonly flatter as good-nature, but the character that springs from a well and nobly disposed understanding." All the accessories of life are ordered by these qualities; they determine the technique of painting and weaving and embroidery and building and the making of vessels; and they must equally be the perpetual norm of the motions and manners and pleasures of our young men, if these are to fulfil the supreme art of living. More particularly the true citizen must from early childhood be subjected to the influence of a music from which all effeminate and luxurious strains are excluded, and which, moving in accord with the moods of temperance and courage and prudence, will train the soul and body to be themselves a kind of silent harmony.

Nor were the emotions any more neglected by Plato than was the artistic imagination, of which they, purged also of their licentious wanderings and used as spurs and encouragement to the philosophic ascent, are but another phase. "Right love," he says, summing up the emotions under their most comprehensive name,

—"right love is to love temperately and musically what is well-ordered and fair." Μουσικῶς ἐρᾶν, to love musically—how the words awaken memories of the long passion of Platonism that runs like a scarlet thread through the grey annals of philosophy! How much of Christianity and chivalry and ascetic ecstasy they contain in germ! They have been employed as a charm by poets who, inverting the right order, would contract the love of the world into the love of a woman. They possess the ambiguous fascination that trembles on the verge of fatal illusion, a fascination fit either to save or to slay. Yet, as we read the *Phædrus* and *Symposium* in which the mystery of Platonic love is expounded, there should seem to be no room for these dangerous misunderstandings. We are sitting, let us fancy, with Socrates and his eager young friend, Phædrus, under the tall plane-tree beside the Ilissus, "in a fair and shady resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents"; and, after much bantering talk about the mischievous tricks of Eros, the older man, so Plato reports, would lay aside his masque of irony and utter his recantation:

> . . . But of beauty, I repeat again [we take him up in the middle of his discourse] that we saw her there shining in company with the celestial forms; and coming to earth we find her here too, shining in clearness through the clearest aperture of sense. For sight is the most

piercing of our bodily senses; though not by that is wisdom seen; her loveliness would have been transporting if there had been a visible image of her, and the other ideas, if they had visible counterparts, would be equally lovely. But this is the privilege of beauty, that being the loveliest she is also the most palpable to sight. Now he who is not newly initiated or who has become corrupted, does not easily rise out of this world to the sight of true beauty in the other; he looks only at her earthly namesake, and instead of being awed at the sight of her he is given over to pleasure, and like a brutish beast he rushes on to enjoy and beget; he consorts with wantonness, and is not afraid or ashamed of pursuing pleasure in violation of nature. But he whose initiation is recent, and who has been the spectator of many glories in the other world, is amazed when he sees any one having a godlike face or any bodily form which is the expression of divine beauty; and at first a shudder runs through him, again the old awe steals over him. [Whereupon follows that elaborate and somewhat fantastic figure of the expansion of the soul's wings under the warming of right love, and the last sublime flight thither where beauty itself shall once more be visible in its undivided, indefectible essence.]

We saw her there shining in company with the celestial forms—Socrates has been describing the soul as carried in a chariot to the outer dome of the sky, whence, in the heaven above the heavens, as in a passing vision it descries the realities of which the things of this world are but faulty imitations, the realities which are the ideas of beauty, wisdom, goodness and their divine sister-

hood. Thus, by a kind of religious parable, the growth of the soul through the imagination and the emotions and the understanding is pictured as an upward flight and transfiguration. From the contemplation of beauty in separate objects we rise by gradual steps to the vision of beauty itself as an all-irradiating power. From the love of individual persons we expand by ever widening circles to a love that is the centre of all activities—"lovers of truth and of that which *is*, such are philosophers." And these sublime practices of the soul are nothing else but faith in the ideas which the unifying intellect posited as the ends of its dialectic search, the imagination giving them form and colour by its power of contemplating them as symbolised in phenomena, the emotions giving them vitality by holding them always as the essential concern of our life. It is thus by the energy of the will, acting for the faculties bravely in their incessant choice, that Plato finds that practical solution of the contradictions of the soul which we may call the progress of morality toward the all-embracing idea of the good. Character is the orderly and voluntary passage from the many to the one, from the outer to the inner. "Show me," he says, "a man able to see both the one and the many in nature, and I will follow in his footsteps as though he were a god." Such a reconciler we think we have found in the

Platonic Socrates, and follow him, not as a god, but as the wisest and truest of men.

And as these ideas are the infinite verities of the soul, they seem not to be the creation of this or that man in his temporal existence, but the life of humanity regarded *sub specie æternitatis*. To you and me they come not as the children of time, but as a kind of self-discovery by which we are made aware of our own participation in eternity. As we catch glimpses of them now and then through the clouds of our lesser interests, they appear rather to be broken memories of an experience in some indefinitely remote past, as if our present life were but a sleep and a forgetting, were by the illusion of time a moment in an endless chain of existences reaching before and after.[1] Again they may be personified, these ideas, as deities inhabiting the skies and descending upon the earth, visible thus to the eye of faith and calling upon men to imitate their holy ways; yet they are still withal the very reality of our own thinking, so that the religious aim of all life, the becoming like to God, ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ, may be not a transient mythology or a disput-

[1] Transmigration is thus a kind of symbolism (accepted with terrible seriousness by the Hindus but never allowed by the Greek to pass beyond the stage of fancy) used to cover the impossibility of expressing rationally the bond within us between our infinite and our finite nature.

able dogma, but an obedience to our own better Self, the victory of a man κρείττων ἑαυτοῦ. Philosophy is here not like the inhuman antithesis of India or the barren eristic of the schools; it is

> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute.

These are but a handful of the riches from Plato's inexhaustible store; but they are enough to comfort and adorn a life. He who has been thoroughly indoctrinated in that wisdom will walk with the assurance of faith amid the tribe of opinions and sophisms that now, as in Plato's day, beset the course of man. He will retain a reverence for traditional religion as for one of the illusions without which mankind sinks into the slough of the senses; he will know, as Plato knew, that the most superstitious idolater may be nearer to the truth than the emancipated sceptic; but he will know also on what foundation of his own soul to build his hopes when myth and dogma seem to be crumbling away. He will be no light-hearted optimist, for he has been made fearfully aware of the depth of ignorance and depravity that opens within the human breast. He will be no humanitarian, casting the responsibility of his sins upon some phantom perversion of society and looking for redemption to some equally phantom work of social sympathy. He will feel the compassion

of the world; but he will be convinced that the fateful struggle for him, as for each man, lies within his own nature and is for the possession of himself.

THE END

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